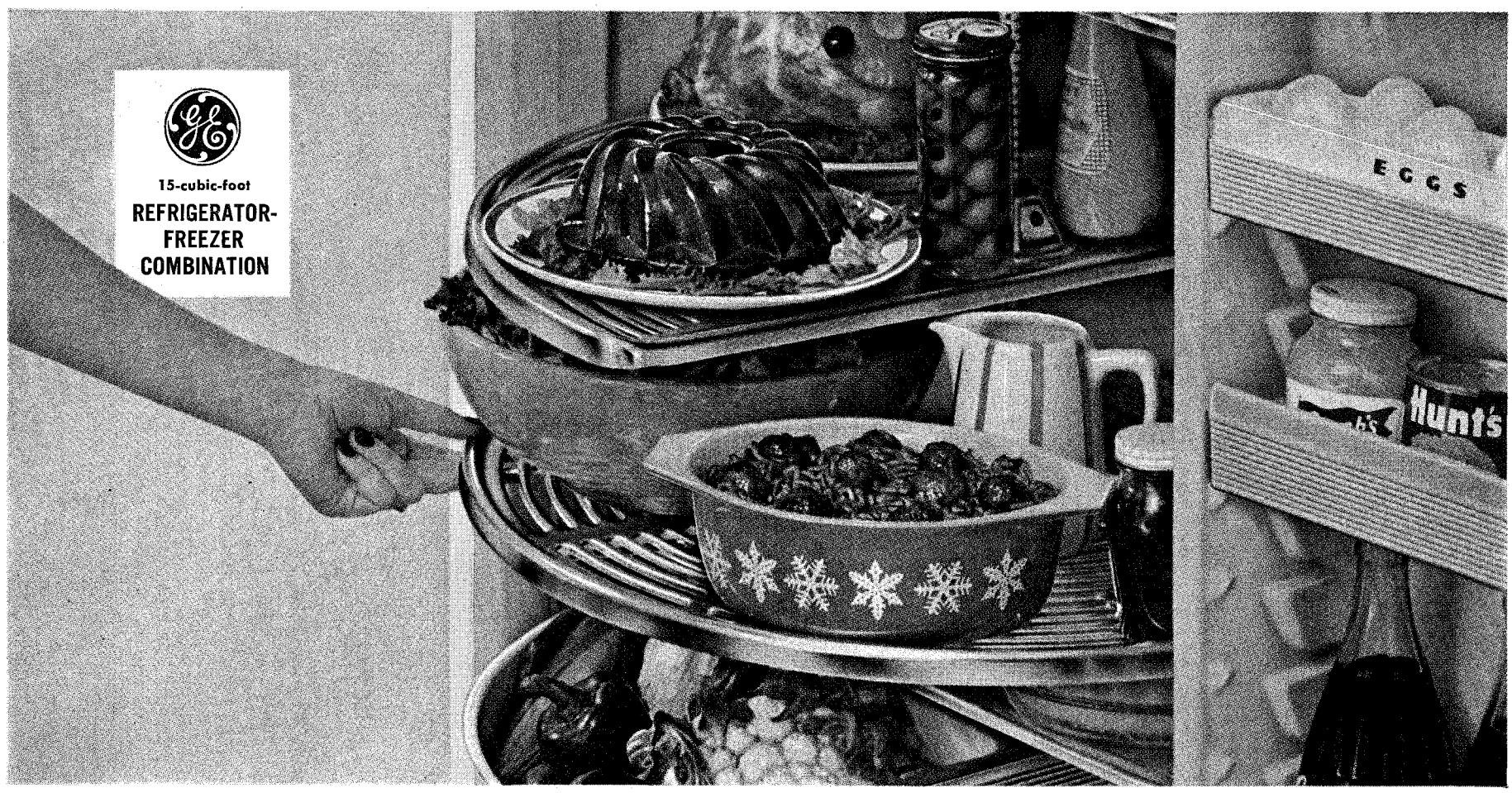
The Saturday Evening
POST
January 25, 1958 – 15¢

JAN 2 1 '58
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

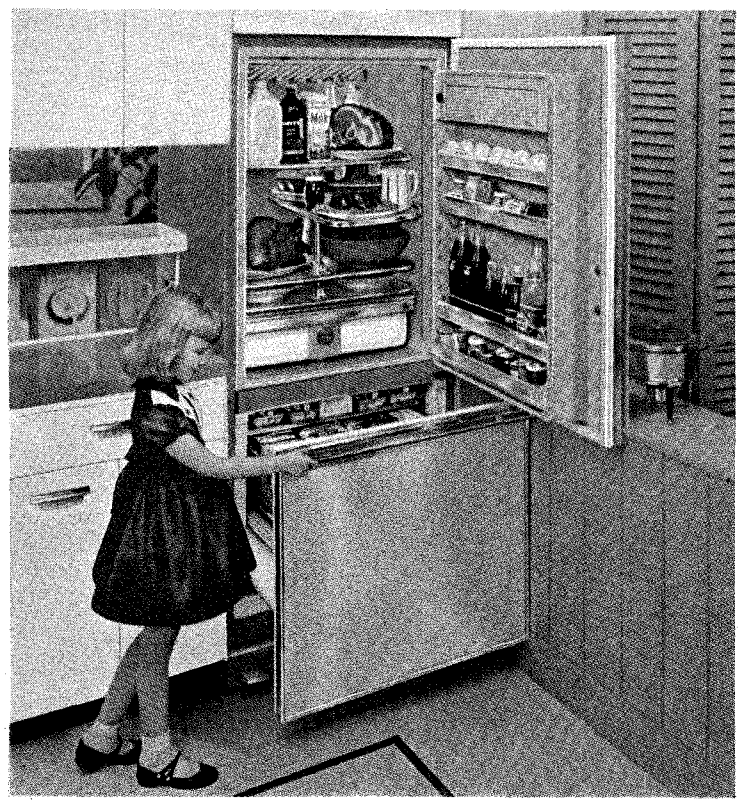
ALEC GUINNESS
THE ACTOR WHO STEALS THE SHOW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

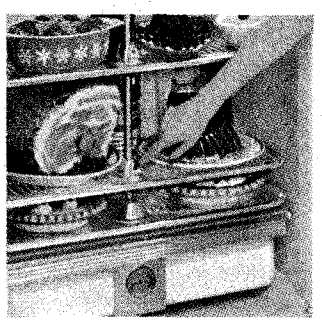


Revolving Shelves and big Roll-Out Freezer put all foods at your fingertips!

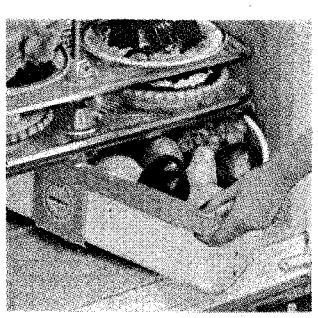
Only "Straight-Line" General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers give you these features! Plus . . . no coils in back, no dirt-collecting waste space!



Big zero-degree Roll-Out Freezer glides out at a touch, holds up to 175 pounds of food. Foods are easy to see, easy to get at.



Adjust revolving shelves to hold a pie or bulky turkey. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down.



Revolving Vegetable Bins turn out at a touch. Two large porcelain bins hold nearly a bushel of vegetables.

REVOLVING SHELVES make all other shelves old-fashioned. So much space for food . . . and all at your fingertips. Just a *touch* brings the food in back right out to the front. No hard-to-reach corners!

And everything's so easy to clean. You never have to remove shelves *or* food. Just revolve the shelves to one side to expose the refrigerator walls. Shelves are sturdy, too. Each one supports as much as 150 pounds.

The big refrigerator section defrosts *automatically* . . . no pans to empty, no clocks to set, no buttons to push.

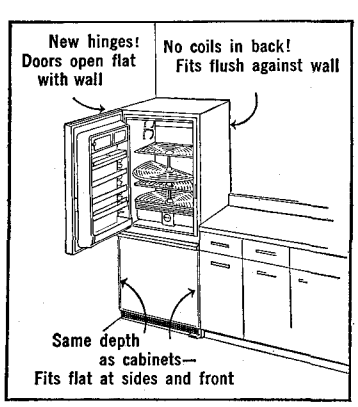
Added feature of the new General Electric is the handy Ice Ejector Trays which drop cubes into a large storage container in the top of the Roll-Out Freezer.

Ask your General Electric dealer about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Cleaning problem solved with "Straight-Line" design. No dirt-collecting waste space. Sides, top, back are flat and straight. Front lines up evenly with cabinets. Does not stick out.

* * *

Today, more than 4,000,000 General Electric Refrigerators are in use 10 years or longer!


New hinges! Doors open flat with wall
No coils in back! Fits flush against wall
Same depth as cabinets— Fits flat at sides and front

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germs Ride the School Bus

with your youngsters every day!

Wise mothers have their children gargle Listerine regularly, before and after school.

The common cold is much too common among school children, as every mother well knows. But here's something mothers can do to help youngsters fight off colds and the sore throats they so often bring!

Every day, before and after school, have them gargle Listerine full-strength. Listerine kills germs by the millions on mouth and throat surfaces. And the more you reduce germs, the less danger of infection.

Tests with more than 3,000 people over a 12-year period clearly proved that those who gargled twice every day with Listerine had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.

Look at the figures on the chart (right), and start your whole family gargling Listerine today!

HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS
Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

Reach for Listerine
...your No. 1 protection against infection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Impala Convertible with Body by Fisher. Safety Plate Glass means better seeing in all new Chevies.

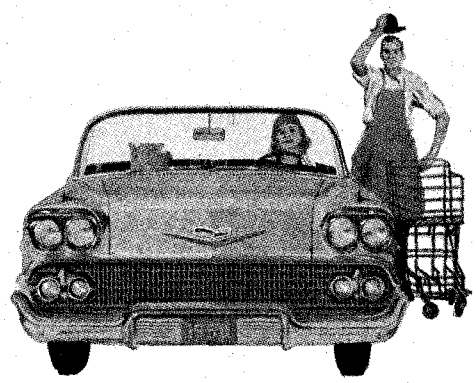
YOU'LL GET A REAL CHARGE *out of the way this* '58 CHEVROLET *responds to your touch, the slightest hint of command. Here's vigorous new V8 performance that's enough to perk up anybody's pride. Here's quick, eager-to-please handling that lets you know you're the boss, right from the start!*

That's a wonderful feeling, you know. But it doesn't happen by chance; it's a careful blend of qualities that demands real engineering talent.

Very few cars in any price range even come close to Chevy's precise, clean ease of handling, the beautifully balanced way it clings to any road, the crisp accuracy of its steering, the supple sure-footedness of its Full Coil suspension.

There's never been another list of tremendous advances like the '58 Chevrolet's Level Air 100 percent air springs*, its low-slung X-built frame, its unprecedented Turbo-Thrust V8 engines*, its totally new bodies. But the biggest advance in the new Chevrolet is the whole new feeling of ease and competence and security. You won't know how significant *that* is till you try it—and that's something you ought to do this week! . . . *Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.*

**Optional at extra cost.*



CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* — Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* — Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* — William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* — Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull

IN THIS ISSUE

January 25 1958 — *Vol. 230, No. 30*

4 Short Stories

Mother Was a Problem . . . . . *Czenzi Ormonde* 22
Moment of Fear . . . . . *Alice Lent Covert* 26
Off-Limits Affair . . . . . *Vivian Connell* 30
Sinister Prelude . . . . . *Olaf Ruhen* 37

8 Articles

He Always Steals the Show . . . . . *John Reese* 19
How Doctors are Made . . . . . *Greer Williams* 24
When a Man-Eater Escapes . . . . . *Carey Baldwin* 28
The Changing Midwest: The Old vs. the New (Third of four articles) . . . . . *John Bartlow Martin* 31
We'll Go on Trial at the Fair . . . . . *Ernest O. Hauser* 32
The Face of America: Work Horse of the Port . . . *Photograph by Ivan Dmitri* 34
Gangway for the Atomic Garbage Man! . . . . . *John Kobler* 36
Rough Road Home (Second of five articles) . . . *Melissa Mather Ambros* 38

Serial

West of the Law (Conclusion) . . . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 43

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse 48, 66, 86, 92
Keeping Posted 108

THE COVER

Children who put their minds to it can have just as much fun at grown-up social functions as the old folks can. One recalls how the son of a certain hostess recently hid at the top of the front stairs and, launching paper wads with a rubber band, had ever so good a time plinking the bare backs down below. For a while, that is. Thornton Utz's fire laddie is more creative in seeking his social pleasures; that structure of his could be a Japanese bridge connecting a couple of pagodas, but more likely it's an overpass and he is lickety-tooting down a through way to a conflagration. Heaven help that poor fedora in his path. Later, when the hat owners come to sort out their property, those without a rollicking sense of humor may become a bit indignant—mad hatters, let's call 'em.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1958 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49–58 or June 7, 1958; 9–58 or August 30, 1958.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 231 — **The greatest star of the screen!**

"The only Hell is being unable to love . . ."

★ ★ ★ ★

So says Yul Brynner as Dmitri, most passionate of "The Brothers Karamazov", in a fiery scene from the filming of this mighty novel.

★ ★ ★ ★

He is speaking to Grushenka, the pliant beauty craved by his own father. She brushes a kiss across Dmitri's lips, whispering:

★ ★ ★ ★

"That's all I have—being able to love. When you came in tonight, I thought my heart would burst. I wanted you so much. And then I saw your eyes . . . and the pistols . . . were you really going to shoot me?"

★ ★ ★ ★

This scene has a lusty excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

So does the entire story of the criss-crossing, exploding emotions of the Karamazovs—father and sons—their loves, their friends, their enemies.

Writer-director Richard Brooks' adaptation and the throbbing performances of a large all-star cast faithfully follow master story-teller Dostoyevsky's extremes of sensual and spiritual yearning.

★ ★ ★ ★

Producer Pandro S. Berman points out that more than half of the large Avon Production budget went to acquire the exactly right stars.

★ ★ ★ ★

Brynner is magnificent in his latest role since his Award-winning "The King and I".

★ ★ ★ ★

Maria Schell, already famed as a great international actress, wins new acclaim with her role of earthy, vital Grushenka and Claire Bloom's clinging, suddenly awakened Katya solidifies her popularity with audiences.

★ ★ ★ ★

Each role is an individual achievement. Eloquent indeed are: Lee J. Cobb, Albert Salmi, Richard Basehart and William Shatner.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has planned "The Brothers Karamazov" for ten years.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the result unfolded before us in Metrocolor, we were glad they waited for the perfect creative combination of technicians and cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Brothers Karamazov" is indeed, a distinct and distinguished achievement.

—*Lea*

P.S. "Get more out of life . . . go out to a movie!"

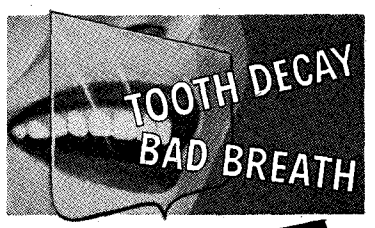
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE'S WHILE YOU STOP BAD BREATH ALL DAY!

Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste!
Because Of All Leading Toothpastes, Only Colgate Dental Cream Contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY—
WITH JUST ONE BRUSHING!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . helps *stop* decay with just one brushing! One Colgate brushing stops mouth odor all day for most people, too!



*TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S . . . GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Letters

Weapons Race

Dear Sirs:

I have just completed reading Stewart Alsop's How Can We Catch Up?, Dec. 14. Congratulations for a completely unbiased analysis.

As a naval officer and an engineer, I have been seriously concerned for a long time about the growing gap in both war-making capability and engineering ability. The proposals of the author for bridging the gap in the former are sound and should give us time to improve the latter.

R. D. MITCHELL
Lt. Commander, USN
Great Lakes, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop's . . . reference to "The Gap" reminded me of the Bible incident, and the contrast between a giant named Goliath, and a shepherd boy named David. The victory was not decided by the size of the weapons, but by the one realizing his dependence upon God.

I have no scientific solutions to give, but I believe that if we temper our efforts with prayer and faith, we can generate a power that far exceeds the missile stockpiles of Russia.

JACK ARCHER, *Pastor*
Church of the Nazarene
Elkins, W.Va.

Dear Sirs:

Why has it been left to Alsop, a reporter, to warn us of the threatening gap—of the damaging blow to America's prestige throughout the world by Russia's launching of Sputniks I and II? No guts in Washington, for political reasons no doubt; no faith in the American people; plus too much intraservice squabbling.

MRS. C. E. SLATER
Montreal, Quebec

Geologist's Spouse

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Sylvia Shepherd and her tale of life with a geologist [The Places I Follow My Husband!, as told to John Wesley Noble, Dec. 7]. I, too, married a geologist. Recollections of hiking through ravines and up sides of hills to get to outcrops, holding bags to be filled with sundry microscopic fossils, cluttering the back porch of our rented home with very special "rocks," and learning that pelecypods have circumesophagal gangliated nerve rings (although I still can't tell a pelecypod when I see one) are quite vivid to me. There is one difference, however . . . it's my wife that's the geologist.

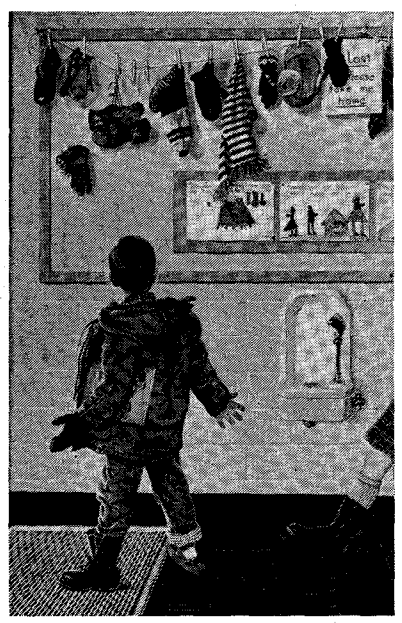
ROBERT C. WILSON
Rockford, Ill.

Mitten, Mitten

Dear Sirs:

You will probably be snowed under by letters from teachers, past and present, commenting on your delightful December 14th cover by Ben Prins. No cover has ever been so realistic.

In our school lost articles reposed in cartons, and only occasionally did anyone come to claim them. At the last June assembly, a procession of cartons was paraded across the stage, and our beloved principal held aloft (gingerly, since the



dust of months clung) each article. As they appeared, the reluctant owners slunk up the aisle. Some never admitted ownership and the leftovers passed to the Salvation Army.

Just one article is missing from your line-up—eyeglasses! Sometimes they were never called for!

MRS. LORAINE D. LINDEMANN
Chatham, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

As a mother of three small boys, I would like to know how Johnny is going to retrieve that red mitten before the school bus leaves. He might try climbing that bubbler, but I bet mother winds up buying or making a new pair of mittens, as I have done so many times.

MRS. WILLIAM SURLES
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I do think that young Johnny had better search elsewhere for his missing mitten. That red one he's eying on the line-up is another southpaw. Or maybe artist Ben Prins painted it inside-out?

GENEVA LEE
Nashville, Tenn.

Belated Discovery

Dear Sirs:

Lionel A. Walford and Henry F. Pringle state in The Oceans Must Yield More Food, Nov. 30, that Government biologists *discovered* a means to prevent small fish being caught by enlarging the mesh size by one and a half inches.

In my native Estonia the size of meshes was prescribed by law for all and every kind of fishing just for that reason. This was in 1902. I understand that such regulations have been in effect in France for many decades as well.

When it comes to being forced to use underwater television to prove this point, it certainly doesn't reflect much intelligence on the part of American fishermen.

To men like myself, who love and admire your country, it is extremely painful to read about such American "discoveries" and such stupidity.

HANS E. IANSSON
Tangier, Morocco

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

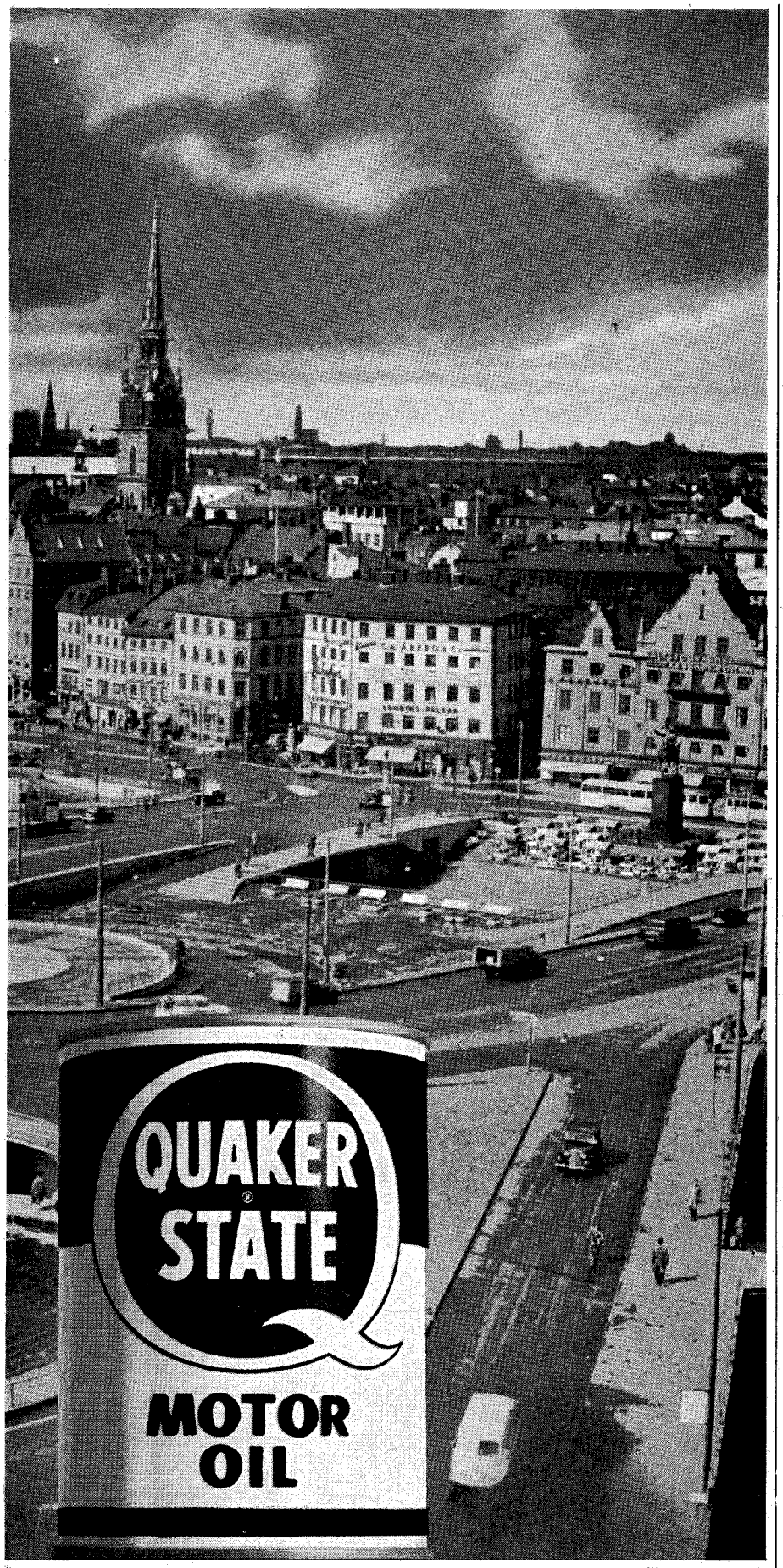
PPG AT THE SHOWPLACES OF AMERICA
Lambert Airport, St. Louis
Architects: Hellmuth, Yamasaki & Leinweber

SOARING ARCHES with acres of PPG glass give St. Louis one of the world's most modern airports. Colorful aircraft, trimmed and protected with PPG finishes, wing into Lambert Field . . . keep passengers comfortable with PPG fiber glass insulation.

PPG opens new horizons in this golden age for building things

We can build airports to express the beauty of flight because PPG glass comes in sizes, shapes and kinds to do it. We can build airliners of aluminum because Columbia-Southern soda ash refines raw ore to make this wonder metal. We can build engines to speed planes farther and faster because of high-octane fuels made with Columbia-Southern chemicals. Progress all around us—and practically everything we see and use keeps up to date with glass or paint made by PPG, or chemicals made by Columbia-Southern, subsidiary of PPG. PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Pittsburgh.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

Big news on the road today is Quaker State. This highest quality motor oil is preferred the world over by people who really care for their cars. It's refined from only the purest Pennsylvania oil stocks and specially fortified to give cleaner, longer-lasting engine protection. Why not treat *your* car to **Quaker State** . . . *it's the best motor oil money can buy!*

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

TOO MUCH FOOD

Dear Sirs:

[Re. THE MISERIES OF ELDER BENSON by John Bird, Dec. 21] The oversized loaves that the well-fed men in the picture [above] were jokingly trying to eat would seem far from amusing to the millions of people in our world who are underfed; to children who have never known what it is to be free from hunger.

How can we hope to become friends with these people and win them from Communism when we pay our farmers *not* to produce the food they so desperately need? How can the men who form our agricultural policy look themselves in the face knowing people are literally dying of hunger? How can we Christians see our neighbors starving and withhold our oversupply? How can we dare to face our God?

MRS. O. L. GOLSON, JR.
Melville, La.

Dear Sirs:

The article provides, unfortunately, no new information (much less hope) for the grievously victimized taxpayer, the farmer, or . . . free enterprise. . . .

Eliminate the Commodity Credit Corporation. Eliminate price supports. Prevent the Government, whether Democrat or Republican, from competing with the free grain market, and gradually the farm problem will solve itself.

ALAN P. MCGREEVY
Oak Park, Ill.

Year-Round Blossoms

Dear Sirs:

I just finished your article BOUQUETS THAT BLOOM FOR YEARS [by Roul Tunley, Dec. 14]. It was just wonderful, but I wish it had been printed three or four months ago. I can hardly wait 'til summer and flower time to try it out.

MARY E. HARTMAN
Niles, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

For tourists, gardeners and lovers of beauty, I urge a visit to historic Kenmore, in Fredericksburg, Va., built in 1752 by Col. Fielding Lewis for his wife, Betty, sister of George Washington. There, on display the year around, are beautiful bouquets of dried flowers in the eighteenth-century motif, inspiring creations of Mrs. Blanche Hough, Kenmore hostess.

Her arrangements and drying techniques are famous throughout the East Coast. Studying them will be a valuable lesson to the aspiring dried-flower arranger.

MRS. H. D. WEAVER
Westmoreland Hills, Md.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–United Press. • 19–Vinn Arthur (Quigney Associates), Eugene Kammerman. • 20–Culver. • 21–J. Arthur Rank, two from Culver; J. Arthur Rank, Culver, Columbia Pictures Corp., MGM, Eugene Kammerman. • 22, 23–Joe De Mers. • 24, 25–Hans Knopf. 26, 27–Noel Sickles. • 28–Fred Lyon. • 29–Two by Fred Lyon; San Francisco Chronicle. • 30–Lynn Buckham. • 31–Bill Shrout, Larry George (Indianapolis News). 32–Wide World, two from Hill & Knowlton. • 33–Hill & Knowlton. • 34, 35–Ivan Dmitri. • 36–Hans Knopf. • 37–Morgan Kane. • 38, 39–Joern Gerdts. • 43–Sam Bates. 95–From Melissa Mather Ambros, Joern Gerdts. • 108–Anonymous, two by Ivan Dmitri.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doubleday **DOLLAR BOOK CLUB**

offers this amazing Book Bargain

ANY 3 FOR $1

Best-Sellers! De Luxe Books! Illustrated Volumes!

to new members who agree to take as few as 6 best-selling novels out of the 24 to be offered within a year

$9.45 to $32.95 Value (in Publishers' Editions) for only $1— a Bargain You Mustn't Miss!

THE famous Dollar Book Club invites you to join now and receive the biggest introductory bargain the Club has ever offered to new members.

Select any 3 of the full-size, hard-bound books on this page for only $1. Choose from best-sellers by top authors . . beautiful library volumes . . big, lavishly illustrated books — even 2-volume sets! Think of it — a value of $9.45 to $32.95 in publishers' editions—yours for just $1, when you join.

You Save up to 75% on the New Best-Sellers!

Imagine — best-seller selections costing up to $3.95 in publishers' editions come to Club members for only $1 each! Over the years the biggest hits by top authors like Ernest Hemingway, W. Somerset Maugham, Daphne du Maurier, Thomas B. Costain, Frank Yerby and others, have come to Club members at this low $1 price. Occasionally, extra-value selections are offered at somewhat higher prices. All are new, full-size, hard-bound books. An exciting new bonus plan offers other big savings too. But you buy only the books you want — and you don't have to take one every month. *You may take as few as six $1 selections a year!*

Send No Money Now — Just Mail the Coupon!

Receive any 3 books on this page for only $1, plus a small shipping charge. Two books are your gift for joining, and one is your first selection. Thereafter, you will receive the Club's *Bulletin,* which describes forthcoming $1 selections and other book bargains.

No-Risk Guarantee: If not delighted with your introductory Three-Book bargain package, return all books and membership will be cancelled. Send no money — just mail the coupon now!

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL THIS COUPON. CHOOSE ANY 3 BOOKS FOR ONLY $1

☐ **ALABAMA EMPIRE—Welbourn Kelley.** A young Scottish doctor, a tempestuous Indian princess, a renegade Colonel are among the fabulous figures in this 512-page novel of America's past. Riotous adventure, lusty romance! (108)

☐ **AROUND THE WORLD IN 2,000 PICTURES.** New two-volumes-in-one! Sail the Seven Seas—view the wonders of 84 lands—including our own country—in 832 pages of vivid photos, informative text! (67)

☐ **COLUMBIA - VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA** *Two volumes — 1,440 pages,* 31,000 articles, 1,250,000 words. Up-to-date information in every field of knowledge. Illustrated. (61)

☐ **THE DAY CHRIST DIED — Jim Bishop.** The drama of the last day Christ lived as a man on this earth, told with reverence and vivid historic background. Outstanding book of the year! (142)

☐ **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN AMERICAN HUMOR.** 700 pages of entertaining stories, anecdotes, verse, scenes from hit plays, etc. — compiled by laugh connoisseur Bennett Cerf. (122)

☐ **FAIROAKS — Frank Yerby's** newest! Dashing Guy Falks won a fortune in the African slave trade and found love among many women—from a beautiful half-breed to a glamorous opera star! (136)

☐ **FAVORITE STORIES OLD AND NEW.** Giant 512-page treasury of reading for children! 121 never-to-be forgotten fairy tales. Bible stories, legends, make-believe and animal stories. (13)

☐ **HAMMOND - DOUBLEDAY WORLD ATLAS** New edition! Big 9⅜" by 12¼" book, 143 maps and insets—88 in full color! 155 photos, plus useful information on world's peoples, resources, etc. (63)

☐ **Ladies' Home Journal BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION.** New edition! Big volume contains 293 lavish illustrations—144 in full color! Information on furniture, fabrics, color, lighting, etc. (138)

☐ **THE MAPMAKER — Frank G. Slaughter.** From the chains of a Moorish slave galley, Andrea Bianco carries a secret that brings him to the New World—50 years before Columbus! A tale of iron men and lovely ladies. (139)

☐ **NATURE'S WONDERS IN FULL COLOR.** Thrill to 462 amazing photos of animal life, insects, birds, flowers, underwater life, etc., with fascinating, informative stories! Big 7" by 10" book. (65)

☐ **OUTLINE OF HISTORY H. G. Wells.** 2-volume edition, 1,024 pages, 200 maps, pictures. Whole history of mankind from earliest times to the present. One of the great works of our century! (62)

☐ **SECRET OF HAPPINESS & PEACE WITH GOD—Billy Graham.** Two great best-sellers by world-famed inspirational figure to help you find new meaning in life. (206)

☐ **THORNDIKE - BARNHART DICTIONARY** (Concise) 1958 edition, 70,000 entries, 600 pictures, 544 pages, easy pronunciation guide, sections on letter writing, grammar, punctuation, etc. (71)

☐ **TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES.** New! Two giant volumes of top suspense stories by Agatha Christie, Ellery Queen, Daphne du Maurier, Raymond Chandler, and 15 others. 1,152 *pages—includes* 4 complete novels! (76)

Doubleday One Dollar Book Club
Dept. 1-SEP, Garden City, New York

Send me at once the 3 books checked at the left and bill me only $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a small shipping charge. Also enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member.

Include my first issue of *The Bulletin* describing the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month — only *six a year. I pay nothing* except $1 for each selection I accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: *If not delighted, return all books in 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.*

Mr.
Mrs. (Please Print)
Miss

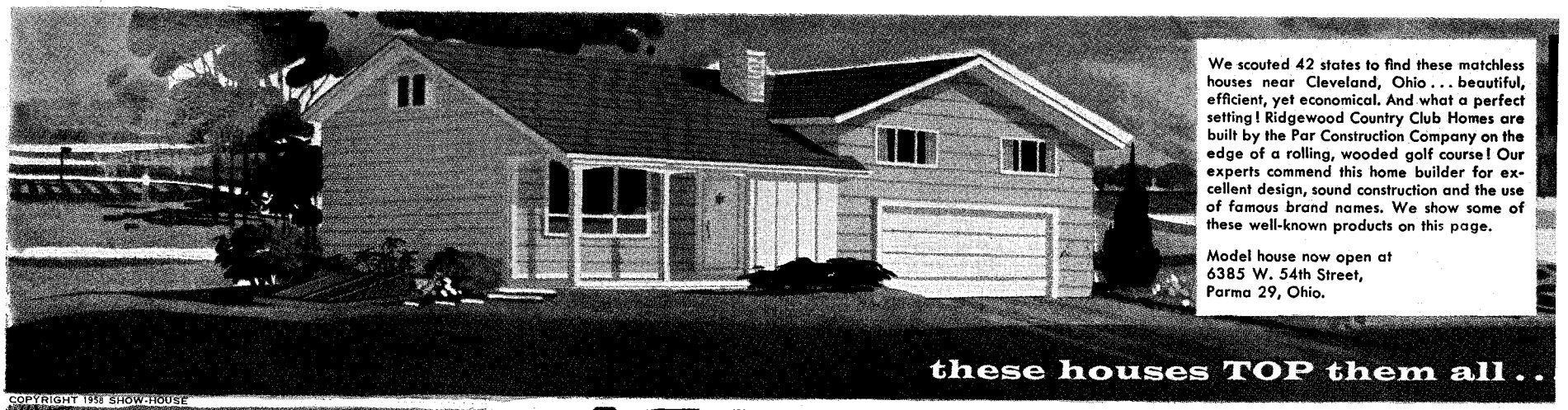
Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA: Selection price $1.10 plus shipping. Address Doubleday Book Club, 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.

D-302

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



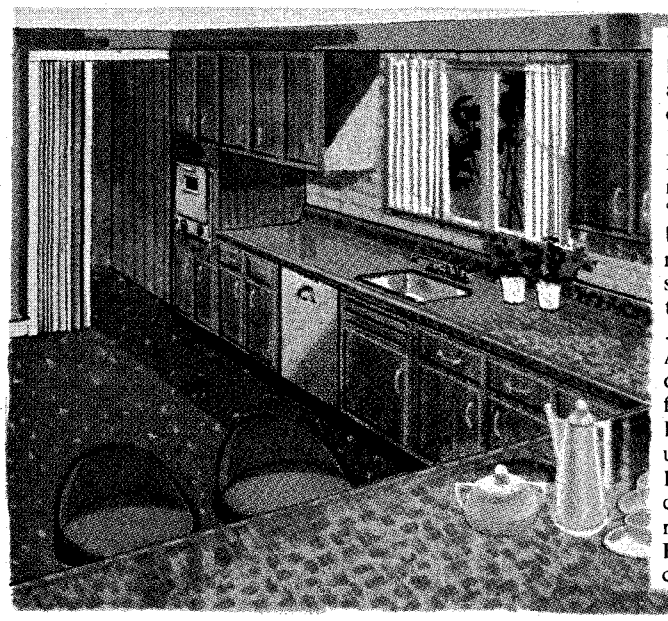
We scouted 42 states to find these matchless houses near Cleveland, Ohio . . . beautiful, efficient, yet economical. And what a perfect setting! Ridgewood Country Club Homes are built by the Par Construction Company on the edge of a rolling, wooded golf course! Our experts commend this home builder for excellent design, sound construction and the use of famous brand names. We show some of these well-known products on this page.

Model house now open at
6385 W. 54th Street,
Parma 29, Ohio.

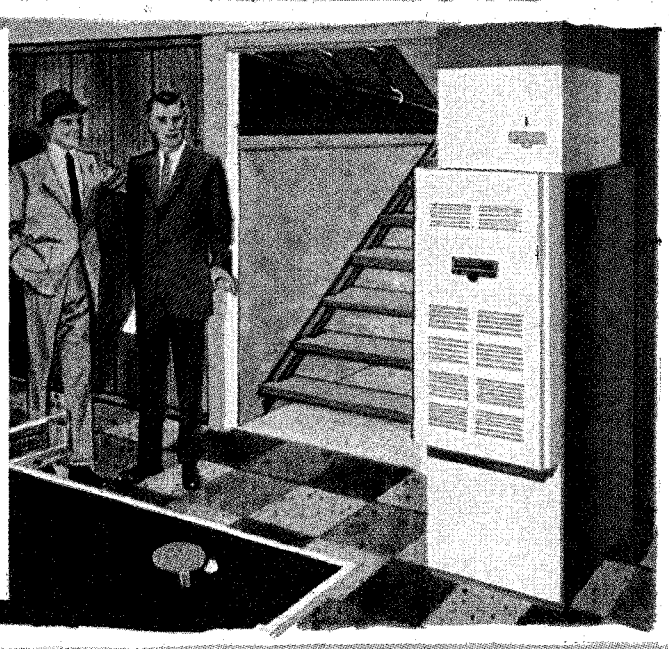
these houses TOP them all . .

COPYRIGHT 1958 SHOW-HOUSE

We've never seen such a beautifully *luminous* roof color. It's achieved with new Ruberoid BLUE-GLO asphalt shingles . . . an exclusive blend of blues, greens, reds, white and buff that gives the roof a soft, deep, youthful look . . . good for years. Here, we say, is the latest in home styles, featured by many style-minded builders and roofing specialists. They're Ruberoid Lok-Tab® asphalt shingles: they *defy* wind; interlocking tabs *lock* the shingles tightly together. With a Lok-Tab roof you get Ruberoid's exclusive Written Warranty against blow-offs! . . . **Ruberoid.**

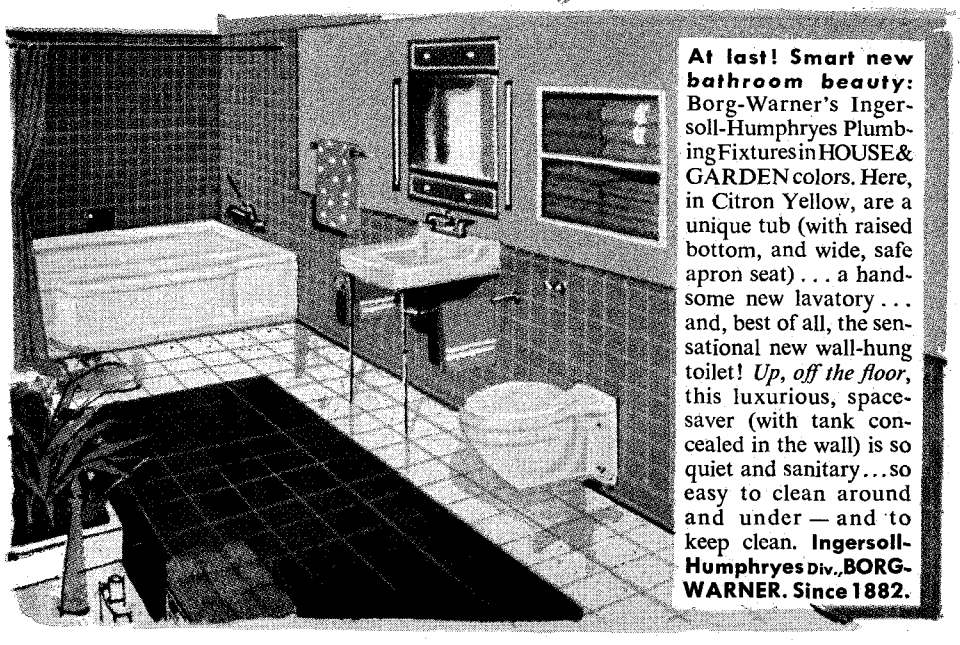


Talk about famous brand names... and you are bound to say Formica®! Here is the "Show-Kitchen" of our Show-House . . . made forever new with eye-pleasing "Nassau" counter-tops by Formica. Genuine Formica laminated plastic surfaces—for walls, work-tops, furniture—are a joy . . . they *stay* beautiful. And you have your pick of colors and patterns from Formica *dozens*. Look in the Yellow Pages under "Plastics" for a Formica fabricator. See coupon for the big Formica Decorating Idea Book for $1.00 or free color literature. **Formica.**

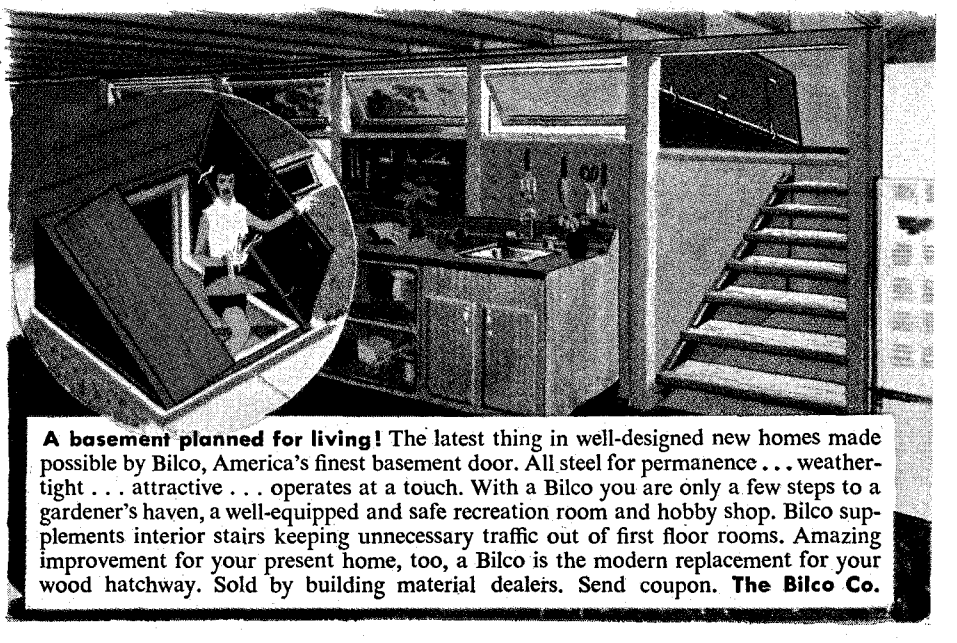


Home builders buy smart! They know quality. That's why so many now use Armstrong . . . world's finest heating equipment. Armstrong gives *more*. More comfort—the exclusive "Quiet Fire" burner in our Armstrong Lo-Hi-Boy Furnace (right) provides silent, safe and sure heat. More experience—Armstrong has devoted thirty years to the manufacture of home comfort. More service—Armstrong equipment is designed and built for the years. Air conditioning can be added now or later. See coupon for helpful literature on . . . **Armstrong.**

Here's our amazing "scrubless" kitchen! You never have to scrub Crown Vinyl by Sandran. This *heavy duty* floor covering with a solid 100% vinyl wear layer comes clean instantly with one swish of a damp mop. It doesn't need constant waxing because it has a *built-in* gleam . . . resists scuffing, too! Stainmakers (lye, grapejuice, ink, grease) that stain ordinary floor coverings won't stain Crown Vinyl by Sandran. We show several lovely patterns. It's the only floor covering we know of with a *12-year* Beauty-Wear Guarantee! Low cost, too! **Sandran.**



At last! Smart new bathroom beauty: Borg-Warner's Ingersoll-Humphryes Plumbing Fixtures in HOUSE & GARDEN colors. Here, in Citron Yellow, are a unique tub (with raised bottom, and wide, safe apron seat) . . . a handsome new lavatory . . . and, best of all, the sensational new wall-hung toilet! *Up, off the floor,* this luxurious, space-saver (with tank concealed in the wall) is so quiet and sanitary . . . so easy to clean around and under — and to keep clean. **Ingersoll-Humphryes Div., BORG-WARNER. Since 1882.**



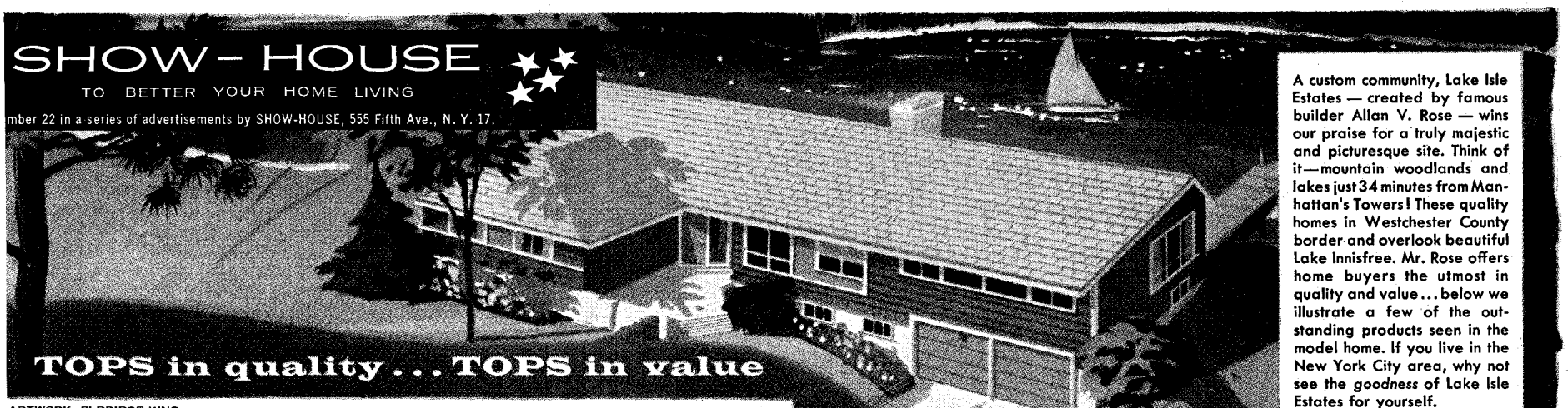
A basement planned for living! The latest thing in well-designed new homes made possible by Bilco, America's finest basement door. All steel for permanence . . . weather-tight . . . attractive . . . operates at a touch. With a Bilco you are only a few steps to a gardener's haven, a well-equipped and safe recreation room and hobby shop. Bilco supplements interior stairs keeping unnecessary traffic out of first floor rooms. Amazing improvement for your present home, too, a Bilco is the modern replacement for your wood hatchway. Sold by building material dealers. Send coupon. **The Bilco Co.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOW-HOUSE

TO BETTER YOUR HOME LIVING

mber 22 in a series of advertisements by SHOW-HOUSE, 555 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.

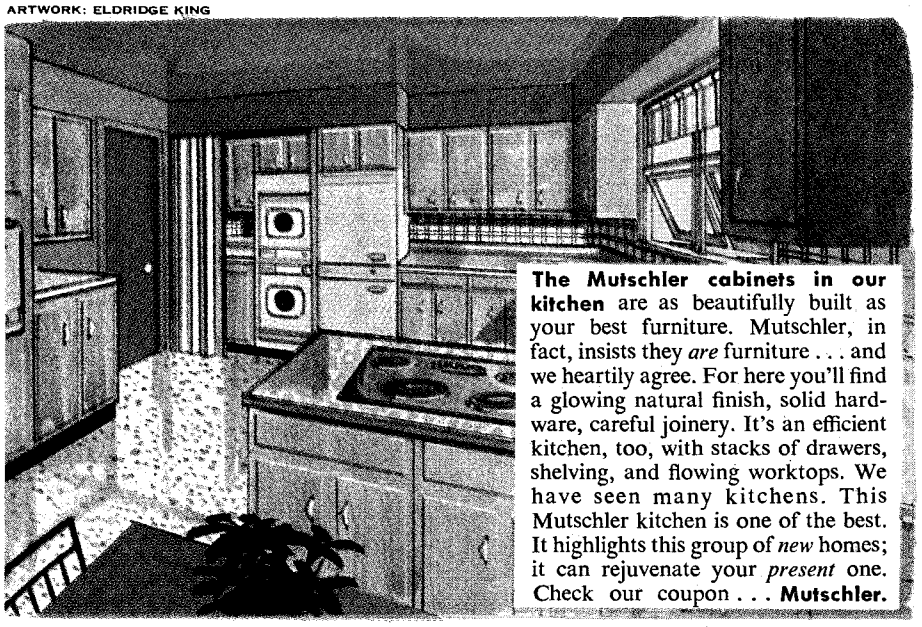


TOPS in quality . . . TOPS in value

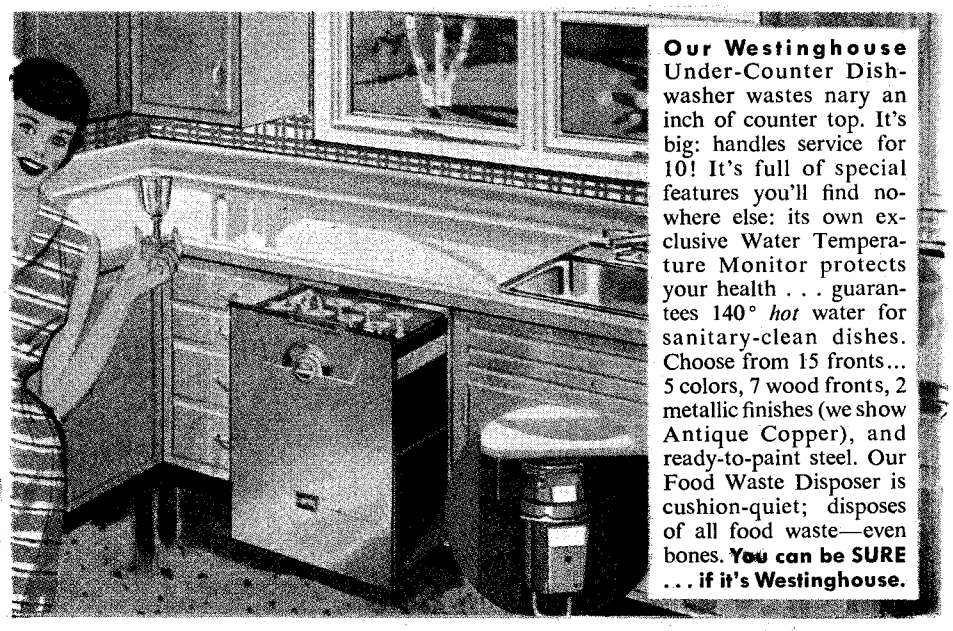
A custom community, Lake Isle Estates — created by famous builder Allan V. Rose — wins our praise for a truly majestic and picturesque site. Think of it—mountain woodlands and lakes just 34 minutes from Manhattan's Towers! These quality homes in Westchester County border and overlook beautiful Lake Innisfree. Mr. Rose offers home buyers the utmost in quality and value . . . below we illustrate a few of the outstanding products seen in the model home. If you live in the New York City area, why not see the *goodness* of Lake Isle Estates for yourself.

Model house now open at Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, New York.

ARTWORK: ELDRIDGE KING

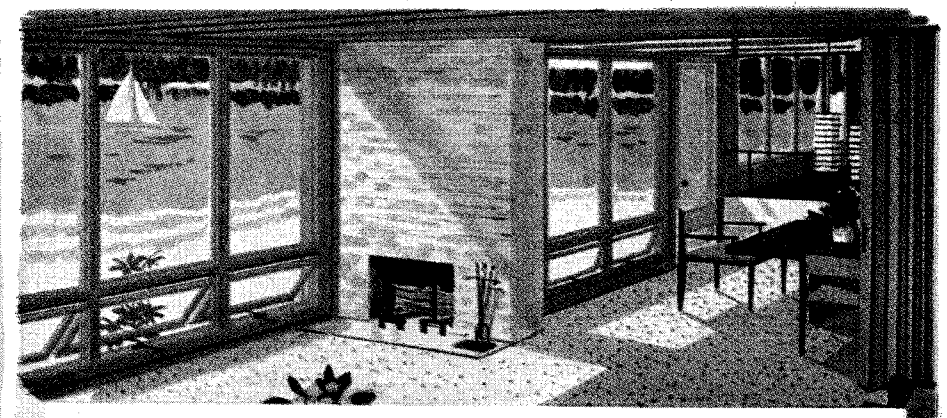


The Mutschler cabinets in our kitchen are as beautifully built as your best furniture. Mutschler, in fact, insists they *are* furniture . . . and we heartily agree. For here you'll find a glowing natural finish, solid hardware, careful joinery. It's an efficient kitchen, too, with stacks of drawers, shelving, and flowing worktops. We have seen many kitchens. This Mutschler kitchen is one of the best. It highlights this group of *new* homes; it can rejuvenate your *present* one. Check our coupon . . . **Mutschler.**

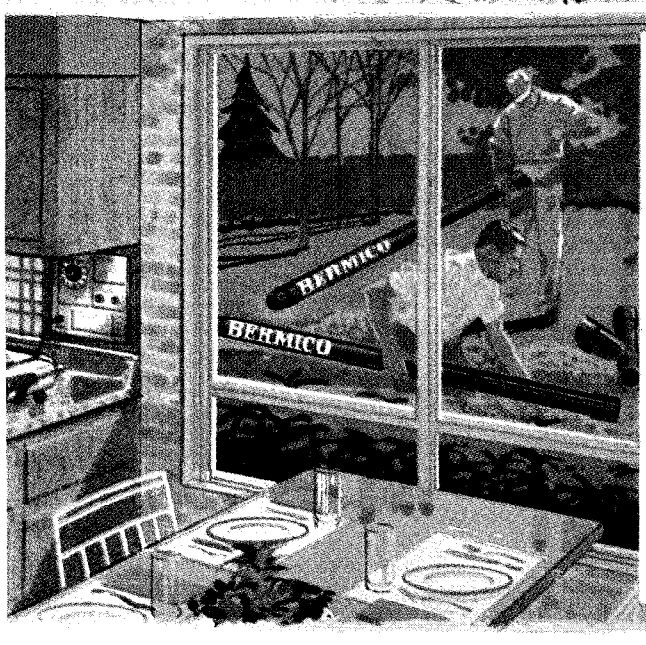


Our Westinghouse Under-Counter Dishwasher wastes nary an inch of counter top. It's big: handles service for 10! It's full of special features you'll find nowhere else: its own exclusive Water Temperature Monitor protects your health . . . guarantees 140° *hot* water for sanitary-clean dishes. Choose from 15 fronts... 5 colors, 7 wood fronts, 2 metallic finishes (we show Antique Copper), and ready-to-paint steel. Our Food Waste Disposer is cushion-quiet; disposes of all food waste—even bones. **You can be SURE . . . if it's Westinghouse.**

Introducing, *new* ceramic tile color—Regency Blue by Stylon...a truly *famous* brand name. Famous for texture and color, famous for quality—that's Stylon. And in these famous homes, we use Stylon ceramic tile *exclusively* in all bathrooms. On the floor, another SHOW-HOUSE first: 12″ x 12″ Crystal-Glaze ceramic tile by Stylon. And on the counter, smaller squares of the same. Permanence, easy maintenance, sheer beauty . . . brought to you by Stylon. A galaxy of new ceramic tile ideas are featured in the Stylon literature our coupon offers . . . **Stylon.**



Pella windows add excitement to our Show-House! Care-free PELLA MULTI-PURPOSE WINDOWS with self-storing screens serve both the living room in the foreground and the dining area adjoining. PELLA CASEMENT WINDOWS with *screens that roll up and down* can be seen in the family room and they are also in the bathroom and bedrooms. New PELLA TWINLITE WINDOWS over kitchen sink open out like "awnings." All are available with insulating glass. The PELLA WOOD FOLDING DOOR, at right, blends handsomely with fine wood furnishings. **Pella.**®



Hidden quality! This home builder puts quality into his homes . . . "beyond the eye." Naturally, he uses modern Bermico Bituminized Fibre Pipe for house-to-sewer connections because it is dependable, root-proof, trouble-free . . . and it is made to last and last. This means that *you*, Mr. and Mrs. Home Owner, will have *complete* satisfaction. Be sure to look "beyond the eye" for Bermico when you build or remodel your house . . . or visit a model home: Bermico and *good* builders go together! Use our coupon for two valuable booklets by **Bermico.**

clip this helpful coupon . . .

SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Please send me the better living aids checked below. I enclose coins (no stamps) to cover the cost of those for which there is a charge.

1. RUBEROID: ☐ Free color folder showing decorator-designed Lok-Tabs and ☐ "High Fashion" Autoclaved Sidewalls.
2. ARMSTRONG: ☐ "Home Heating Has Changed, Too" . . . better heating for every house. ☐ "New World of Comfort" how to get economical air conditioning.
3. BORG-WARNER CORP.: ☐ Free Folder: Ingersoll-Humphryes plumbing fixtures.
4. FORMICA: ☐ Decorating Idea Book, $1.00, ☐ New colorful literature—free.
5. SANDRAN: ☐ Free booklet and samples to help you plan an Amazing "Scrubless" Kitchen.
6. BILCO: ☐ Literature for new home builders, ☐ "How-To-Do-It": folder for replacing wood door.
7. MUTSCHLER: ☐ Kitchen Literature, 10¢.
8. STYLON TILE: ☐ Full color catalog showing the latest colors and patterns in ceramic tile, 10¢.
9. BERMICO: ☐ Complete Bermico Catalog, ☐ How and Where to Install a Septic Tank System, 25¢.
10. WESTINGHOUSE: ☐ Color literature on Automatic Dishwashers and Food Waste Disposers, 10¢.
11. PELLA: ☐ Multi-Purpose Windows, ☐ Casement Windows, ☐ Twinlite Windows, ☐ Window Idea Book, 25¢, ☐ Wood Folding Doors.
12. ☐ Architect's Blue-Plans of both houses, including builder's descriptive brochure, 25¢

This coupon good until April 25, 1958. Please print name and address. (Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

To Refugees From the Reds: Don't Spill Secrets to the U.N.!

The honor of the anti-Communist West has a stout protector in Mr. Povl Bang-Jensen, a Dane who until recently was senior political-affairs officer at the United Nations. The reason Mr. Bang-Jensen's job is now in escrow "pending investigation" is that he refused to turn over to the U.N. Secretariat the names of Hungarian refugees who had testified before him in secret session. As a reward for his determination not to expose these miserable people, and their families still in Hungary, Mr. Bang-Jensen was escorted by guards to the U.N. entrance and ordered not to return!

The Assembly of Captive European Nations, an anti-Communist group, quickly pointed to the obvious fact that future exiles from Communist countries would refuse to tell their stories if their identities were to be made "available to the Secretariat, and thus to all delegates, or at least to all higher officials of the Secretariat, including Soviet officials." Once in the Secretariat's files, the information could hardly be kept from the scrutiny of Communist representatives. After all, the U.S.S.R. is a member of the United Nations in good standing. So is the Kadar Communist dictatorship of Hungary. Mr. Bang-Jensen's analysis of the situation is as commendable as his courage in standing by it, despite the possibility that the strictly legal arguments are on the side of the Secretariat.

The U.N. Secretariat declares that it has an unblemished record as a custodian of secret reports, and one official pointed out that Mr. Bang-Jensen had not been authorized to guarantee to the Hungarian witnesses that their testimony would not be turned over to the Secretariat.

However, Mrs. Alice Widener's periodical U.S.A. recently pointed to an Associated Press dispatch from Colombo, Ceylon, dated July 15, 1957, which reported that a Ceylonese official in the United Nations was charged with "turning over to a Russian, Vladimir Grusha, some information on the fact-finding investigation of the Hungarian situation by Ceylon and four other nations." Grusha, it appears, has left the United States "at the request of the United States Government." The Ceylonese accused of giving his country's code to a Red Agent is to be investigated, but so far he has not been hustled off the U.N. grounds.

Thus it looks as if Mr. Bang-Jensen was amply justified in feeling that the Hungarians should not be exposed to the U.N. bureaucrats.

Naturally Hungarian refugees in Vienna or Geneva, where Mr. Bang-Jensen's inquiries were conducted, would assume that in telling their story to the United Nations, their identities would be protected. Mr. Alsin Anderson, another Dane who acted as chairman of the investigating committee, apparently torn between loyalty to protocol and compassion for the Hungarians, suggested that the way out was to destroy the documents!

Surely the episode ought to suggest to future escapees from Red tyranny that, if they can't get before a United States Senate investigating committee, in executive session, they would do well to button up their lips. In any event, lay off probes by representatives of the United Nations!

Without the Census, We Couldn't Plan a School or a Drive-In

Every morning when you wake up there are 8000 more mouths to feed in this country than there were the night before. And the population goes on increasing at that rate day in and day out.

Today we are in the midst of a technological revolution which speeds up change, hastens obsolescence, creates new industries, transforms old ones and remakes the industrial map of the country. Tremendous advances in science and technology bring ever-widening waves of innovation.

Why should anyone be surprised when factories and stores appear on what yesterday were pastures and fields? Near the town of X the General Electric Company, or the Ford Motor Company, or some other giant corporation is building a new plant, and out at Four Corners a great new shopping center is going up. The countryside is filling up with urban-type people and buildings.

Not everyone stops to realize that these buildings are being erected and almost countless millions of other decisions made and actions taken only because there are reliable facts concerning the country's population upon which to base them—facts which stem from the Bureau of the Census' ceaseless activities.

Like oxygen in the air, such facts are universally used, but very little thought is given to whence they come. What every firm must know, in order to plan its operations, is how rapidly population is increasing or decreasing, and where, and what its characteristics are in respect to such things as age, sex, marital status, race, national origins and type of occupation.

Census fact finding is not the collection of statistics for statistics' sake. It is the absolutely essential benchmark for measurement of the condition of a country where nothing is taken for granted.

The framers of the Constitution provided, in Article I, Section 2, that a census be taken every ten years, and this has been done since 1790. Old as it is, the Census is always new because it is constantly counting in new ways. In fact, it now counts continuously, and not just once in a decade. Since 1950, for instance, it has conducted special censuses for 1000 towns and cities in twenty-seven states.

Statistics are not easily glamorized; they do not lend themselves to romantic treatment and they seem dry to many of us. It is only natural that there should be resistance to appropriating money for their collection. Their usefulness must be constantly sold and resold. Yet few activities of the Federal Government cost as little as the census, and what is more to the point, few have paid such big dividends over so many years in proportion to the cost.

Our Credit System Has its Origins in Ancient Babylon

By GEORGE O. HENDERSON

About 4000 years ago, Babylonian Emperor Hammurabi laid the foundation for capitalism and good faith in commerce with his historic code of equitable business practices.

Prior to that time, trade was handicapped by a system of pilfering, pillage and piracy. The Babylonian code didn't change everything, because as late as 1829 A.D., Mediterranean shippers still had to pay tribute to the Barbary pirates.

Hammurabi was sole ruler in the greatest city of the ancient world, of a civilization far advanced in mathematics, engineering, architecture, astronomy and commercial practices. Realizing that malpractices could prostrate the country's economy, he proclaimed the first code of commercial law.

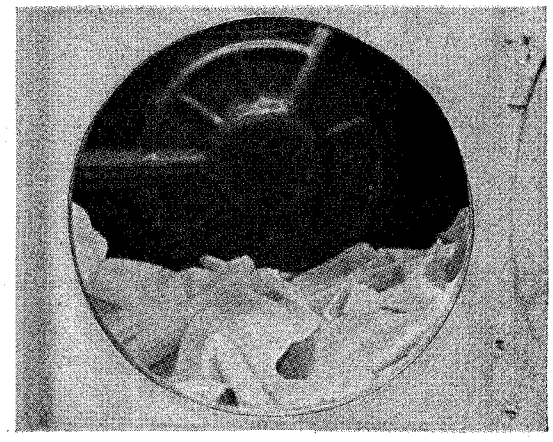
Throughout the centuries, by trial and error, that code of fair contracts and agreements has been expanded. Mankind benefited by its evolution step by step—the Justinian Code of Rome, the Magna Carta, the Code Napoléon and the United States Code.

Out of this process capitalism was born. Beaten to earth time and time again throughout history, capitalism always has sprung up stronger than before. It could not be destroyed, because it was based on a fundamental human right—that the worker is worthy of his hire and entitled to keep, use and increase his capital. Symbolic of the system's durability is the centuries-old diorite-rock column bearing the Hammurabi Code, now in a Paris museum.

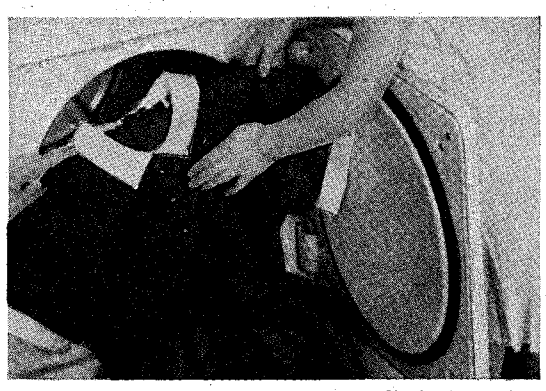
In ancient times when a Babylonian merchant ordered a shipment of Persian rugs, he had to send couriers with payment for the goods before the delivery caravan would start on its way. Today, a New York merchant has only to speak into a telephone and in a few days cargoes of air-borne Persian rugs will be trundled into his warehouses with payment arranged for.

This simple illustration shows how the business code has evolved with the need for faith and credit in business transactions.

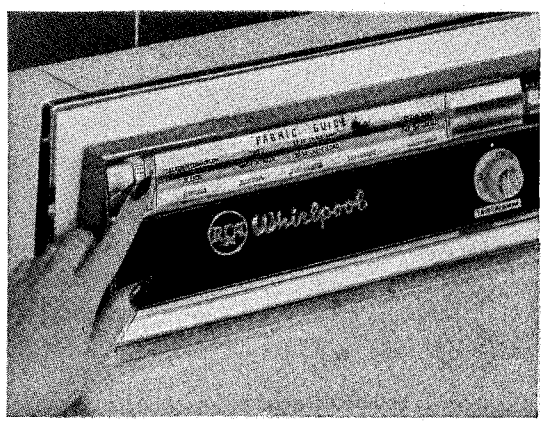
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Built-in sun and air. Soft, gentle breeze fluffs clothes as it dries them. Ultraviolet lamp makes clothes sunshine-fresh. Towels dried in this RCA WHIRLPOOL dryer are, by test, 34% fluffier than when line-dried.



Wrinkle-free Wash 'n' Wear Cycle eliminates drip-drying. Special air-flow design and cooling-off period dries miracle fabrics without baked-in wrinkles. All clothes come out softer, fluffier, more comfortable.



Automatic Fabric Control gives you right cycle, setting, heat and finish for every fabric. Just dial the fabric you want to dry—gone is the guesswork and doubt.

No more underdrying... no more overdrying. This new RCA WHIRLPOOL knows exactly how long to dry your clothes, then shuts itself off automatically. No guessing, testing or timing. Choice of electric or gas dryer with matching automatic washer—in white or decorator colors. Superspeed gas dryer dries a full 10-lb. load in just 27 minutes.

This 1958 RCA WHIRLPOOL dryer shuts itself off at "dry enough"

Amazing new Moisture Minder senses when clothes are just dry enough—just right for wearing or ironing. No more underdrying—no more overdrying—no more guesswork.

This new RCA WHIRLPOOL is so simple, so automatic, you'll swear it's pure magic! Here's how it works.

Say you have cotton sheets to dry. You just dial cotton on the Automatic Fabric Control. It automatically gives you the right setting—the right cycle, heat and finish.

Turn it on—and walk away. The dryer will shut itself off automatically when the sheets are perfectly dry. No more chasing up and down stairs to reset it, as you do with ordinary dryers, to get clothes really dry. And no more overdrying that stiffens and ruins fabrics.

Two completely automatic cycles take care of all regular and delicate fabrics. Then—new this year—is a special third cycle for Wash 'n' Wears. Dries miracle fabrics without baked-in wrinkles—completely eliminates drip-drying. A great convenience.

Don't miss seeing this revolution in automatic drying at your RCA WHIRLPOOL dealer's. Drop in for a demonstration this week.

BETTER HOME APPLIANCES ... FOR BETTER HOMES

RCA Whirlpool

Whirlpool Corporation, St. Joseph, Michigan. (Use of trademarks RCA and RCA authorized by trademark owner, Radio Corporation of America.)

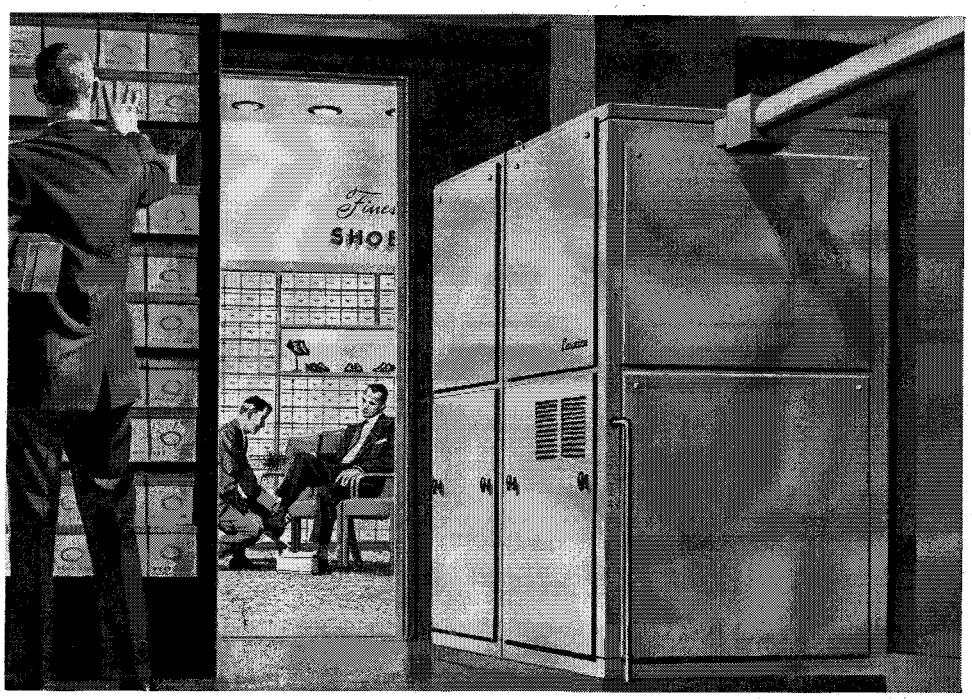
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETTER AIR CONDITIONING FOR EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

Carrier

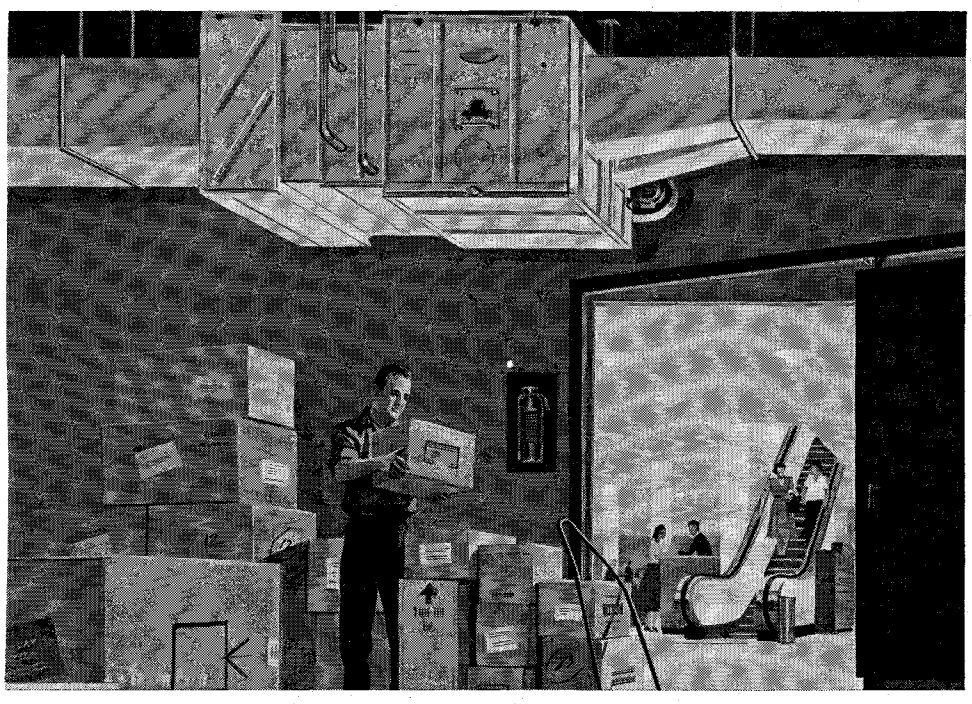
Which is the best way to air condition a new building?

That depends on the building. The architectural design, the size and how it is to be used can make a big difference. To make sure of the best way to air condition your building talk with your Carrier representative. He handles every type of air conditioning. (Four of the many are described below.) So his only interest is to recommend the type that serves you best. Throughout the world, in thousands of dependable installations, Carrier air conditioning serves more people and more purposes than any other make. Good reason to call the Carrier dealer or office listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

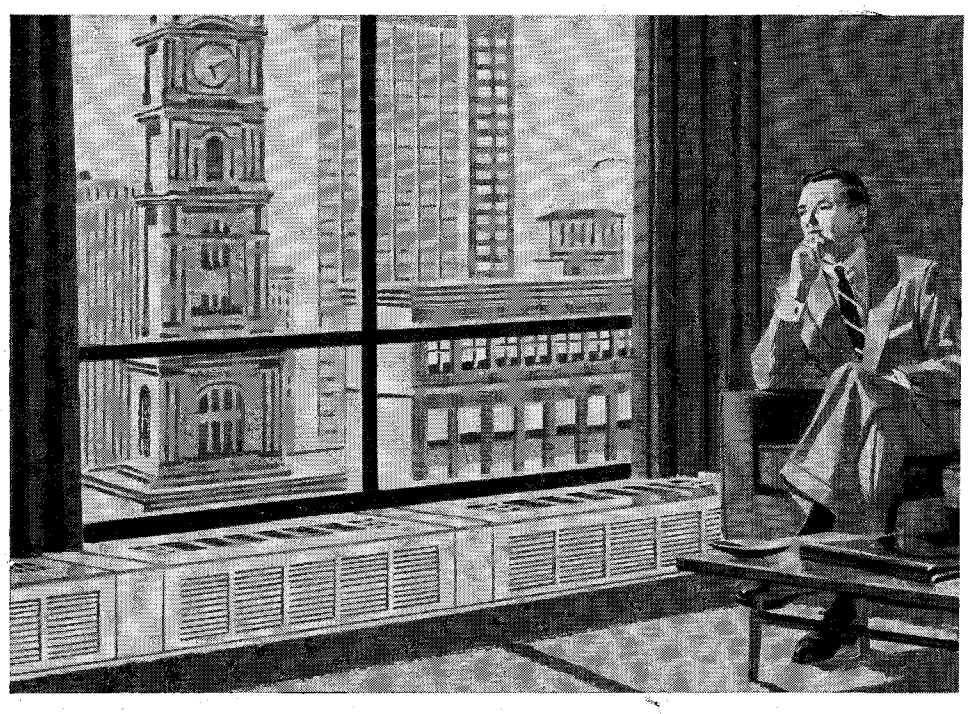


Planning a small store? Use a Carrier Year-round Weathermaker* in the back room with ducts running to the selling area. You need no other equipment for cooling and heating your store all year round.

Planning a small office building? Install a Carrier Multi-Weathermaker System, using self-contained units. Permits you to air condition the entire building all at once or you can do it in easy stages.



Planning a suburban department store? Locate Carrier System Weathermakers on each floor. Supplied with hot or cold water from a central plant, they provide comfortable year-round air conditioning.



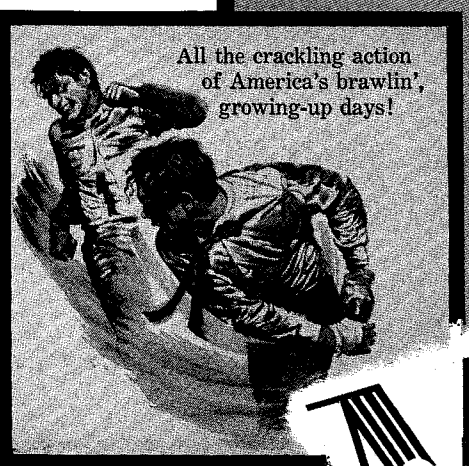
Planning a large office building? Specify the Carrier Weathermaster* System with new under-the-window Modular units which adapt to all building construction. Each office can have its own climate.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

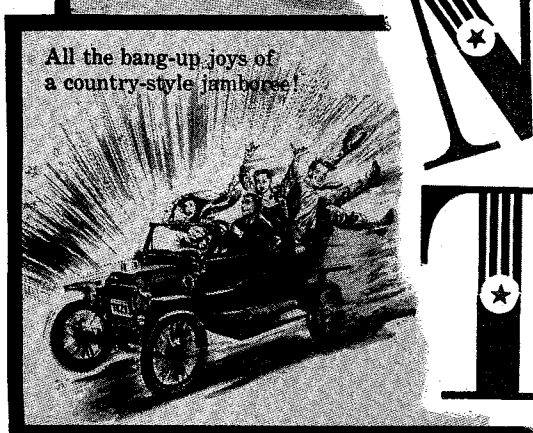
One great big happy CARNIVAL OF FUN!
As exciting as the 4th of July!

C.V. Whitney Presents



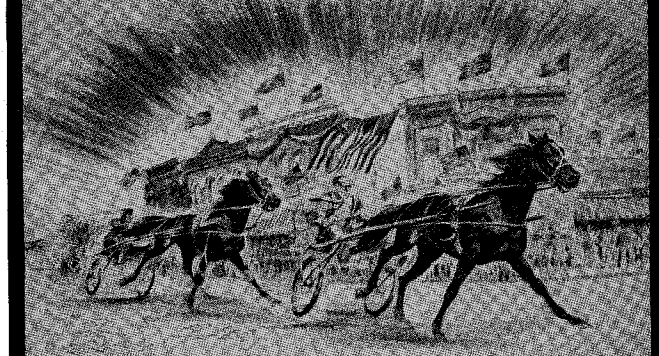
THE MISSOURI TRAVELER

All the rollicking laughter of Paul Ford—the hilarious Colonel of TV's "Sgt. Bilko"!


All the bang-up joys of a country-style jamboree!

All the rousing romance of a free and easy land!

From the producer who gave you "The Searchers"


All the pounding excitement of the race that rocked a state!

TECHNICOLOR®
starring
BRANDON deWILDE
LEE MARVIN
GARY MERRILL
PAUL FORD
and introducing
MARY HOSFORD

Produced by PATRICK FORD · Directed by JERRY HOPPER · Screenplay by NORMAN SHANNON HALL
Distributed by BUENA VISTA · Cameraman WINTON C. HOCH

SEE IT SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

GET MORE OUT OF LIFE . . . GO OUT TO A MOVIE

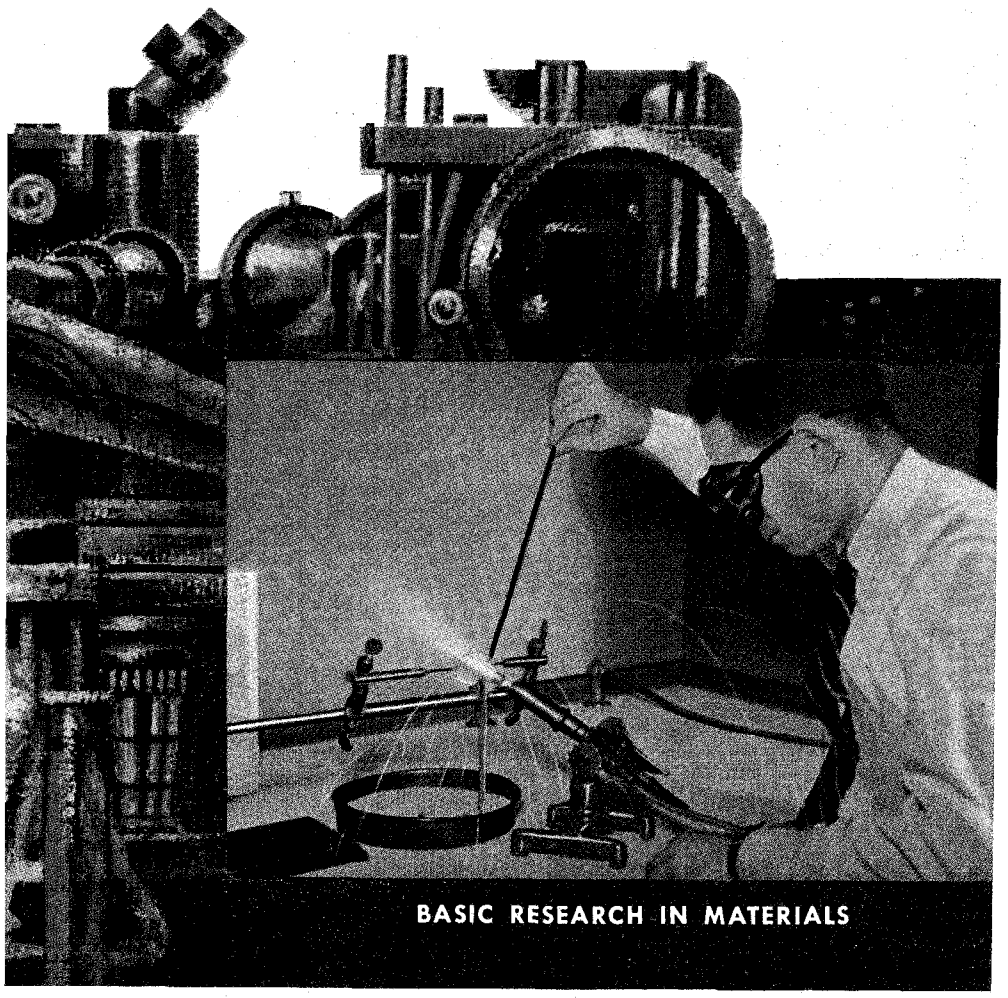
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Basic researcl

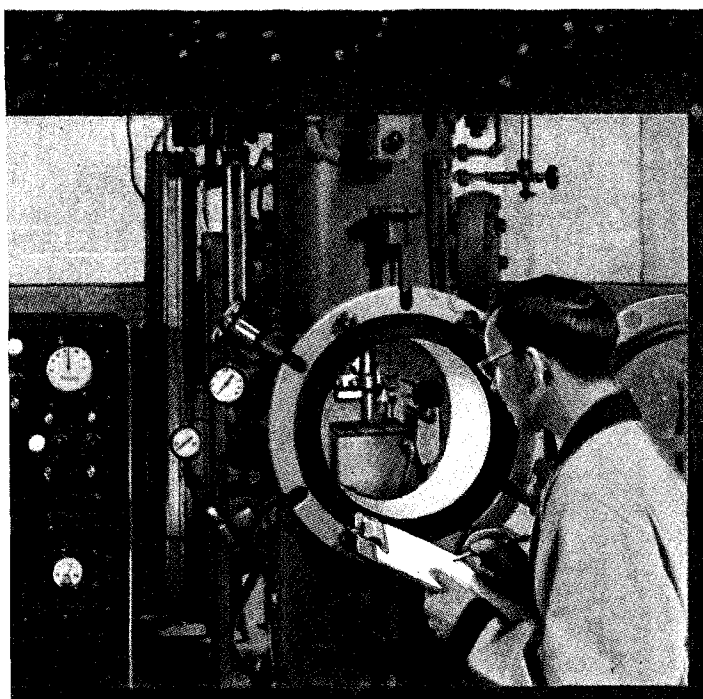
Probing the unknown, Allis-Chalmers scienti

are uncovering <u>new</u> knowledge...to help handle

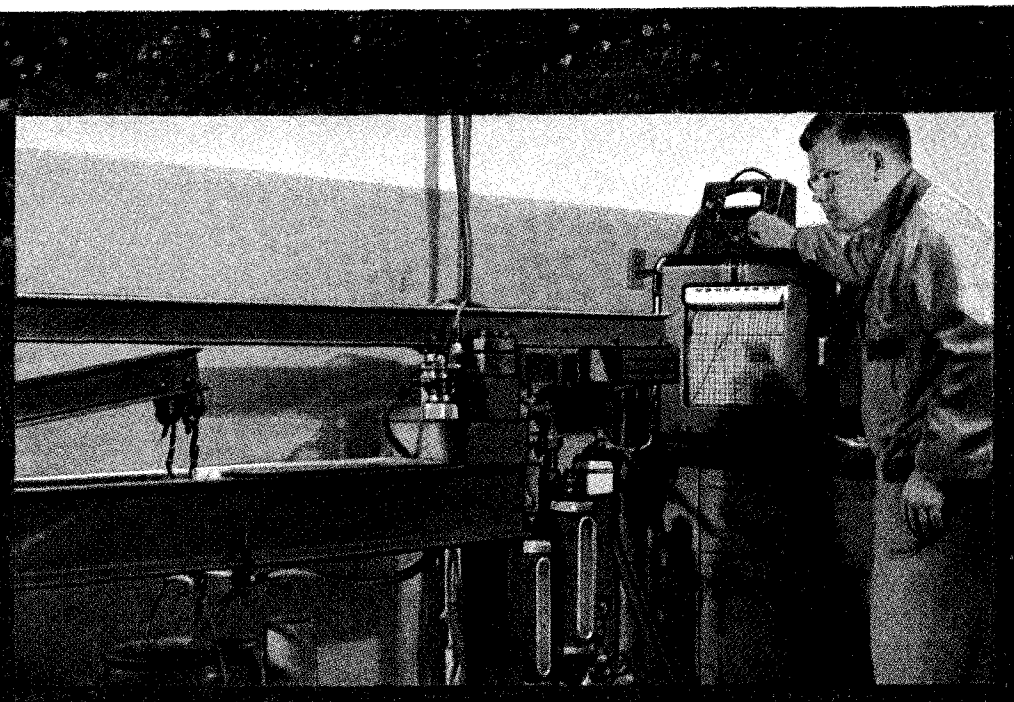
America's important <u>hidden</u> jobs better than e



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BASIC RESEARCH IN HYDRAULICS



BASIC RESEARCH IN PROCESSING

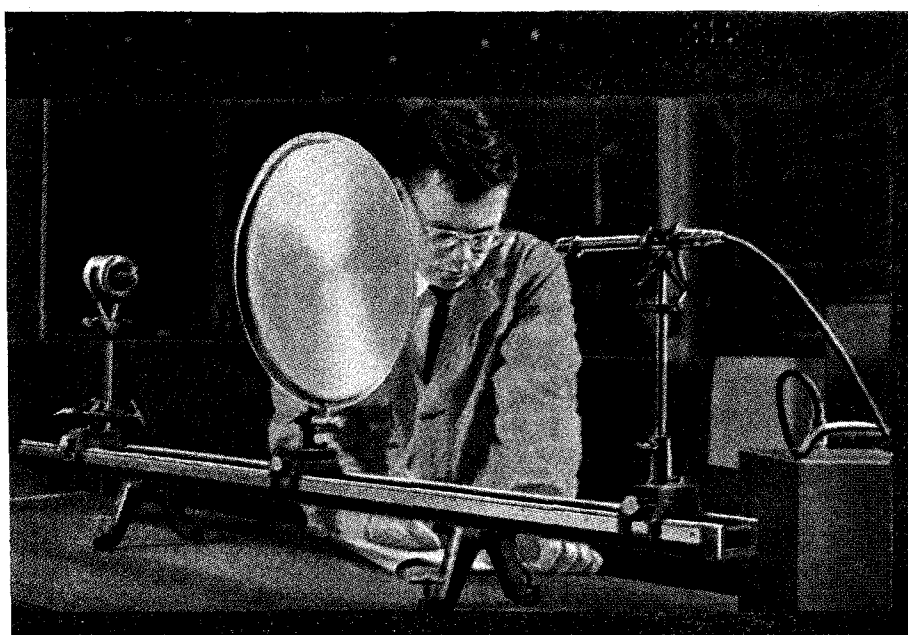
ouilds a better future for you

Behind every new *consumer* product you use are hundreds of research projects devoted to behind-the-scenes products and processes for industry. Such *hidden* jobs are the targets of Allis-Chalmers scientists in wide-range research.

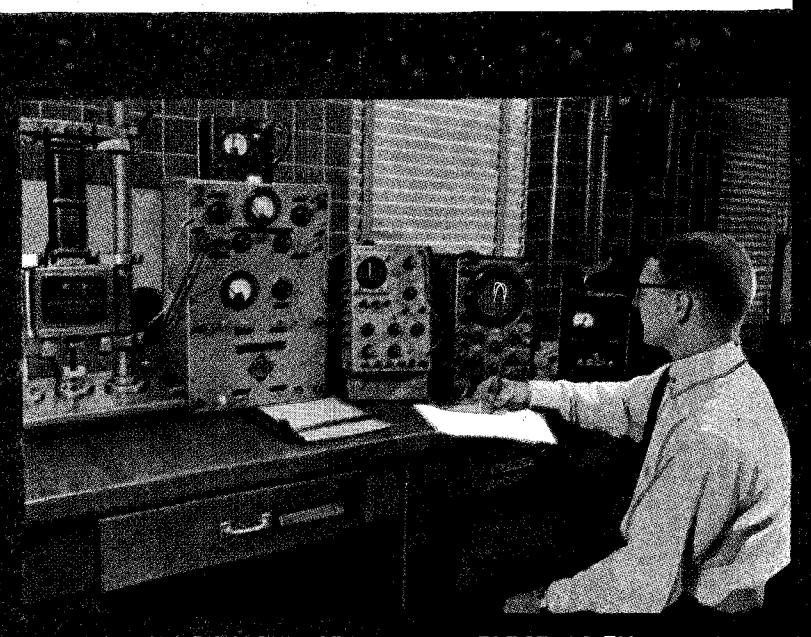
Sometimes the possibilities are spectacular . . . as in the search for a new heat-resistant material capable of operating in temperatures where ordinary steel melts like candle wax. Sometimes the results are amazingly simple, yet extremely valuable . . . like an idea for insuring a dependable supply of electricity by testing big transformers with a kit small enough to fit in your hand.

Simple or spectacular, each is another step forward. What we enjoy today are often the fruits of many years of research. Tomorrow's prosperity will be measured by how well we do the job of *basic* research today. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

ALLIS-CHALMERS



BASIC RESEARCH IN PHYSICS



BASIC RESEARCH IN ELECTRICITY

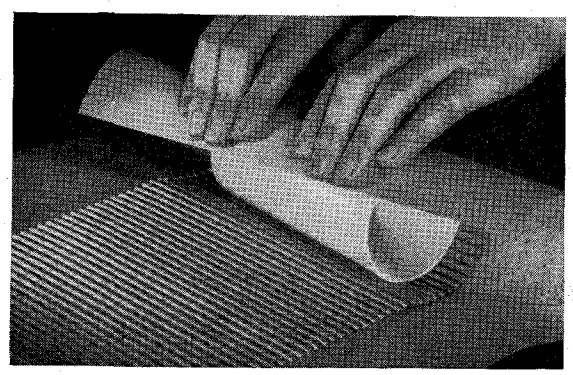
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nomads: U.S.A. 1958

By ALEX DREIER, NBC's *"Man on the Go"*

Today's executives on-the-way-up in business . . .
with increasing responsibility and growing families . . .
face frequent transfer to bigger jobs in far away cities.

Free Rand McNally Road Atlas (worth $1.75) is given, with moving estimate, to family planning long-distance move, by North American Van Lines agent.



Skilled North American packers protect your china and glassware with new "Sof-Pak." This tough fleece-lined wrap saves time and weight, doesn't soil dishes!

NEW PLANTS are built . . . and key personnel are transferred to supervise operations. Factories are moved to better locations . . . and employees have to be shifted to new areas. Husbands and fathers take better jobs in other places . . . and their families go with them.

Altogether, 38,000,000 Americans will move to new homes this year as a result of the nation's expanding economy . . . and the number of people on the move is increasing constantly! All this has led to the development of North American Van Lines' efficient operations . . . a better way of moving for these modern "nomads."

Today, the trained specialists of North American Van Lines offer the families of America an improved, scientific, all-inclusive moving service! Now you simply place all of your moving problems in the hands of your local North American Van Lines agent.

Without work or worry on your part, company-trained North American movers take over the entire job. They report on schedule . . . quickly and carefully pack your possessions in special containers for a safe trip in a modern North American van . . . get them to your new location on time . . . even unpack for you! During the move, skilled North American moving men use more than $1500 worth of protective pads and equipment to assure safe arrival.

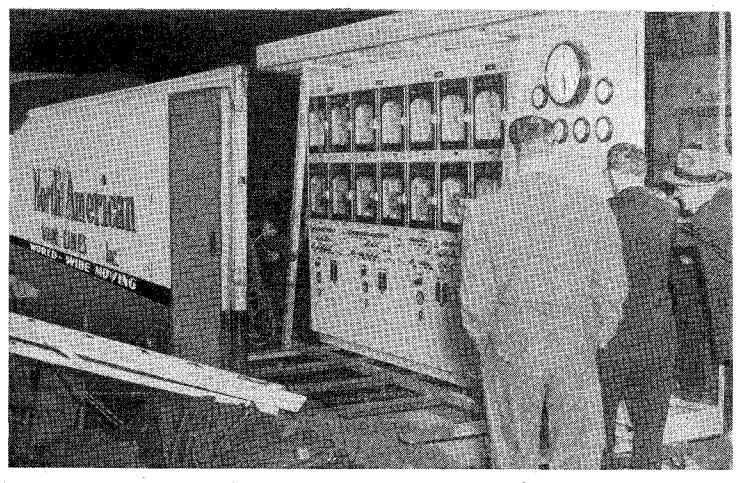
Whether you are moving to another town, county or state . . . or to Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Latin America, Europe or Japan . . . you receive the same, professional moving service when you use North American Van Lines. As a leader in this world-wide moving service, North American has developed a successful network operation that has attracted reliable agents everywhere. Today North American has more agents, in more cities and more foreign countries, than any other van line. This, plus modern van equipment and direct-wire dispatching, assures safe, on-time service on every move!

These are only a few of the reasons why families move with confidence when they move with North American Van Lines. Surprisingly, this superior service costs no more than a move by many other companies. For this better moving service—famous as the "Wife-Approved" move—simply phone the North American Van Lines agent nearest you (listed in the phone book under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beautiful dresses, suits, and other fine clothes reach your new home . . . ready to wear . . . in dustproof, noncrushing North American wardrobe cartons.

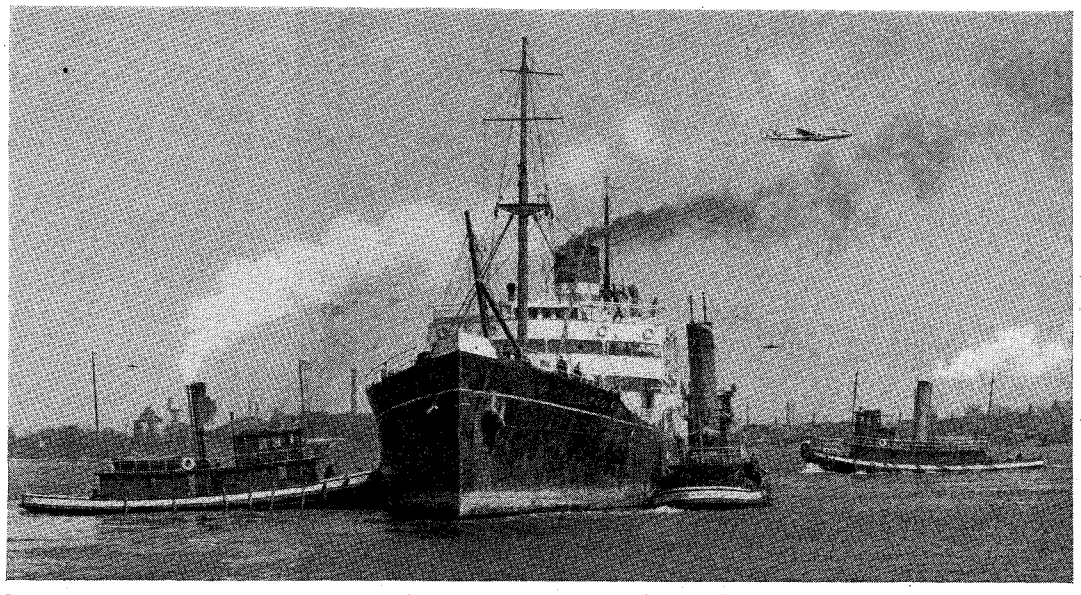
Costly displays, delicate and fragile, are safely padded to travel to trade shows and conventions in North American vans . . . arrive on time and "factory-fresh!"



High-value products (such as electronic "brains")—too delicate for ordinary handling—travel completely padded, safely, quickly, in North American vans.

"Movers"), or write directly to North American Van Lines, Inc., World Headquarters, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana. In Canada, write to North American Van Lines Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario. In Europe, North American Van Lines Europe, GMBH, Heidelberg, Germany.

Business, too, moves with confidence via North American Van Lines . . . utilizing specialized services developed by North American. Exhibits and displays, uncrated but padded, reach trade shows and conventions on time. Even delicate, high-value products such as electronic computers, travel safely—completely padded, without crating—in North American vans. Traffic and personnel managers choose North American "Wife-Approved" moving service for transferring employees . . . knowing that satisfactory moves assure better employer-employee relations. All of these services are available through every local North American Van Lines agent.



Via land, sea and air, North American Van Lines delivers household goods throughout the Free World; over 1100 agents in U.S. and Canada—more than 100 abroad—provide complete "follow-thru" service.

North American's company-trained moving specialists assure complete satisfaction to families and industry on the move. Phone today!

Find Your NAVL Agent In The Yellow Pages

Listen to Alex Dreier, "*Man on the Go for the Van on the Go*" — Every Sunday on NBC — Monitor

LICENSED FOR PERSONAL USE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Most Astounding Tire You Can Buy!

GENERAL DUAL 90

With Nygen® Cord and 2 Treads!

This is the most outstanding tire you will ever buy. It is designed to last as long as you will want to keep your car. Made with NYGEN Cord and two treads, the Dual 90 will give you a better ride, better stability and quick, safe stops.

To appreciate all the advantages of the Dual 90, see it at your local General Tire Dealer's.

- Longer mileage
- Puncture sealing
- Quiet running
- Quick stopping
- Easy steering

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Doctors are Made

This medical specialist concentrates on producing new doctors: Here's what he makes hopeful youngsters go through for an M.D. from Harvard.

By Greer Williams

Dr. George Packer Berry, one of the "new breed" of deans of medicine. He tells incoming students, "The only difference between you and us teachers is that some of us have had a little longer to make mistakes."

As we Americans have learned the scientific possibilities of keeping body and soul together, we've become more or less used to a procession of doctors through our lives. The obstetrician delivers us, the pediatrician sees us through childhood, the orthopedic surgeon sets our broken bones, and the gastroenterologist manages our nervous inwards. All told, there are thirty-one specialties.

At times we feel the need of a psychiatrist to tell us what it's all about. Of course, any of these services may be undertaken by a family doctor. Chances are, though, he may want you to call him a generalist, meaning that he specializes in all parts of us put together.

Seldom do we slow down, in running this healthful gantlet, to contemplate where all these doctors come from. Sometime, somewhere, they went to medical school. There are eighty-eight medical schools in the United States, nine having been added in the last few years. These will increase the annual production of physicians from 7000 to 8000 in the next four years. They will also up the nation's medical-education bill from $180,000,000 to $200,000,000 a year or thereabouts.

Each school has another kind of specialist—a dean. He has something to do with all this, but what? We might suppose he was like a top business executive—a strong man who shoulders tremendous managerial responsibility at a commensurate salary. Here our understanding grows vague. What do deans do?

Some of the wisecrack answers I received in my investigation of this question may shock you. A psychiatry professor told me that a dean's job is to stay out of trouble with his faculty. "A doctor who doesn't know enough to be a professor, but knows too damned much to be a college president," is another familiar run-down of a dean. A senior professor of surgery assured me that a dean is "a servant of his faculty, just like the janitor."

These disrespectful appraisals suggest that many medical-faculty members refuse to take the dean's job very seriously. Their attitude doubtless springs from the way in which deans are often appointed. The faculties, themselves made up of highly talented doctors, frequently regard the position as a part-time thing, to be passed around among themselves. The good fellow nominated for this thankless task can neither hire nor fire faculty members on his own authority, and he may devote only a few hours a day to dean's-office chores.

Historically, there've been some famous deans, but close scrutiny shows that most of those men distinguished themselves as physicians and not as medical-school administrators. A few years ago, a foundation official stood up at a national meeting of medical deans and begged them to show some signs of leadership. More recently, as doctor shortages and dollar shortages have weighed more heavily on them, a few have perked up. Almost every time one did, however, he got promoted to university president or executive director of something.

Dr. George Packer Berry is representative of this different breed of deans, a type now found in some of the better schools. As head man at Harvard Medical School, often described as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Hans Knopf

the world's greatest, Berry seems to have defied the mossy rules for a dean's behavior and still stayed out of serious trouble with his faculty.

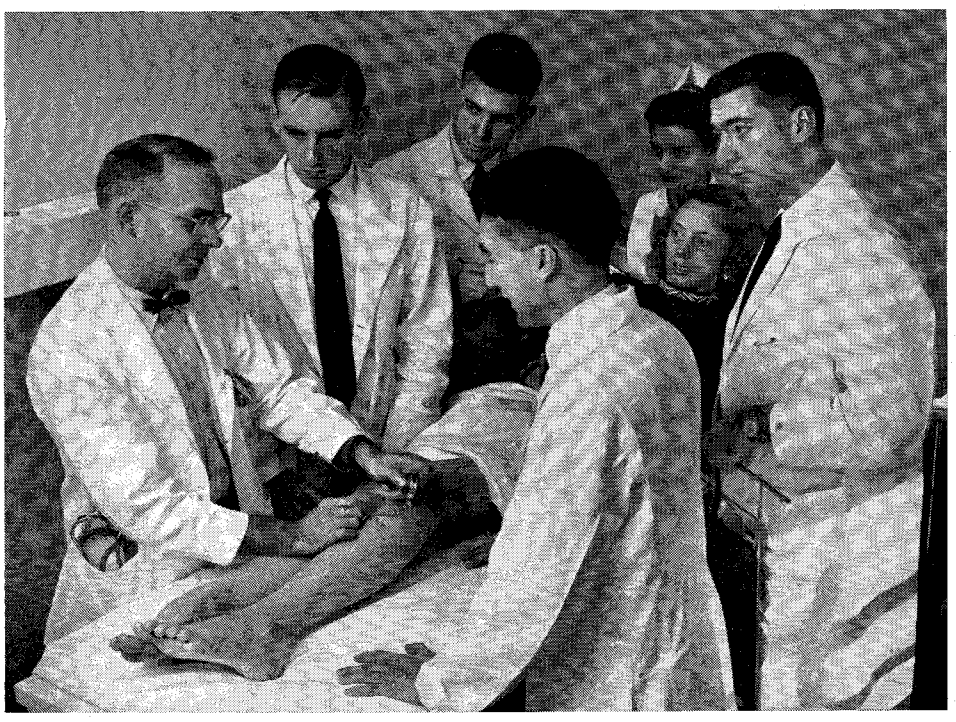
For example, it wouldn't do for some medical deans to get up before the entering Class of 1960 and say, as did Berry last fall, "The only difference between you and us teachers is that some of us have had a little longer to make mistakes." This didn't bother anybody at Harvard, where doctors freely admit they are human and treat human error like the enemy—something always to be kept in one's sights. This is done in a variety of ways. One Harvard surgeon kept a list of his operating errors on the inside of his locker door, where he had to face it each morning as he put on his surgical gown.

As a boy from Englewood, New Jersey; son of a Presbyterian minister; a Phi Beta Kappa scholar at Princeton (1921); No. 2 in his class at Johns Hopkins School of Medicine (1925), and a brilliant young bacteriologist at the famed Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Berry has the typical Ivy Leaguer's high-mindedness, good manners and gift of literate gab.

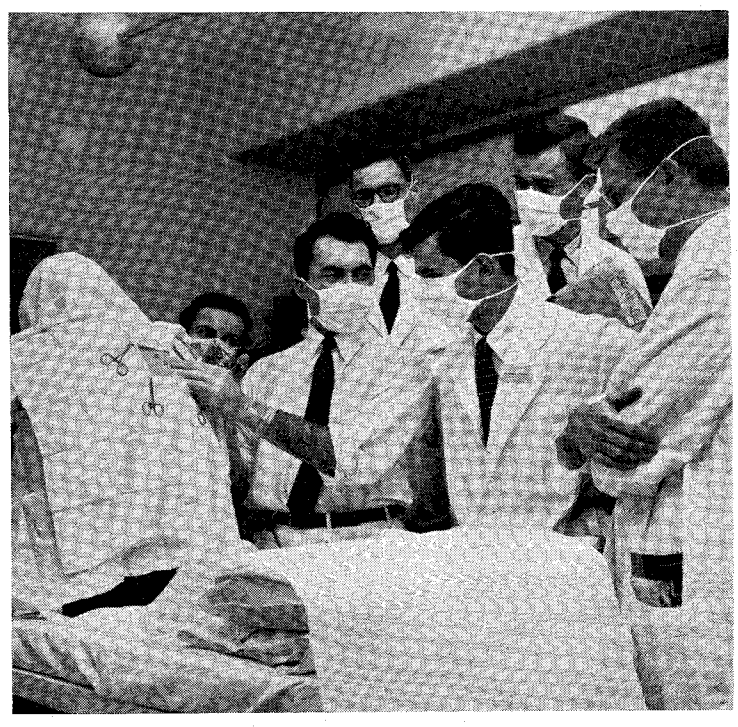
These attributes have proved to be an adequate substitute for his own technical lack of authority to make final decisions involving his faculty—decisions that he does, in fact, make through his powers of persuasion. He exercises these powers, for example, in approving or disapproving faculty-committee recommendations on appointments, promotions and retirements—matters in which the University Corporation takes the final action. Because of tenure there is practically no power to fire a professor any place in the chain of command. About the only cause for firing is "grave misconduct."

Berry is a master of committee action, the primary method of getting administrative work done in academic circles. A successful committee chairman articulates his ideas effortlessly and at every opportunity, meantime enduring the (Continued on Page 83)

First-year physiology: Neophytes begin study of the circulatory system by familiarizing themselves with an anesthetized cat's heartbeat. The pretty student with the dreamy look is Tenley Albright, former world skating champ.

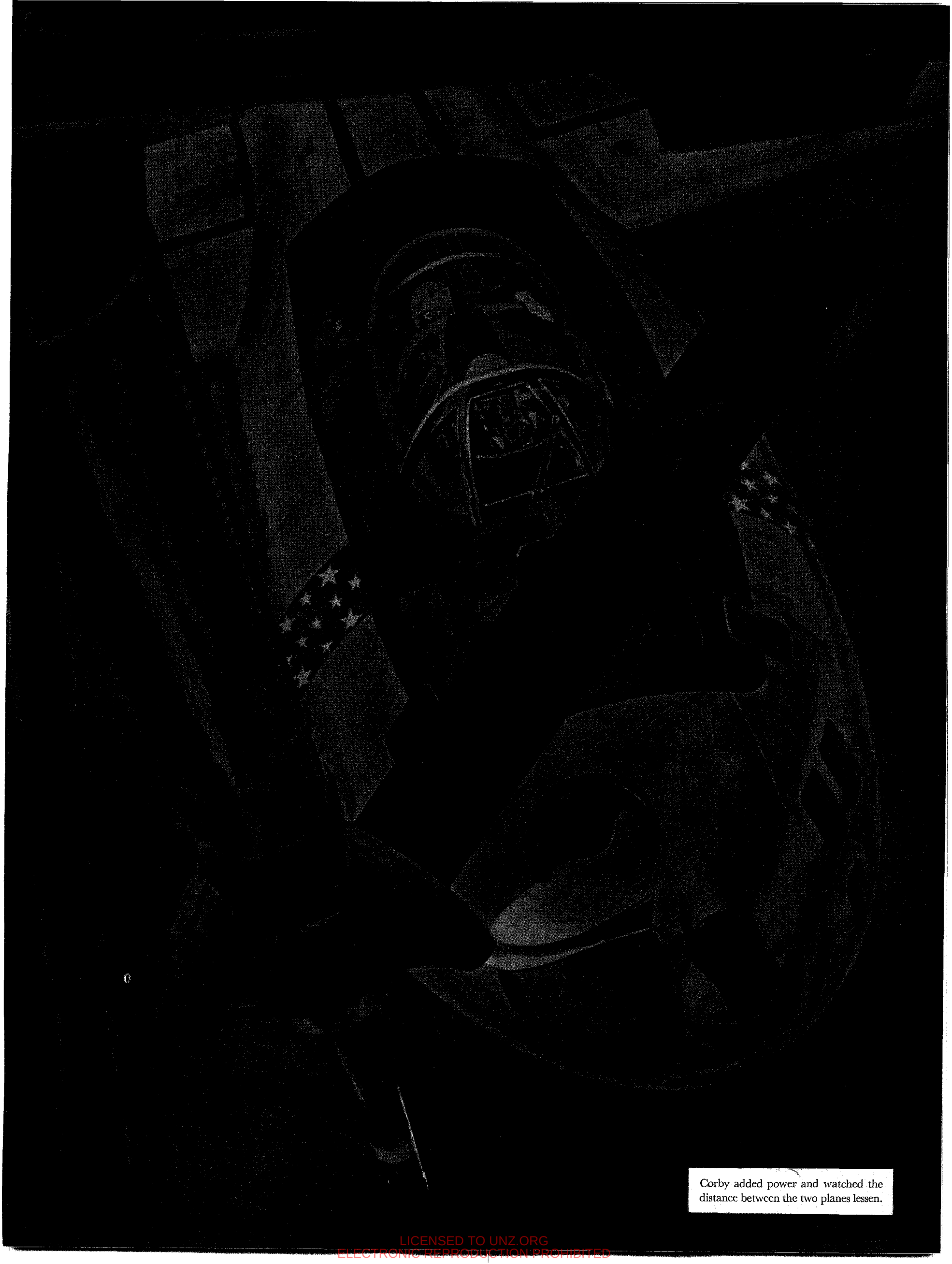


At Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, students learn to diagnose the ailments of human patients. Here Dr. James Berk measures a girl's leg to detect signs of muscular atrophy, after a bad fracture.



Surgical clinic: Dr. Robert Goldwyn instructs third- and fourth-year students in the preparation of a patient for removal of nonmalignant warts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Corby added power and watched the distance between the two planes lessen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moment of Fear

They were nearly out of fuel. If he missed this hookup, there wouldn't be a second chance.

By ALICE LENT COVERT

The fear came first, the cold and painful hollowness inside Corby, the shameful trembling of his hands. Outside, the chilled-steel disk that was the January sun sank into the westering, monotonous sea of clouds, its last half-hearted rays touching the polished silver skin of the B-47 boring through the thin, still air thirty-five thousand feet above the North Atlantic.

Corby glanced up. Some trick of the dying sunlight silvered the plastic canopy, making briefly of it a dim mirror, so that he saw himself as a vague, masked figure. *Lieutenant Corby, sir*, he thought bitterly, *the frightened Lieutenant John King Corby.*

It was the word Maeve had used, when she had said good-by. She had looked at him with her calm, lovely gaze and had said the thing he was going to remember, long after he might have forgotten a thousand other things he and Maeve had talked about during those once-enchanted evenings at her place in Rockaway.

". . . I'm sorry, Johnny, but I don't think I could ever be happy with a—a frightened man."

Frightened? Behind his oxygen mask, Corby's lips twisted. *Baby, you should see me now.*

In front of him, the aircraft commander's seat was empty. Corby looked at it, and the cottony dryness of his mouth gagged him when he tried to swallow. He took his hands from the wheel, one at a time, and wiped the cold perspiration from his palms on the rough cloth of his coveralls. Turning his head a trifle, he could look down at the inert body of his skipper, Maj. Ben Dawson, lying in the crawlway below him. Only moments before there had occurred the freak near-tragedy which had turned this routine training mission into a nightmare for Corby.

Everything had gone smoothly for the first eight hours after their take-off from England. Swinging across the snow-splotched continent, they had accomplished part of their scheduled training before heading out over the Atlantic for home. Then they had smelled smoke, and the skipper had crawled from his seat to help Captain Andre, the observer, locate the source, with Corby watching from the copilot's seat, a bit nervous, but not really scared. Not yet.

It had turned out to be a small blaze caused by a short in one of the high-voltage leads to the radar set. The skipper grabbed the fire extinguisher and reached in to try to get at the burning insulation. There was a bright, bluish flash, then Andre was frantically pulling the skipper clear of the deadly wires with the aid of a jacket looped about his shoulders. The fail-safe system finally cut off the current through the shorted wiring, and Andre was able to smother the burning insulation. But the skipper was out cold, injured God knew how seriously.

Corby pressed the interphone mike switch on his control column and said, "How bad is it?" trying to make his voice sound calm, but hearing its taut note, pushed out by the mounting tension inside him.

Andre's answering voice crackled in his earphones, "He's unconscious, and it's hard to tell. I've treated him for shock and wrapped him in his heavy gear; the burns on his hands and arms are the worst, but he got it bad in the chest too. Well, Corby"—his voice took on a slight edge—"it looks like right now you've got yourself a commander's slot whether you want it or not!"

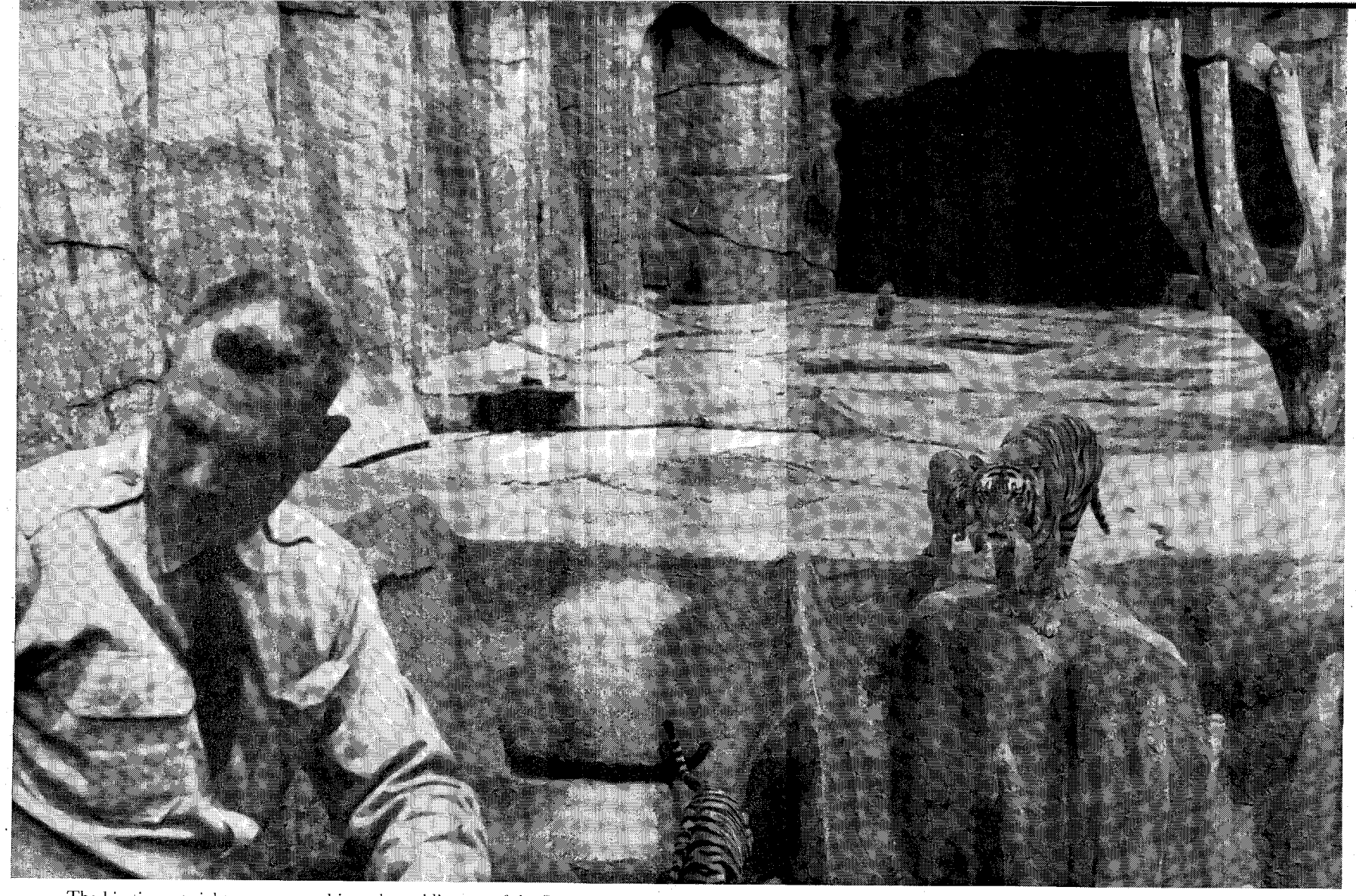
Corby felt his face grow warm at the gibe. In these months he had flown with them, at first the skipper and Andre had taken a personal interest in their young copilot, but recently neither had made any secret of their disappointment at his failure to check-out as an aircraft commander. More than once the skipper had tried to make Corby come up with reasons, but it was no good. What reason would make sense, that he'd fly copilot with any skipper, in any craft; that by himself he'd fly the tail off any bucket they put wings on; but at the front controls, a crew riding on his back, he went to pieces, his performance erratic with small errors and overcorrections.

"I don't understand you," the skipper had complained aggrievedly. "What do you want to do, boy, fly back-seat forever, filling out forms and performance-data charts and handling the landing gear, while someone else does the flying and makes the decisions?"

Decisions, Corby thought, which might mean life or death to a crew. How did (Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Noel Sickles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The big tiger at right once escaped into the public area of the San Francisco Zoo. "Doc" Watson (left) grabbed a garden rake and forced it back into its cage.

When a Man-Eater Escapes

"The tiger's out!"—
and the siren screams.
The boss of San Francisco's
zoo tells what happens
when wild beasts
get loose among crowds
of human beings.

By CAREY BALDWIN

When the emergency siren calls out armed handlers, it may be for a comic chase or a hunt to the death.

It was a day none of us on the staff of the San Francisco Zoo will ever forget, although the thousands of visitors never realized what was happening. They owe their blissful ignorance to a garden rake, for oddly enough this was the weapon that tipped the scales away from tragedy and a general panic that day.

Arthur (Doctor) Watson, our bird caretaker, was strolling along a path behind a row of animal cages, near the zoo's boundary fence, when he came face to face with a huge tiger.

Doc froze, and they stood there looking at each other, a few feet apart. "I didn't really believe it, at first," Doc said, "but there he was!"

Doc was unarmed and realized that nothing could save him if anything happened to excite or anger the beast. So far, the tiger's massive head remained raised; he stood lazily erect, not crouching. Doc tried a wary step sideways. The big, pale-yellow eyes watched him curiously, but the tiger didn't move. Carefully Doc circled on past the animal, then broke into a frantic run for the zoo service building a hundred yards ahead.

He burst into the zoo kitchen, where several keepers were at work, yelling, "The big tiger's out! The big tiger's out!"

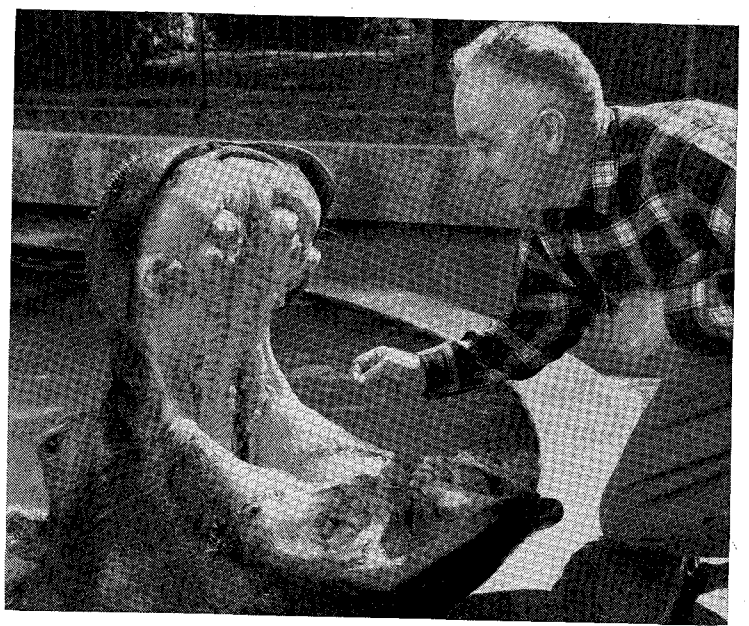
While the men grabbed rifles from the gun locker, the late Walter Hackmeyer, who was our head keeper, stepped out to the corner of the building to take a look.

There stood the tiger, staring at Hack calmly. Hack decided it wouldn't be smart to make a lunge for the emergency-alarm button a dozen feet behind him. So he reached very casually for a hose beside him. Splashing water in front of the tiger, Hack shooed him back, praying meanwhile that no zoo visitors had got up into this off-limits service area.

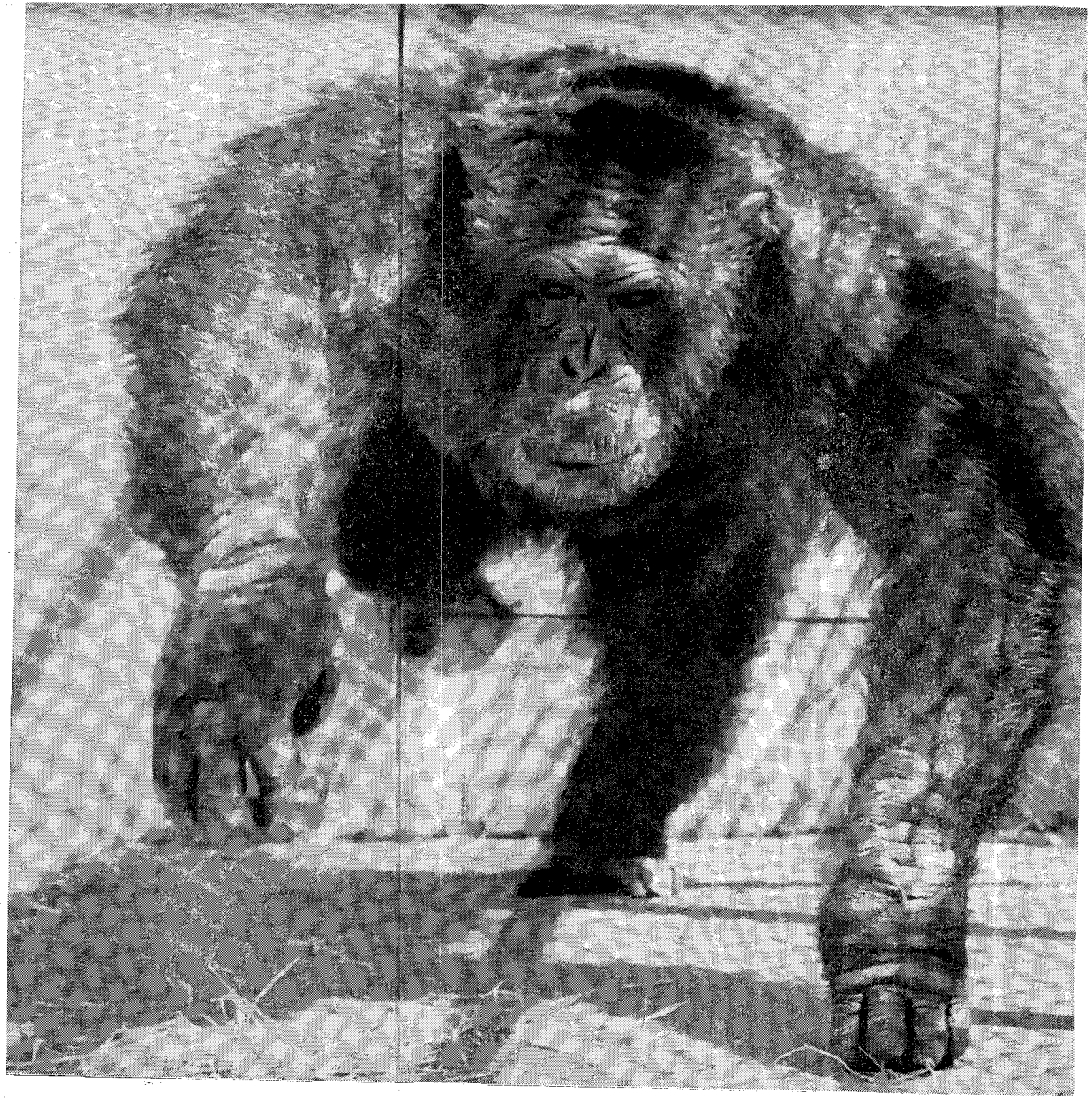
Then Hack hit the alarm button—one blast of the siren, to indicate the emergency was in Area No. 1. All the keepers on the grounds came running, (Continued on Page 44)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

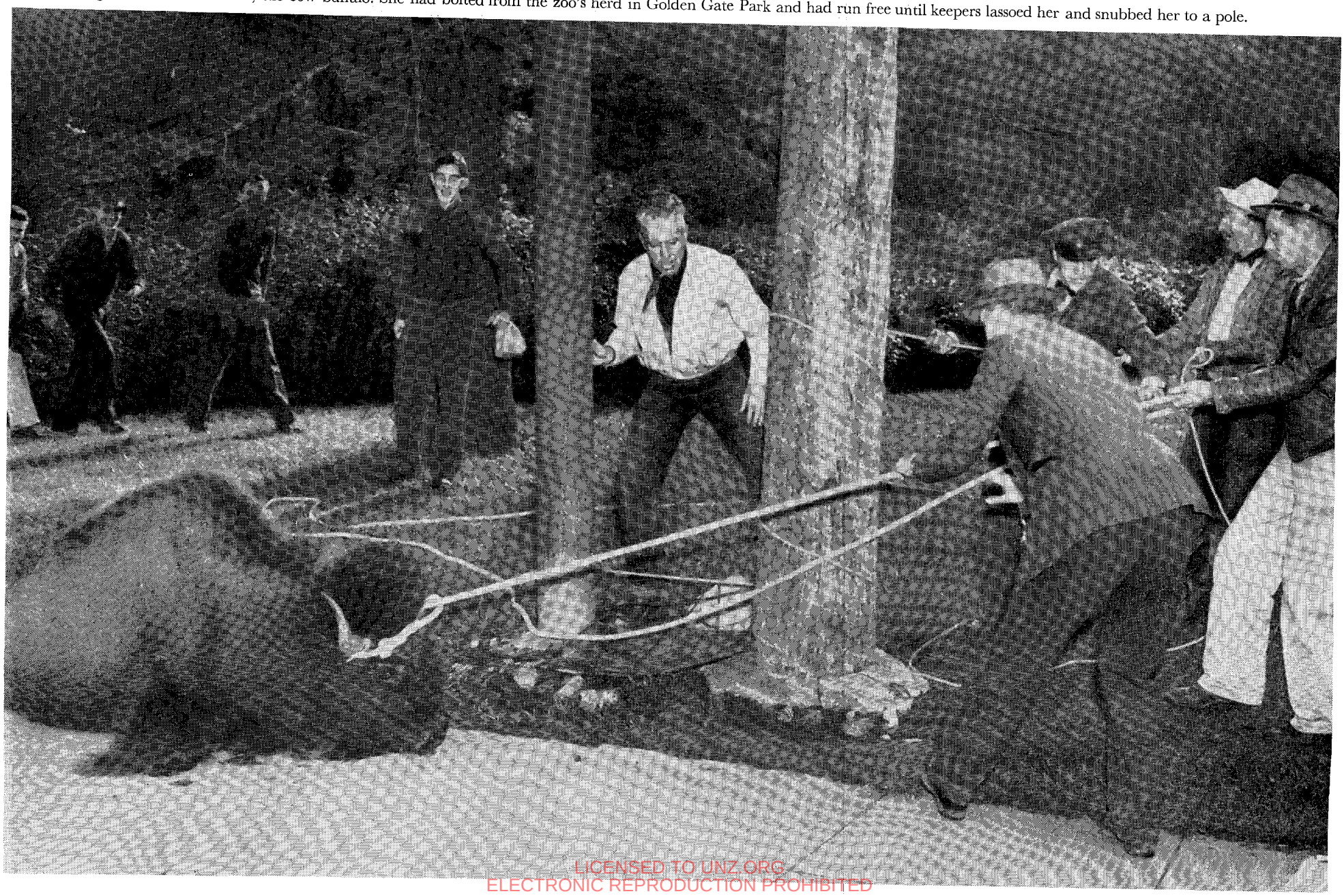
Right: "A good-sized chimpanzee is a cunning, vicious fighter," says the author, "and this chimp is particularly mean-tempered. If he ever gets out we'll shoot to kill, on sight."



The author, with Puddles the hippo. A keeper once tumbled into Puddles' mouth during feeding. He was regurgitated, unharmed.



The spree is over for Annie, the cow buffalo. She had bolted from the zoo's herd in Golden Gate Park and had run free until keepers lassoed her and snubbed her to a pole.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beau Boy laid his chin cozily between the knee of the countess and the knee of the general.

OFF-LIMITS AFFAIR

By VIVIAN CONNELL

The general couldn't afford to have anyone discover the secret of his romantic liaison with one of the most alluring ladies in all of Paris.

A gigantic map of the European zone, picturing all air, land and sea stations of Alcom, faced General Anthony behind the head of Captain Parigi. The general looked with dark eyes, cold, into the blue eyes, alarmed, of the captain, and bored into this latest problem of Allied Command. "So you lose a jeep?"

"Yes, sir."

"One jeep."

"Yes, sir."

The sunlight shone in a blue sky and sparkled on the lake in the park in front of the château which had been transformed into the HQ of the Alcom wing commanded by the general. It also sparkled on his brass, but not in his angry eyes.

"But how can anybody lose one jeep? A thousand, yes. But one jeep! How? Why?"

"Sir, I left it parked, and it just was not there when I came back."

"And nobody saw anybody driving away a jeep, with guards and MP's all over the square?"

"Sir, I lost it on the Avenue Poplar, on my way back. I went into a house, and when I came out, the jeep had—vaporized."

"You are on a mission, captain, and you make a private visit?"

"A—a lady, sir. I'm sorry."

Captain Parigi felt his skin bleach in the cold, bitter stare.

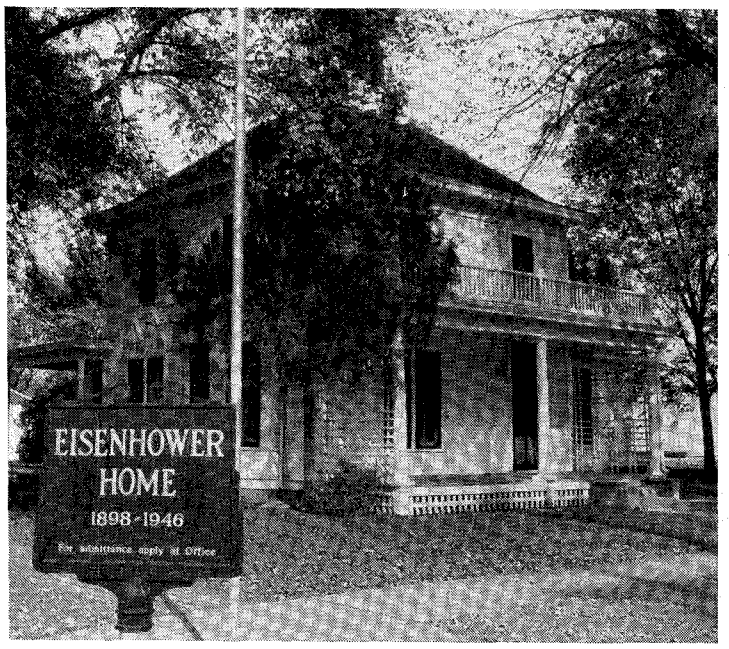
"And the first I know about this, captain, is when a four-wheel major in Transport calls me, a four-star general, and orders me to send back the vehicle my personal aide has looted. Nice!"

"I am very sorry, sir."

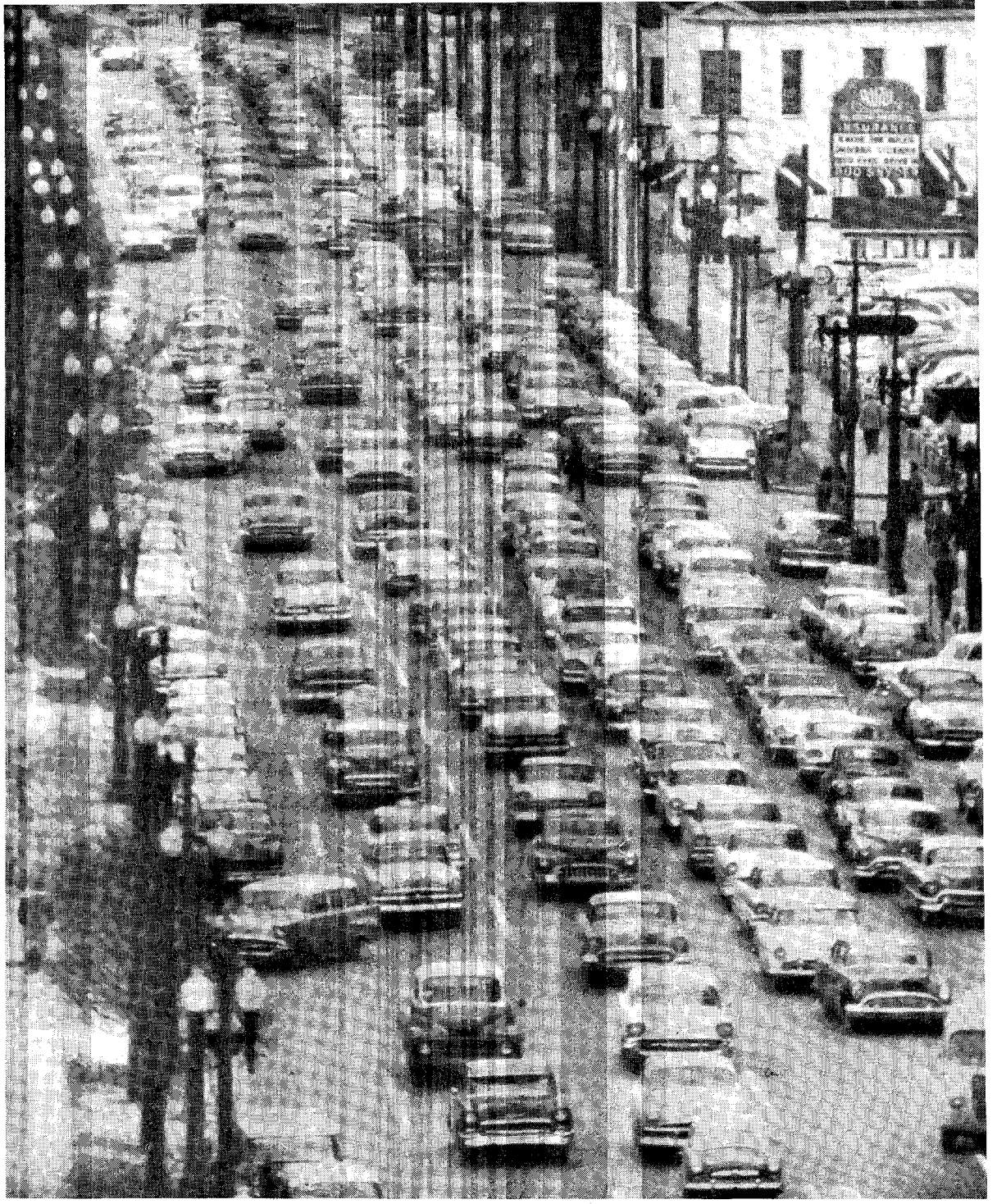
"Captain Parigi, you are in Alcom, and even a bellhop brass like you rides in a Command car, with a uniformed driver, when on a mission. But you have to pilot a purloined jeep so that you can visit a lady in

(Continued on Page 57)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Abilene: In a prairie town which wants to prosper without mushrooming, the President's homestead has made tourist business boom.



Indianapolis: A fierce traffic problem is an inevitable consequence of fast-paced industrial growth.

THE CHANGING MIDWEST

The Old vs. the New

The author takes you to Indianapolis, metropolis with growing pains, and to Abilene, Kansas, one of the few towns that stick to the old ways.

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

PART THREE

The James Whitcomb Riley, a sleek chrome streamliner, rolled out of the station in Chicago and through the railroad yards and city slums, past the steel mills and on across the flat prairie of Illinois and Indiana, headed for Indianapolis.

In the bar car, a young salesman from Cincinnati, in button-down collar and Ivy League suit, said, "Travel, travel, I travel all the time on business, and the airports and railroad stations are always jammed, everywhere. America is like an anthill. Where are they all going? Why didn't they have to go all those places a few years ago?"

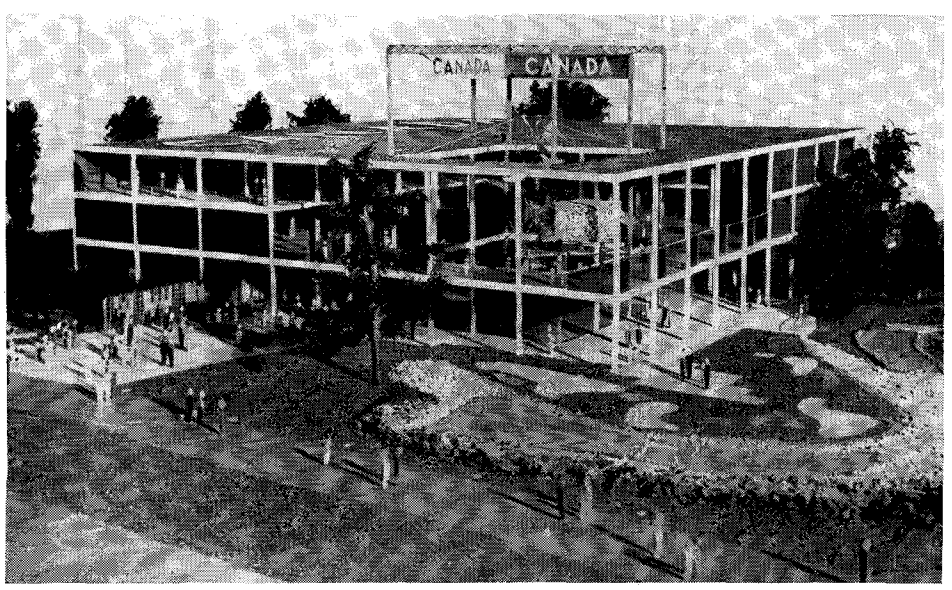
The country was changing, he said, "so fast you can't keep up with it." Empty land was disappearing. Dayton and Cincinnati were growing together. The East had swallowed Ohio—the Midwest now began at the Indiana line. The cities were changing; the old German section of Cincinnati was occupied by Negroes now. New products were creating whole new industries. Barge traffic on the Ohio River was "terrific." Expanding industry now stretched practically continuously along the river from Pittsburgh to Portsmouth, Ohio, site of the big atomic-energy plant, and in a few years it would reach Cincinnati.

"I love to drive up the river from Portsmouth. Some people like to look at beautiful scenery, but I like to look at industry, everything busy." By and large, the people were content. "In the Midwest we are not too concerned with world affairs. In Cincinnati, we've been concerned with whether to build a new stadium for the Redlegs. No one takes the H-bomb very seriously—everybody thinks, you know, they'd never do it. They are up in arms about the local tax rate. Nobody understands the Federal budget; it's too big. The same with foreign aid and trade."

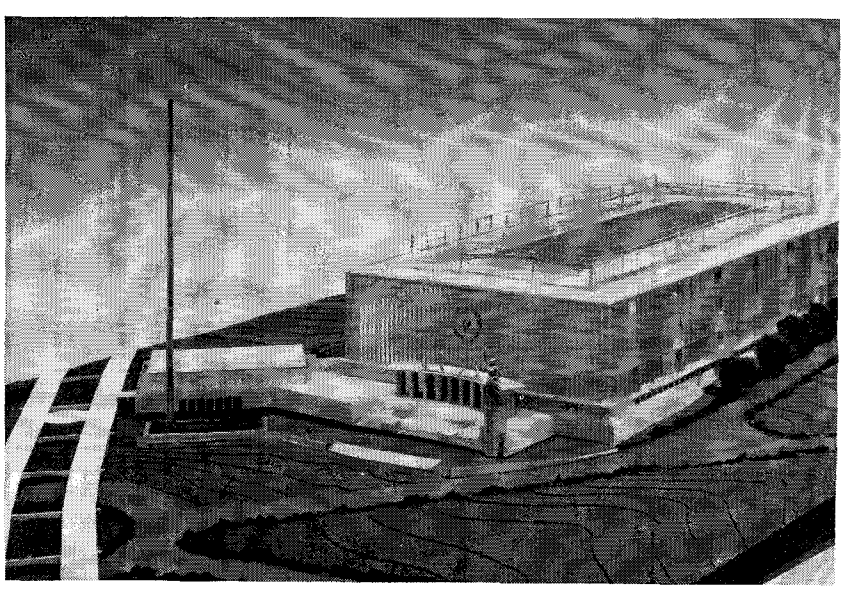
(Continued on Page 103)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U. S. Commissioner General Howard S. Cullman and Architect Edward D. Stone with a model of the crystal-and-gold U. S. building. We are putting $12,345,000 into our exhibit.

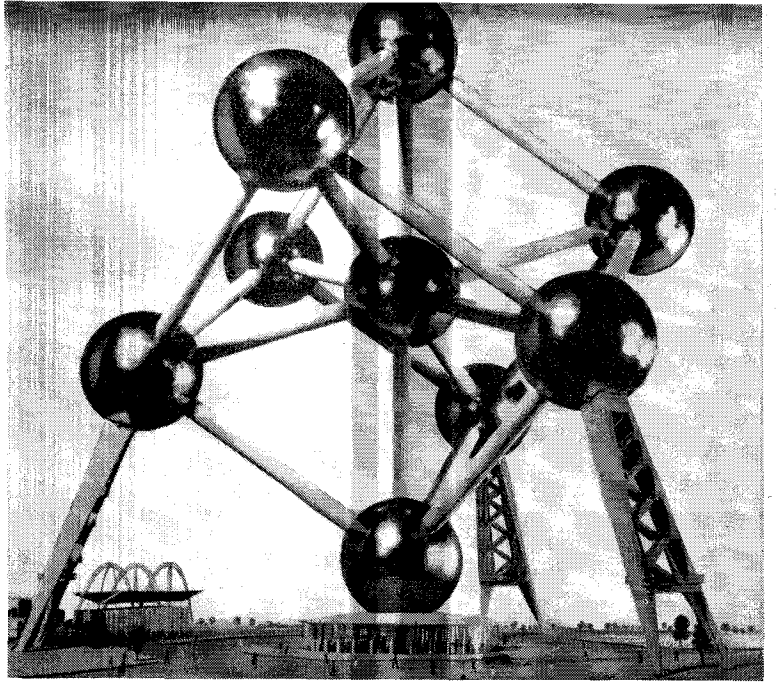


In a steel-framed glass pavilion, Canada will stress her industrial progress.



The Soviets may spend $50,000,000 (four times our budget) on their show.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The atom—a symbol of our age—will cast its eerie shadow on the fair. The theme structure, the Atomium, represents a metal crystal enlarged 160 billion times. A restaurant will be housed in the uppermost sphere.

We'll Go on Trial at the Fair

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

A preview of Uncle Sam's pitch at this year's World's Fair in Brussels, where the Soviet show will stand face to face against ours. Europeans will judge us by what they see.

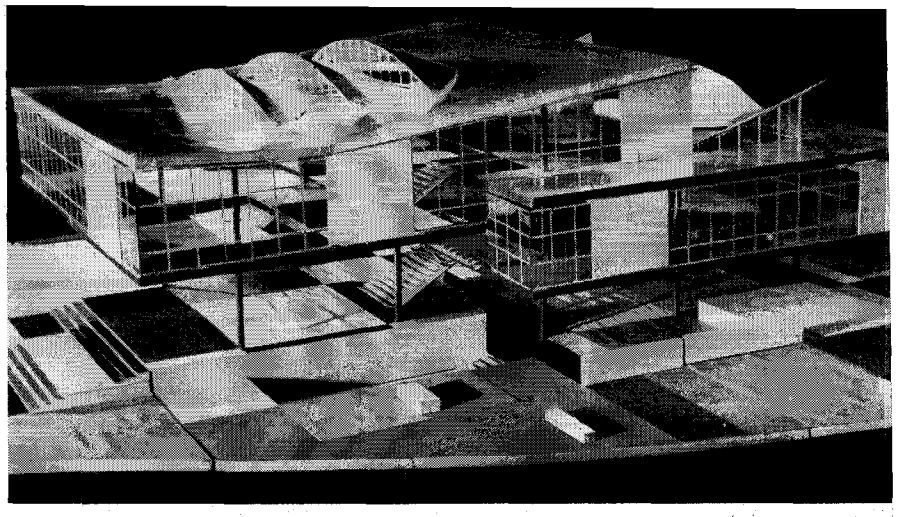
BRUSSELS.

Are world's fairs obsolescent? The universe has shrunk since the first universal exposition, in 1851, drew approximately 6,000,000 spectators to London's glittering Crystal Palace. Men and ideas traveled slowly in those days, and seeing was believing. In our age of cheap and rapid travel, of radio, film and television, what is the point of mounting yet another global kermess where Man can gaze at the accomplishments of Man?

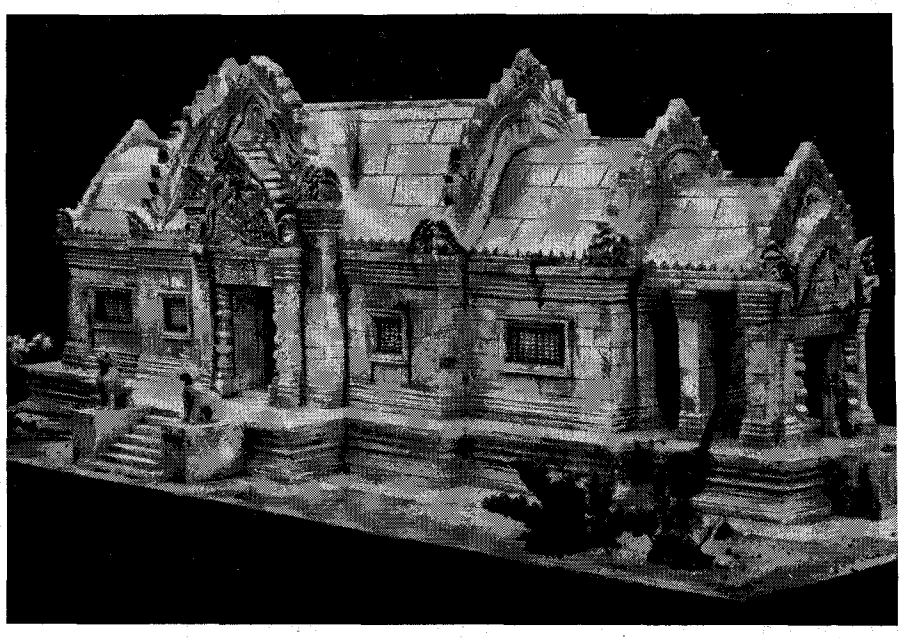
The people now preparing the Brussels Universal and International Exposition of 1958 have no illusions on this score. Their fair, they know, may well be the last of its kind. So much more reason, they will tell you, to make it an unparalleled success—a giant firecracker whose brilliant flash won't be forgotten for a long, long time. Thirty-five million visitors, they hope, will take a look at the fifty-nation extravaganza, opening on April seventeenth and closing six months later. Belgium, the anxious host, is spending some $300,000,000 on the project, plus some $400,000,000 on sprucing up the Belgian capital for the occasion.

For the United States, now finishing one of the most spectacular pavilions on the exposition grounds, Brussels will mark a precedent. Never before have we participated on a comparable scale in a world's fair—

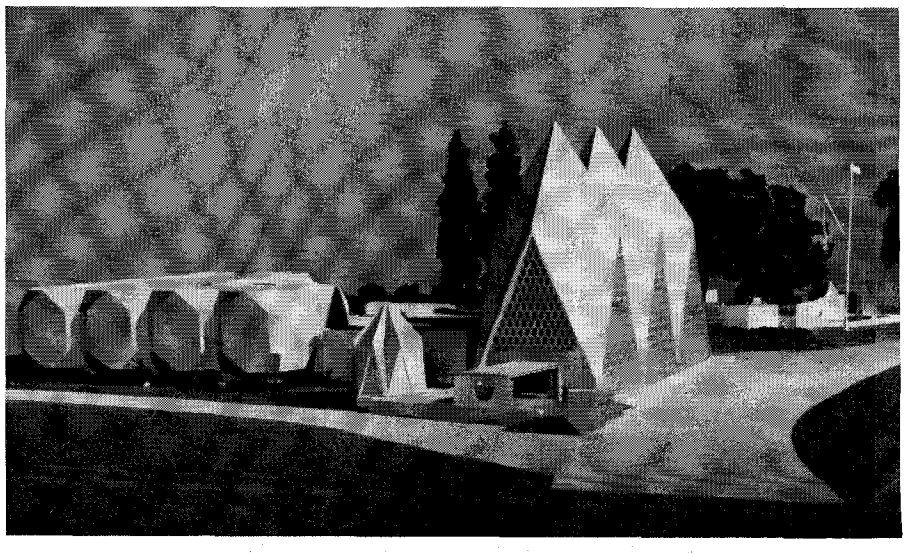
(Continued on Page 75)



Yugoslavia's entire first floor will be used to explain the "social structure" of Tito's state.

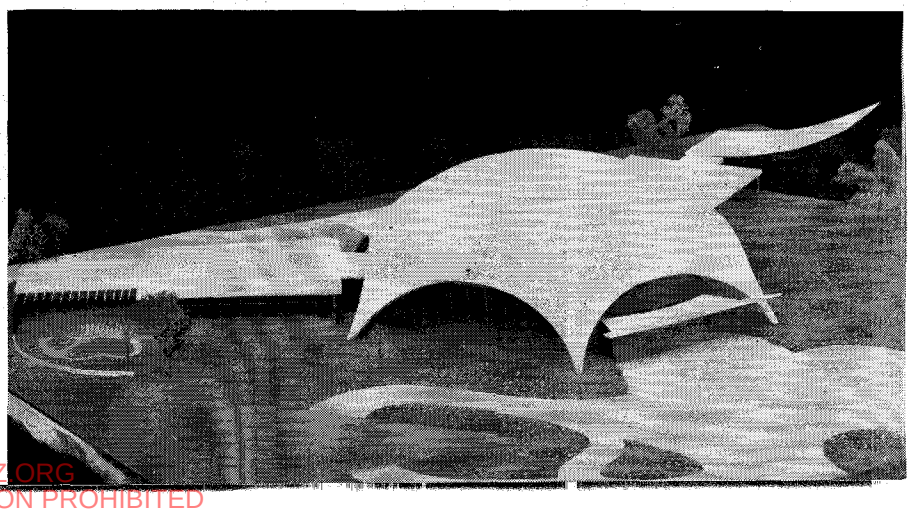


Cambodia will recall her exotic past with a pavilion in the style of Khmer architecture.



The British will have a government section, an industrial pavilion and an open-air garden show.

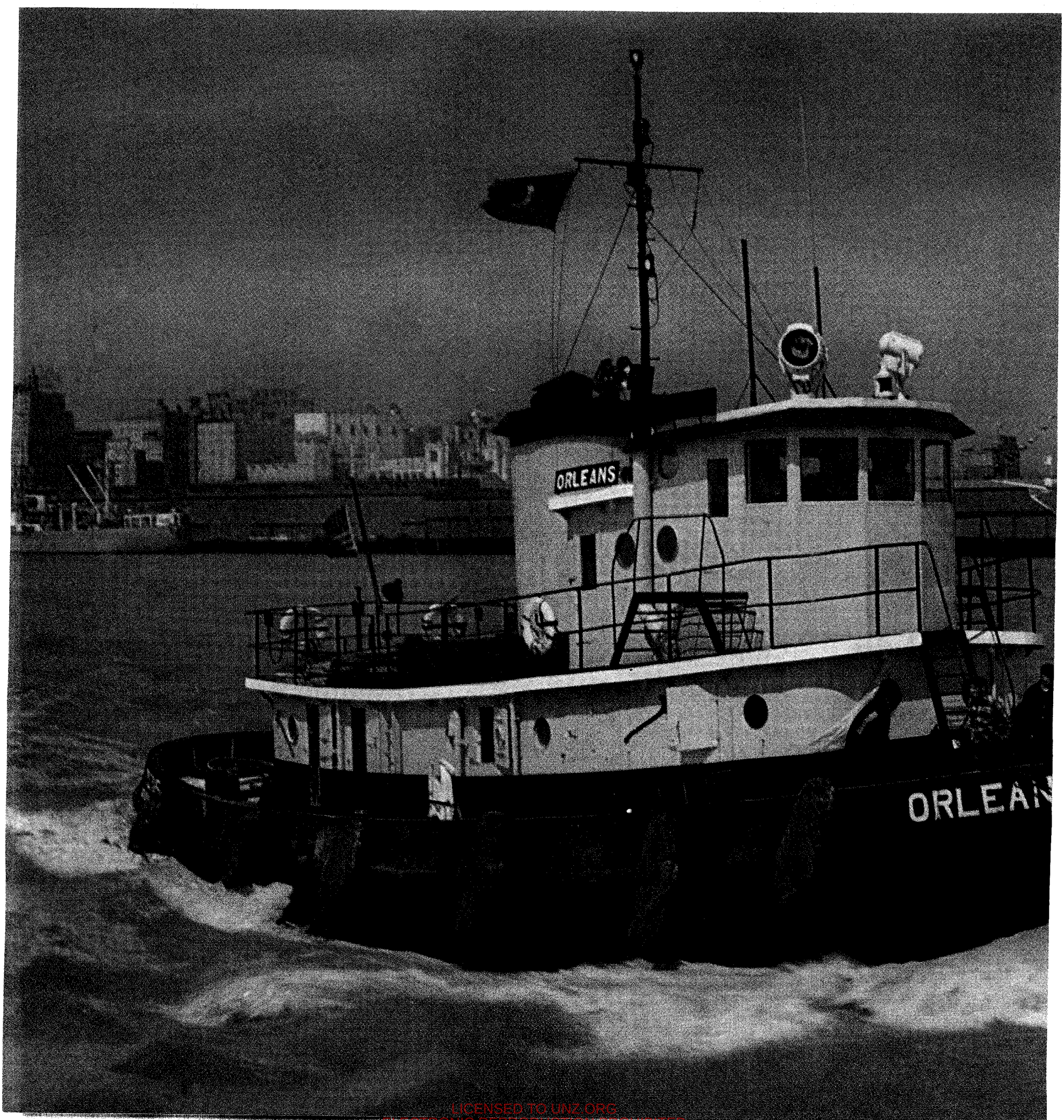
The United Nations building—mostly glass, except for the roofs.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

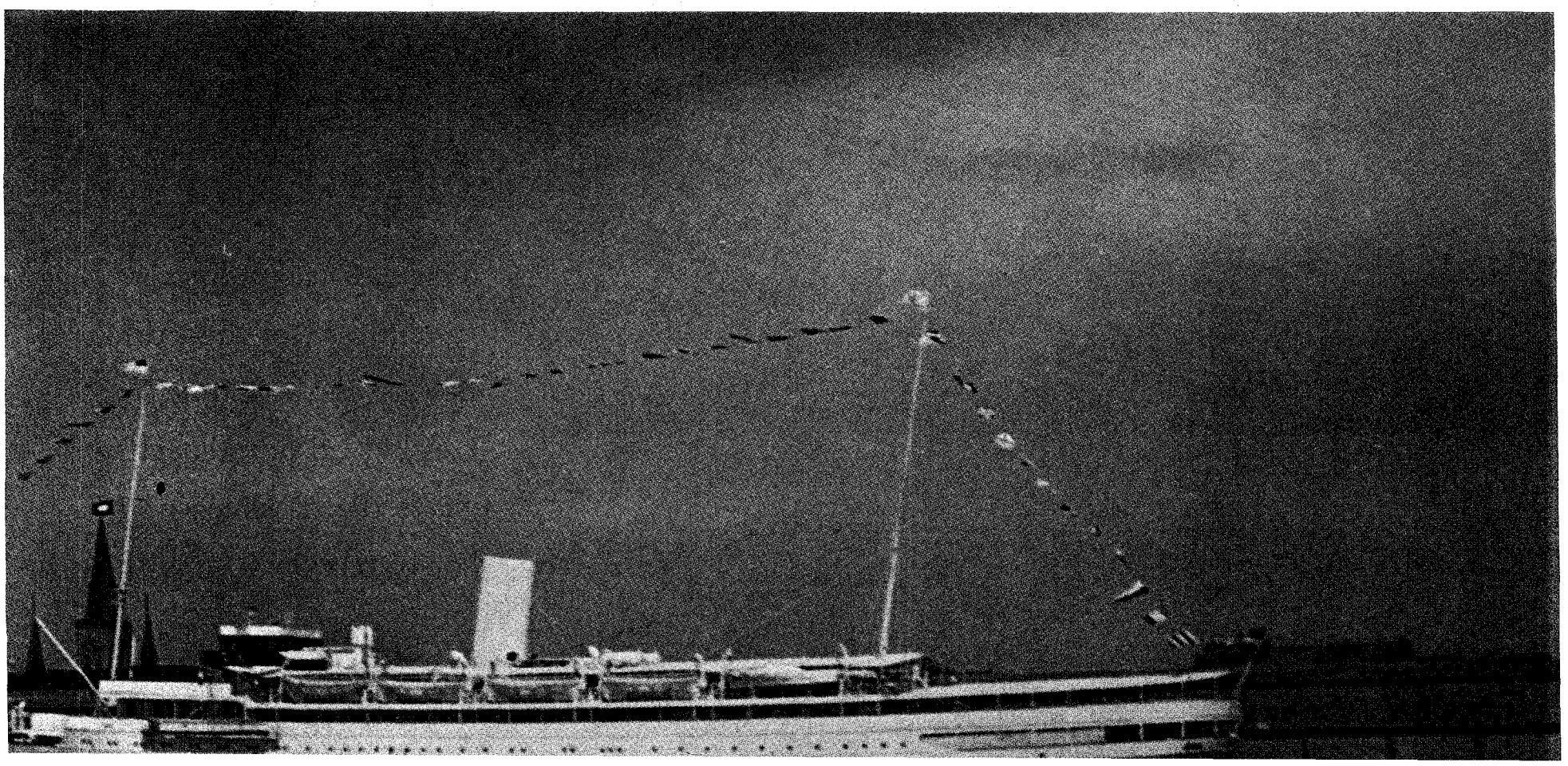
The Face of AMERICA

Work Horse of the Port



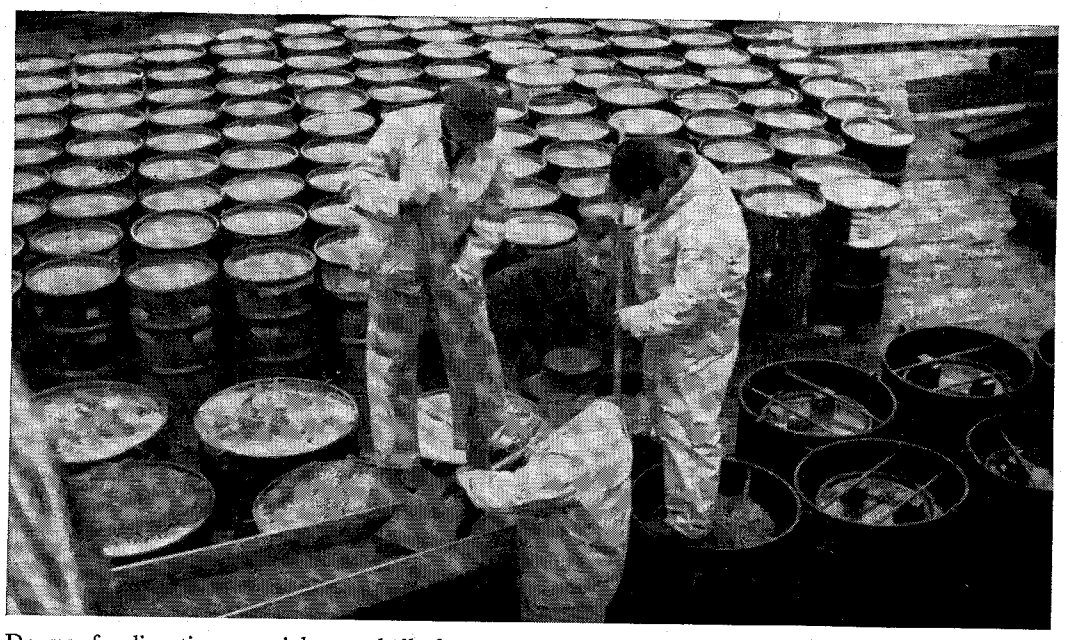
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man made the tugboat to get things done. Her hull—squat and snub-nosed—is designed for push and pull, not beauty. But a tug has a manner which captures affection: her jaunty independence as she bustles up and down the harbor, prodding larger, more handsome vessels through channel traffic, warping them into berth; her shrill toots, each marked by a crisp, white plume. The Orleans is neither the biggest nor the fastest tug in the port of New Orleans. But her engine throbs with power, and skipper Claude Bass maneuvers her deftly among the vagaries of wind and current. Here the Orleans hustles downstream, past the Stella Polaris, a Swedish tour ship, on the way to an ocean-going friend in need. • Photograph by Ivan Dmitri



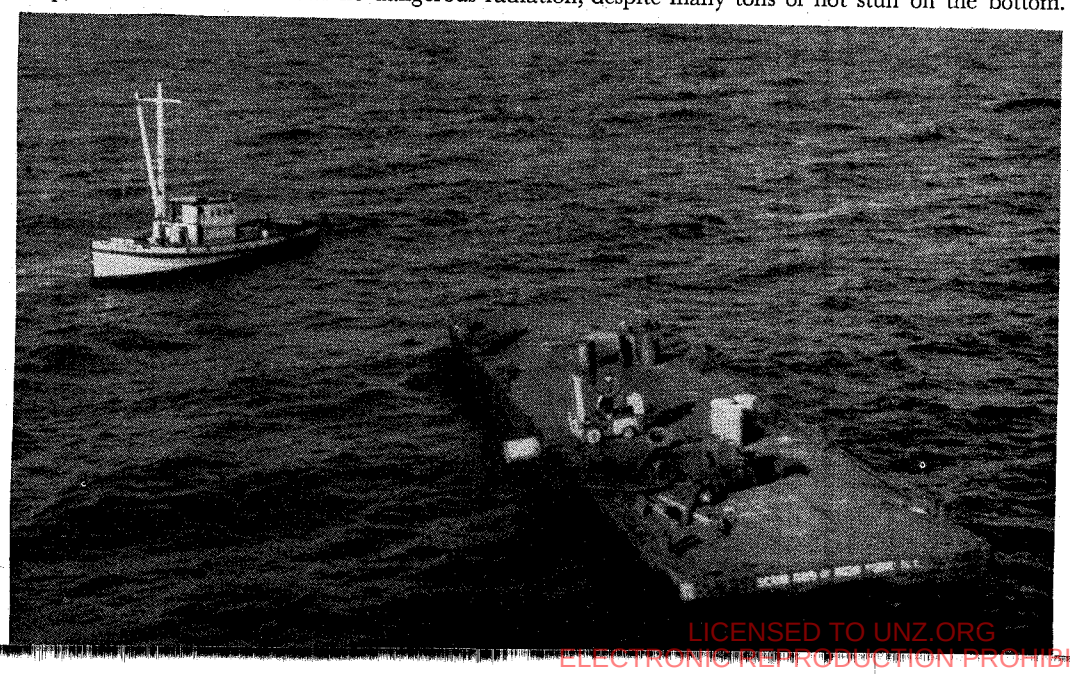
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On guard: George Perry, the man who dumps the hot garbage into the sea. The dosimeter he is peering through and the film badge on his coat measure the amount of radioactivity he encounters on the job.



Drums of radioactive material get a shell of concrete to help them sink into the muddy ocean floor. Perry (hatless) demands extreme caution—overexposure could cause sterility, blindness or malignancies.

In the designated area off Boston Harbor, a fork-lift truck jettisons the barrels. The water, here 250 feet deep, is tested often but shows no dangerous radiation, despite many tons of hot stuff on the bottom.



Gangway for the Atomic Garbage Man!

This is what it's like to hold one of the world's newest, riskiest jobs: Getting rid of radioactive waste that is almost too hot to handle.

By JOHN KOBLER

As dawn broke over Boston Harbor one day last fall, the Irene-Mae, a battered but sturdy old frump of a tugboat, waddled out into the Atlantic on a strange mission. Abaft of her wheelhouse rose a tall crane and at the end of her towlines rode a huge scow. Her destination lay twenty-seven miles due northeast, marked on United States Coast and Geodetic navigation charts "Foul Area Explosives." Her skipper, George Perry, had delayed departure two days until the Weather Bureau forecast clear skies and calm seas, for the cargo she towed demanded sure, smooth passage.

Ranged aboard the scow, like coffins consigned to potter's field, were blocks of reinforced concrete, hundreds of tons of them. Each block encased a steel drum full of radioactive waste. Collected the country over from atomic research centers and industrial plants using atomic energy, the toxic rubbish included decaying radioisotopes, contaminated tools and clothing, fissionable raw materials of depleted but still destructive potency.

Under their pea jackets the captain and four-man crew wore badges enclosing photographic film, which, when developed, would measure the amount of radiation they may have been exposed to. In the wheelhouse they had stowed Geiger counters, plastic coveralls and respirators.

Chuffing along at her top speed of six knots, the dowdy craft completed the outbound run in four and a half hours. Perry, a bull-thewed, bull-lunged salt of (Continued on Page 73)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the shade of the palms, Tudau watched the fantastic meal proceed.

Sinister Prelude

By OLAF RUHEN

Alone in the tropical night, the couple acted out the ominous overture to a strange drama.

Mr. Pierce Lavelle surveyed his handiwork. In the whole of New Guinea it would have been hard to find someone who could have done it better. The planks were doweled and glued at the almost invisible joints, the mekeo timber gleamed with the same quiet lambency that hours and days of patient labor give to teak; the design, simple and unassuming, was good, and pleased the eye. The linings, which should have been of satin, were, instead, of white trade-store calico; yet they were padded and fitted with such care that the substitution was not to be remarked. There was nothing more for Mr. Lavelle to do here; his two constructions were complete.

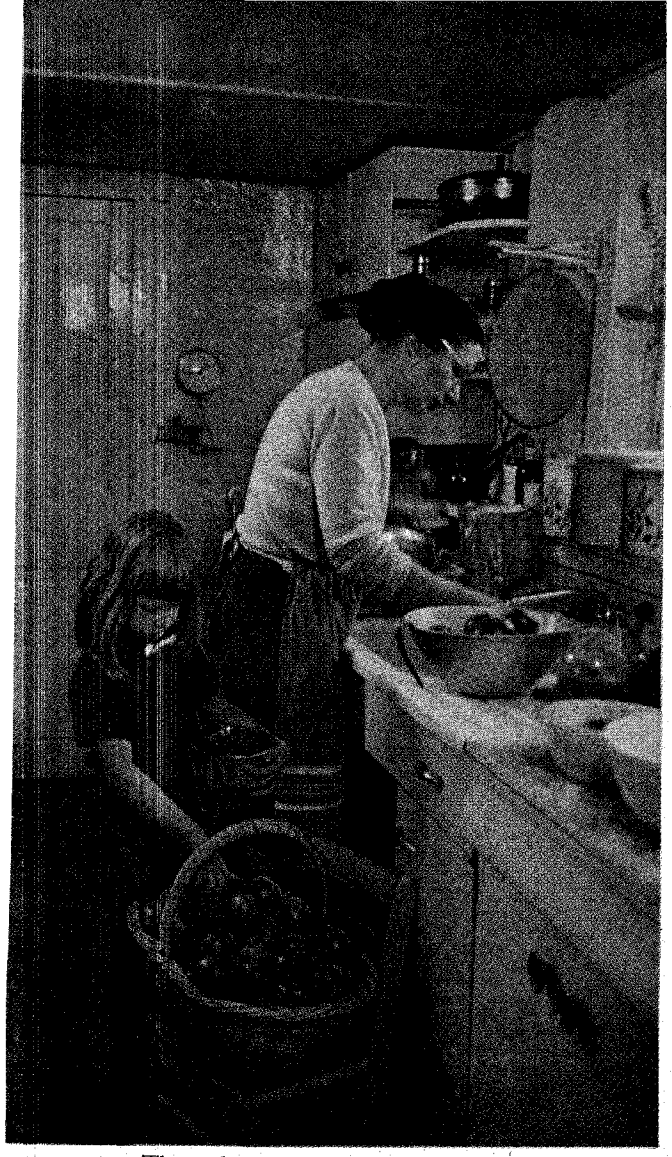
Like any other methodical worker, he replaced his tools in the racks upon the walls, examining each one for traces of the small ravages of usage, wiping each handle and each blade with an oiled rag. He used three brooms to tidy the workshop: a small hand broom for the workbench and the trestles; a straw broom for the shavings and the splinters on the floor; a fine hair broom for the last of the dust. Mr. Lavelle was no carpenter, but carpentry was a thing he did well. When everything looked as he liked it to be, he unlocked the door of the workshop, let himself out into the tropical sunshine and locked it again behind him.

On another occasion he would have permitted himself some moments, some hours perhaps, for the appreciation of his craft, for he took a fierce joy in the good work of his hands. But at this time he was in the mood for neither appreciation nor enjoyment; he was an unhappy man and immersed in his sorrows.

So Tudau thought as, squatting by the bole of the nearest of the coco palms that criss-crossed most of the island in geometric patterns, he watched his elderly master emerge from the building—isolated from the house and from the edge of the plantation by a field of saw-edged grass—and lock the door.

He watched the slight figure; very dapper, very trim, dressed even now in the heat of early afternoon in an immaculate white shirt fastened at the neck and decked with a trim black tie, in long khaki trousers ironed and fresh from the laundry, in neat and polished black shoes and a Panama hat. He waited, puffing at his (Continued on Page 48)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The author and her daughter Mary Lee at work on an annual chore: canning tomatoes for winter meals.

ROUGH ROAD HOME

The old farm groaned as workmen moved in and bills mounted up. And then Melissa was told, "This house is going to fall down!"

By MELISSA MATHER AMBROS

Part Two

In Vermont it was still cold. The snow was nearly gone, but the fields were still brown, the bushes in the hedgerows still bare, no sign of new green anywhere. And the cold crept out of the rocks and down from the mountains.

"I haven't been this cold since Germany," I said. "I swore then I would never be cold again if I could help it. What if the electricity goes off in a blizzard? What then? The oil burner will be absolutely useless."

"Better leave the wood stove set up in the kitchen," Longin advised. "You can always cook on it, and it will heat this room, anyway."

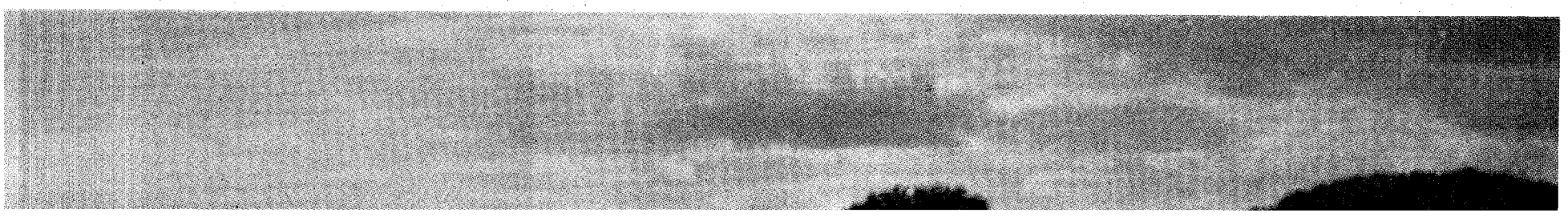
© 1958 by Melissa Mather Ambros

"Then there won't be room for chairs around our table," I objected. "And where will I have work spaces for cooking?"

There was a cluster of old-fashioned cupboards from floor to ceiling along one wall. "I take out the lower ones," Longin said, as if no more work were involved than rearranging some cardboard boxes, "and I make work spaces of them, facing the sink and stove. Next I remove the bottom shelf of the upper cupboards, shorten the doors to match, and table and chairs will fit under."

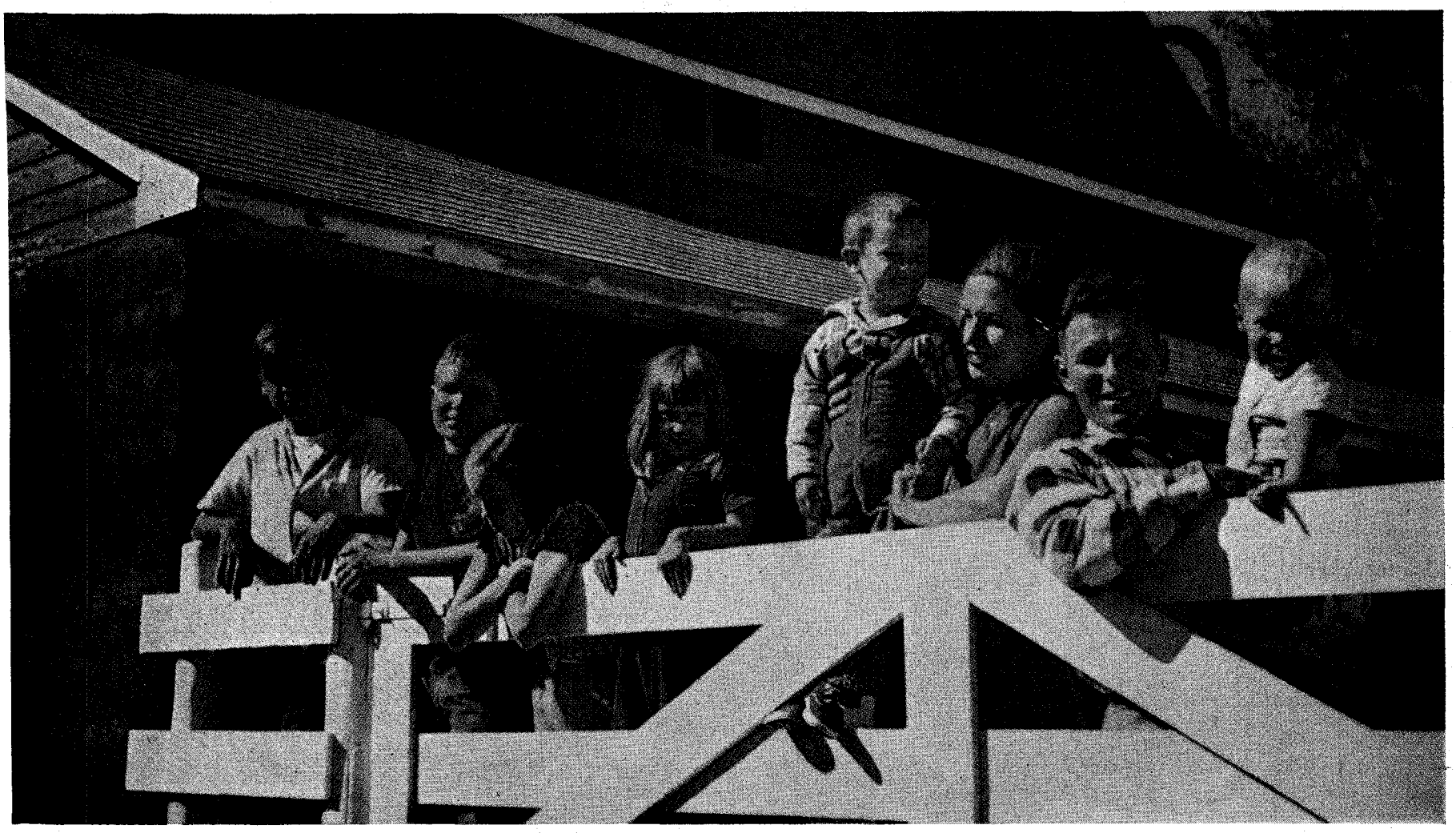
"You have to leave in five days," I said.

Below: Melissa's daughter Kitty and her friend Kathy Alfonse. The children don't have as many playmates as city kids do, but they have all outdoors to grow up in.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Color Photographs by Joern Gerdts



From left: Pat, Chris, Kitty, Mary Lee, Victor, mother Melissa, Longin and Theodore, the youngest. Behind the family is the barn they built.

"So I will just have time to match these windows over here. This one over the sink is too long, still goes down too far, and this one over the stove ——" He broke off, shaking his head. "They look like they were located by somebody seasick."

"Now wait a minute," I said. "There's no point in knocking yourself out. What does it matter how those windows look?"

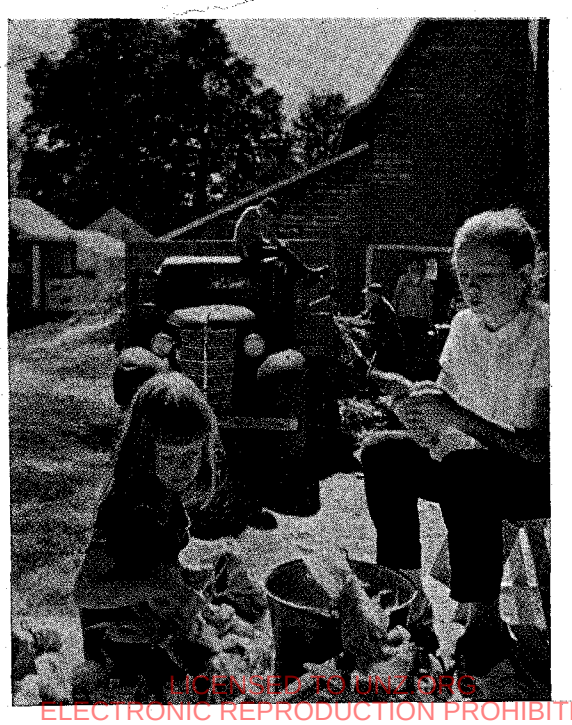
"They have to be on same level," Longin explained patiently, "or how to make the shelf back of the stove, work spaces and sink?"

I gave it up. I went off to discuss with Mr. Potwin about a mason to put a fireplace in the living room. "And one in the new bedroom, too," I said recklessly. I was planning to give the three bedrooms upstairs to the children, and convert the garage into a bedroom for myself. "I suppose it will cost a lot of money, but money won't keep you warm. Not me, anyway. Not if it's just jingling in my pocket." I sounded reckless, but I wasn't really. I knew, because I'd had lots of experience at scrimping, that we'd get by in the country on our Regular Army pension and Social Security. But I now had more money than I'd ever had in my life. There was Bob's G.I. insurance, his civilian policies had double-indemnity clauses, and before he'd boarded that plane, he'd dropped some coins in a flight-insurance machine. Bob had told me that such money was not to be saved, but to be spent so we would be comfortable. Even so, to spend it frightened me. But it had to be done.

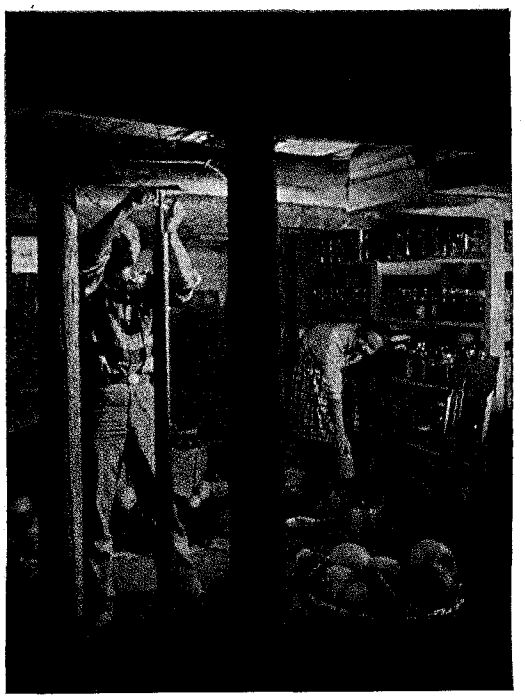
So Mr. Potwin located a mason and I showed him where he was to put the fireplaces, and he said he would be back as soon as the foundations were ready. Be sure to sink them six feet down, he said, the frost line is four feet down, but with a chimney it is best to play very safe because it won't do to have the frost ever move the (Continued on Page 95)

Mary Lee is six and Victor is four. They were born after Melissa moved north to her Vermont farm.

In the sunlit barnyard, Mary Lee and Kitty strip ears of corn to feed the farm's 50 hens and two roosters.



The beams held up the house for a century. Now they are sagging, and Longin must jack them up.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

Replies to Assorted Solicitations

Your Thursday-evening series of lectures on Tribal Folklore and its Relation to Modern Surrealist Art, at five dollars per lecture, sounds intensely fascinating, but unfortunately I will be unable to take advantage of your offer. I go bowling on Thursday evenings.

Thank you for your invitation to attend Miss Thatcher's dancing school for children between the ages of nine and twelve. I have been a steady cigar smoker for the past twenty-seven years. Is it possible that you have confused me with someone else?

It would be a pleasure to purchase one of your 50-foot cabin cruisers at $50,000, but one reason for declining is that I get seasick on boats. There is another reason.

Your course in advanced body-building would conceivably turn me into the combination of Tarzan and Strangler Lewis so colorfully depicted in your brochure, but I must decline on two counts. 1. I feel that my muscular development is sufficient for my current vocation, which is pushing typewriter keys. 2. The sports jacket I own simply cannot be let out any farther.

Regrettably I do not at this time feel disposed toward contributing any sum for the fund drive of your illustrious university. The fact that its team defeated my alma mater, 47–6, last fall, may have something to do with my reluctance. Put me down as small-minded and a bum loser.

PARKE CUMMINGS

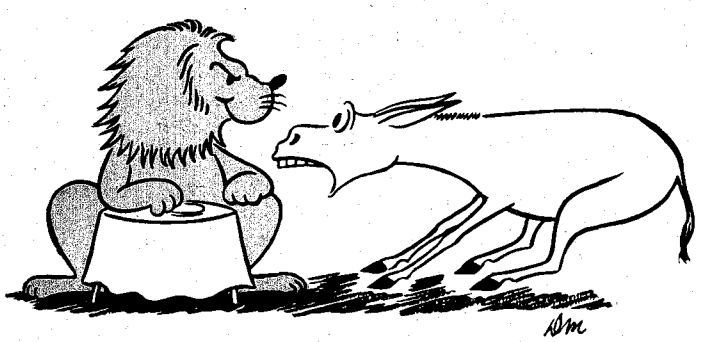
MEIN GROSSFADER'S FABLE TELLEN

Der Donkey in Das Lion Skin

Ein donkey ben deciden der selfer ist haben fun mit finden ein lion skin und getten insiden. "Ich ben scaren der smallisch beasters, unlessen mein longisch ears ben outsticken," der donkey ist thinken. "Later, meinself ist offtooken das skin und laughen."

Soonisch der brayer ben getten insiden ein lion skin. Ist der ears outsticken? Ach, nein! Ist der beasters ben scaren? Ach, ja! Ist der donkey offtooken das skin und laughen? Himmel, nein! Das skin der dummkopf ben getten insiden ist also includen ein lion!

DAVE MORRAH



"May I have another volunteer?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I'll Go, Later or Sooner

I'd like to take a little trip.
Financially, it's tuck and nip.
I guess I'll get some travel lore
And think about it, less or more,
And certainly before I go
I'll weigh the matter con and pro.
In case my plans should start to click,
I'll keep my clothes all span and spick
So I could leave without ado
And hectic running fro and to.
I'd love a trip, and anyhow
I think I need one then and now.

IRENE WARSAW

Bust

At winter sculpture I'm a flop:
No artist I, nor showman.
My kids agree I make a most
Abominable snowman.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Lopsided

My wife and I had words today—
That is, of course, I mean to say
My wife had words she spoke with fluent steadiness
And I had just as many words—in readiness.

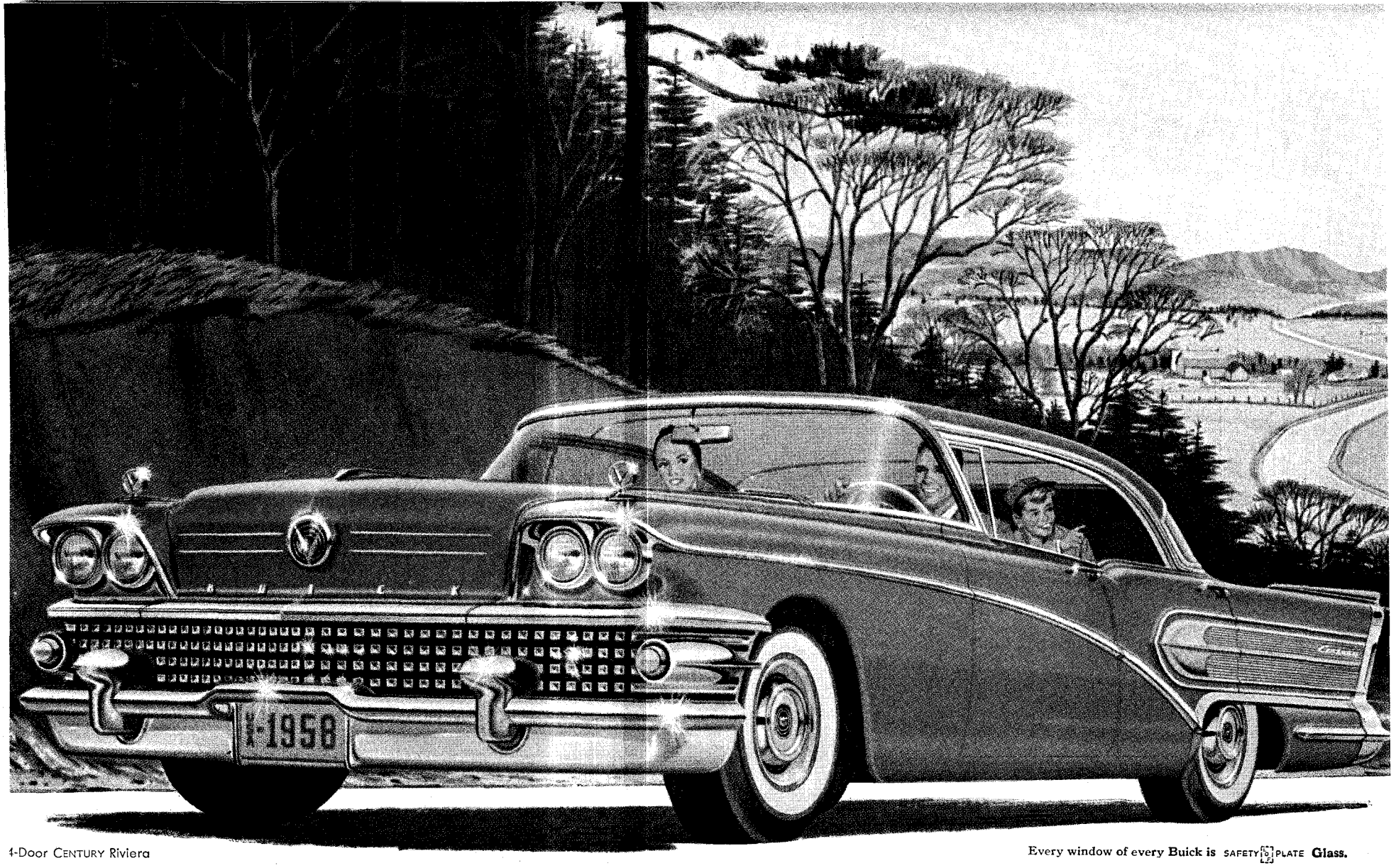
HAL CHADWICK

The Wonderful World of Literature

Volume	Location	Present Function
Nursery Book of Fairy Tales	In neat arrangement on bookshelf	Decoration
Cinderella (Illus.)	In neat arrangement on bookshelf	Decoration
Remembrance of Things Past (Vols. I & II)	On floor	Side walls of garage for toy car
War and Peace	On floor	Garage roof
Atlas of United States 1957	On chair (Except Kentucky and Illinois)	Holding peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich
Kentucky and Illinois (from above)	On doll	Diaper
Encyclopedia Aar-Scu (inclusive)	In front of television	Seat
Yearbook of Photographs (except pp. 63-108, inc.)	On floor	Tunnel for train
Pages 63 to 108 from above	In wastebasket	Deletion necessary to insure clearance of engine

CASKIE STINNETT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



4-Door CENTURY Riviera

Every window of every **Buick** is SAFETY-PLATE **Glass.**

This one's got all the angles—

Take in the sight of this gorgeous B-58 Buick—then take your turn behind its wheel. You'll see that this big, bold, buoyant Buick has all the newest angles on styling, on ride, on power, on performance, on braking, on comfort, on handling. And with Buick's *five* price ranges—and 20 models to choose from—you can own a B-58 Buick that fits you to a thrill. See your Buick dealer *now.*

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

**Flight Pitch Dynaflow standard on* LIMITED *and* ROADMASTER *75, optional at extra cost on other Series. Buick air ride optional at extra cost all Series. Aluminum Front Brakes standard on all Series except* SPECIAL.

You get the newest angles in bold, fresh styling. From that unmistakable Dynastar Grille to those smart rear tail towers, this is the new face of fashion for 1958—the very look of flight on wheels.

You get the newest angles in modern performance. From the great B-12000 engine with its 12,000 pounds of thrust behind every piston stroke—to the revolutionary Flight Pitch Dynaflow* that can swing its power propellers through a million angles of pitch as you need them—this is the most modern performance on land today, the very feel of flight on wheels.

You get the newest angles in ride and handling. From the unique engineering of the Miracle Chassis, to the never-before wonders of Buick's air ride,* you travel in greater comfort and surety than ever before. And with Buick's award-winning Air-Cooled Aluminum Brakes,* you have the year's biggest braking advance.

See TALES OF WELLS FARGO, Monday Nights, NBC-TV and THE PATRICE MUNSEL SHOW, Friday Nights, ABC-TV

***The unique* OPEL** – The imported car made by General Motors in Germany—can now be ordered in Sedan and Caravan Wagon models through authorized Buick dealers.

GENERAL MOTORS GOLDEN MILESTONE

Now—more than ever—

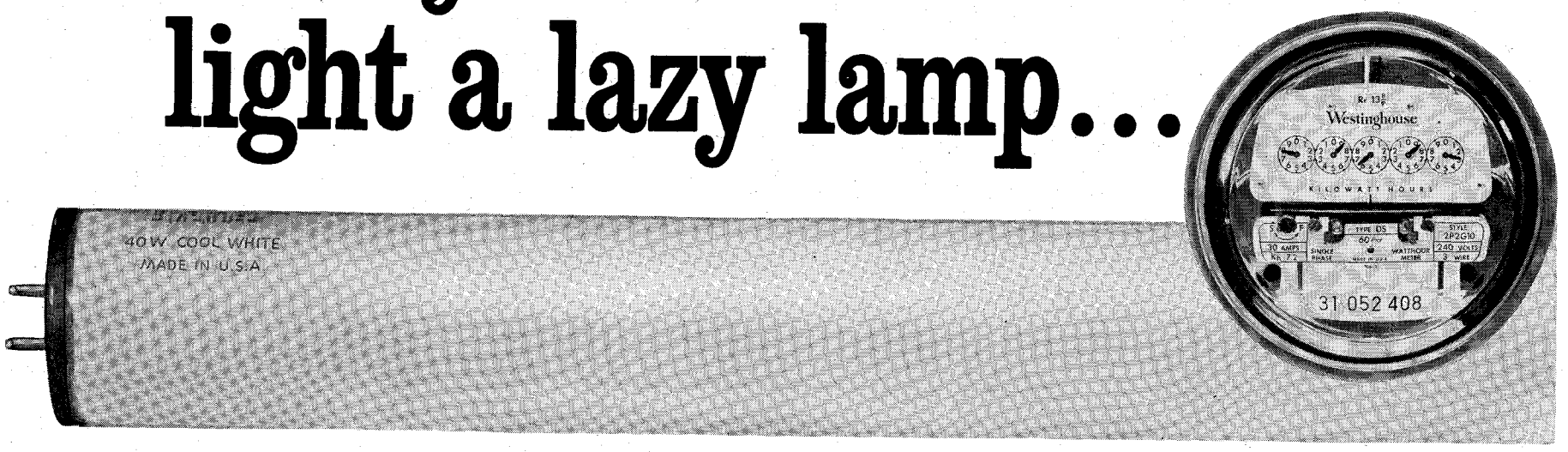
When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

The Car of Magnificent Change

the AIR BORN B-58 BUICK

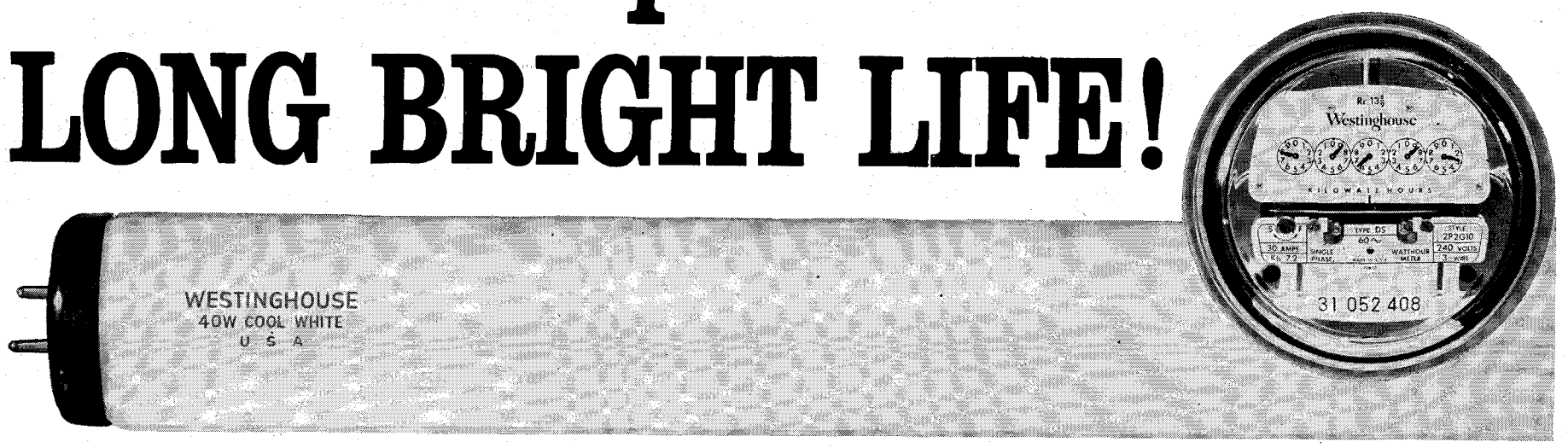
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It costs you as much to light a lazy lamp...



as a Westinghouse with "Ultralume" phosphors

...the lamp with the LONG BRIGHT LIFE!



SOME FLUORESCENT LAMPS get "lazy" fast. They eat up the same amount of electricity, but grow dimmer fast. Only Westinghouse fluorescents stay bright as new . . . longer, because Westinghouse lamps have "Ultralume"™ phosphors!

"ULTRALUME" is an exclusive new Westinghouse phosphor that assures maximum brightness for the life of the lamp! "Ultralume" phosphors give you more light per foot of lamp, yet a Westinghouse costs no more to operate than any ordinary lamp.

ALL Westinghouse fluorescents have "Ultralume" phosphors . . . there's one for every business or home use. Specify Westinghouse on every lamp order. Call your local authorized Westinghouse agent or write—Westinghouse Lamp Division, Bloomfield, N. J.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S

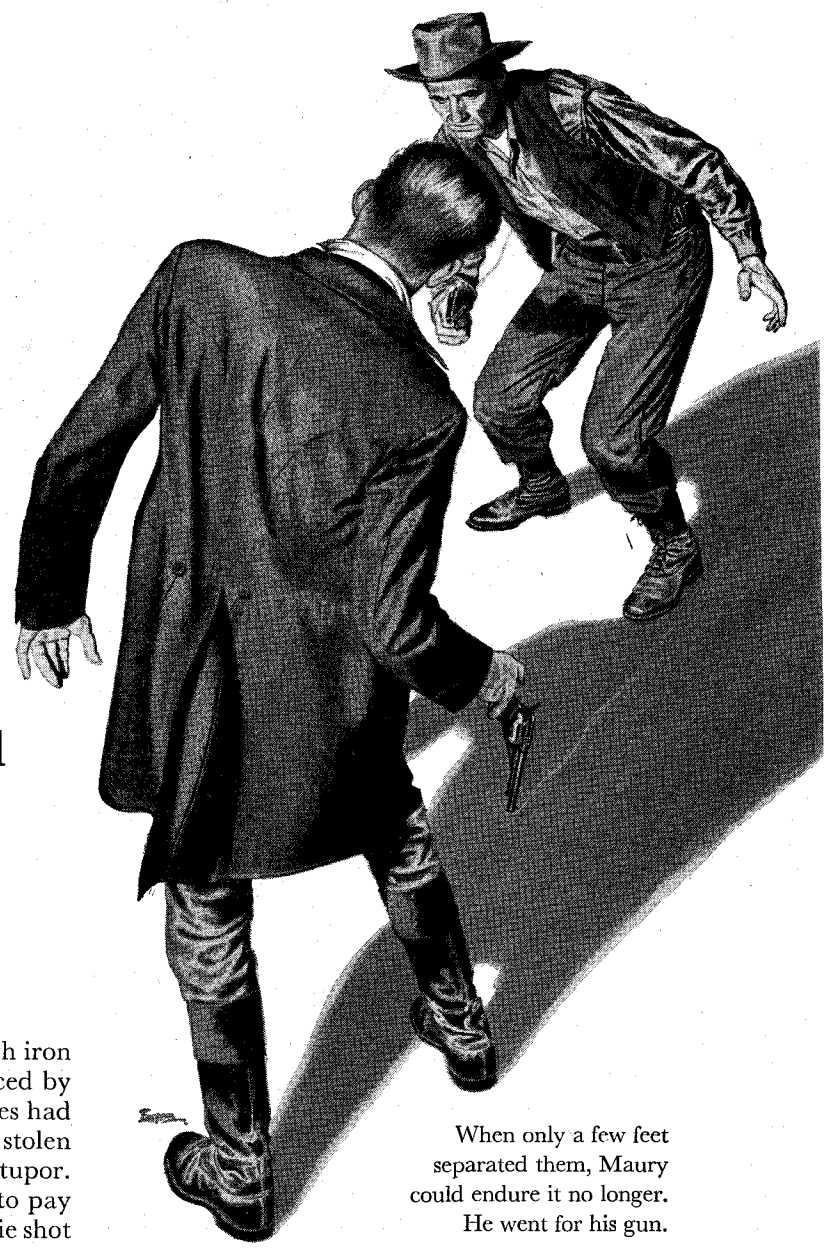
Westinghouse (W) FLUORESCENT LAMPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEST OF THE LAW

Claypool had cleaned up the town. Now he had a personal score to settle.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



When only a few feet separated them, Maury could endure it no longer. He went for his gun.

"The Big Tent!" Bednigo roared. "The Big Tent has murdered Hepsie!"

Standing before the horror-stricken crowd, with the wounded girl in his arms, Bednigo called for a showdown with Wesley Maury, who had fired the shot that struck down Hepsie. It was Maury, too, who ran the Big Tent, source of vice and violence in Julesburg. And Maury, along with Skinner and the dazzling Potter Nourse, was plotting to steal the payroll of the Union Pacific, the railroad that Bednigo Claypool and General Dodge, chief engineer, were building across America.

Bednigo now knew Maury must die. And, looking down at Hepsie's pale, lovely face, he reserved that duty for himself.

CONCLUSION

Bednigo stood high above the surging mass of laborers, gamblers, thugs and ruffians with Hepsie Rennie's limp body across his arms and her blood reddening his clothing. So he remained for a moment after he had accused the Big Tent.

The mob was silenced by the shock of it. The men's first vague purpose, born of resentment and fostered by *provocateurs*, had been to do some damage to the railroad—to burn, to rip up rails, to destroy property. But this sudden tragedy diverted them. The waving white ostrich plumes of Hepsie's hat—which they had given her—had had an effect upon them as she mounted the flatcar. She was their friend. She had served them, nursed them, fed them. The rougher the man the more easily he seemed to be moved by sentimentality. Hepsie was their angel. Then, as she had been about to speak to them, plead with them, she had been shot down and they could see the streaming of her blood.

In a twinkling, their rage transferred itself from the railroad—a soulless, amorphous entity—to definite individuals, a definite thing. Those who did not derive their living from the Big Tent felt no friendship toward it or those who operated it, who ruled the town with iron hand. They had been robbed by it, fleeced by it, gouged by it. Their hard-earned wages had been taken at the gambling tables or stolen from them as they lay in drunken stupor. Against the Big Tent they had grudges to pay off. And now they had seen Hepsie Rennie shot down. It was a spark in a powder magazine.

They turned with a bellow to surge down the street, but not unimpeded, for in the mob were dozens of adherents of the Big Tent, who fought and shouted. For a brief time there was a melee, but the march of the mob was not to be resisted. The ruffians extricated themselves as best they could and made for the haven of the Big Tent. So sudden, so unexpected, had been the shifting of purpose of the mob that it took its enemies by surprise, gave no time for organization or planned defense. Unarmed it was for the most part, and the lawless element was armed to the teeth, but in that first minute of chaos it became a matter of every man for himself.

Maury and Skinner, standing as they had been on the rim of the mob, extricated themselves and ran to the Big Tent. Into it they plunged, shouting commands to gamblers, croupiers, dealers, lookouts, bartenders, to barricade, to make ready to repel attack. Those upon whose ears the orders fell were hardy men, accustomed to emergencies and not subject to panic. With some semblance of discipline, they heaped tables, furniture, whatever was movable, as barricades inside the doors. They manned windows and readied their firearms as the mob surged up the street, singing wildly now, for some soul had raised his voice in John Brown's Body and the chorus had been taken up by the oncoming men. The marching cadence of it was not pleasant for the ears of the defenders to hear.

Maury was no physical coward. He leaped the barricade and stood on the stoop of the Big Tent, confronting the deploying men. His arms, upraised, commanded attention. In each of his hands a revolver was visible, and behind him in every opening in the façade could be seen the barrels of rifles leveled and ready. The mob halted and milled.

Maury's voice rang out stridently. "Halt!" he shouted. "The first man to cross the sidewalk dies!" To emphasize his words, he fired a shot over their heads. "We're not the railroad!" he said. "We're your friends! Burn the station! Rip up the rails! Set fire to the town!"

A burly figure jostled its way to the front and Jack Casement took command of the mob. His voice, bull-like, louder than Maury's, was heard above the tumult.

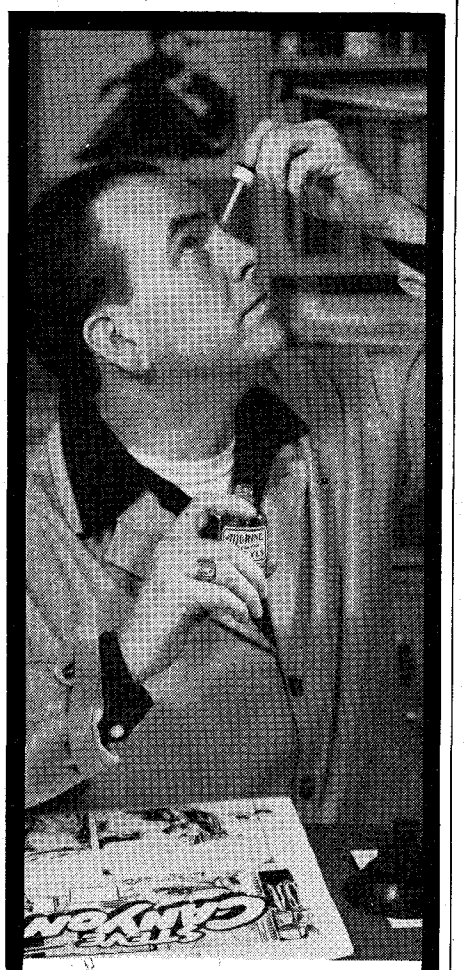
"Follow me!" he bellowed. "Now's the time to clean the town! Follow me!"

With reckless courage, he strode ahead. Maury aimed his revolver and fired, but Casement was untouched. A man in the mob behind squealed and flopped to the ground. There followed scattering fire from the defenders of the Big Tent, some bullets over the head of the mob, some aimed with intention into the mass of it. Men screamed and staggered and fell, and drew back. Even Jack Casement saw the wisdom of retreat. There was only the width of the sidewalk between hesitant mob and desperate defenders. It was an impasse. Above the sounds of conflict sounded the whistle of a locomotive.

These things Bednigo did not see. Walking stiffly, head erect, he carried Hepsie Rennie out of the railroad yard, across the street and around to the

(Continued on Page 87)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"How I use **Murine to rest my eyes** at work"

MILTON CANIFF
Creator of the popular comic strip, STEVE CANYON

"My eyes work hard every day while I draw, read scripts and check artwork, so I keep Murine handy," says Milton Caniff. "Murine is soothing, feels refreshing." Here's a restful idea, morning and night—or whenever *your* eyes feel tired from exacting work or minor irritations like smoke and dust. Murine comforts and cleanses your eyes, gently. Seems to make you feel more relaxed.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES*

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

When a Man-Eater Escapes

(Continued from Page 28)

bringing firearms, a stout rope and a heavy net. We can't rehearse, because we never know what to expect, but one man with a high-powered rifle always takes an assigned station in the service yard, near a telephone, ready to fire on any escaping beast as a last resort, and to call in additional emergency equipment or an ambulance if necessary. Another keeper goes to the main gate of the zoo with a rifle, leaving the gates open for public exit, but ready to close them if an animal appears.

Even before Hack's alarm brought reinforcements, there were a half-dozen keepers outside the zoo kitchen. Some had rifles, others nothing but lengths of scrap lumber they picked up in the service yard.

The tiger, alarmed, wheeled to start back down the path. Then he saw a group of donkeys penned in a fenced enclosure behind the service building, and crouched ominously. With a frantic scrabbling of hoofs, all but one of the donkeys jumped back away from the fence. Incredibly, one male stood his ground ready to fight if the tiger got through the fence.

The huge tiger charged headlong into the heavy wire netting of the fence. The netting bulged, but held, and the animal fell back, shaking his head. Then he padded on down the path, away from the keepers.

Doc Watson yelled, "If he gets through that boundary gate at the far end, he'll be in the children's playground!"

Still unarmed, Doc sprinted along the boundary fence to try to head the tiger off. The tiger wasn't in sight when Doc reached the playground gate and made sure it was locked, but he soon reappeared on the path behind the cages.

Doc clambered up on top of the row of cage buildings with a garden rake, waving it in front of the tiger. The animal could easily have leaped up onto the low roof. But instead, seeming to tire of the game, he retreated peaceably into his own cage. Keepers came forward cautiously and locked the door.

I didn't find out until later that three zoo visitors, a father and his two little boys, had been close enough to touch that tiger—without ever realizing their danger.

The tiger had walked around in front of some of the cages in the row while Doc was running to head him off. The big animal strolled between the cages and the guardrail which keeps the public a safe distance out from the bars.

The father and his boys crowded right up against the rail. "Such a nice cat!" the father exclaimed happily as the tiger padded along past them inside the railing. "Pat the cat," he suggested—actually reaching across to give the tiger a friendly thump on the rump. Fortunately, the tiger chose to ignore it.

The San Francisco Zoological Gardens is the third zoo I have headed in my lifetime of work with wild animals, but I'll say frankly that none of us knows what to expect when the emergency siren screams. The biggest problem is the public.

Like our tiger, most animals will return to their cages if no one disturbs or angers them. However, when human error leaves cage doors unlocked and the animals venture out, people can't seem to stay away. Most of the visitors who happen upon such scenes are like the father and his boys—they don't even realize the danger.

So it's up to the keepers to catch the animals, and catch them right away, before they catch up with some well-meaning but misguided human visitor. That's the principal reason we have our high-powered rifles—to kill the animal if necessary in order to protect the public. As far as the keepers themselves are concerned, they naturally feel safer when armed, but we almost always manage a recapture before a crowd can gather.

I remember, for instance, the time we were startled to see a mother lion and two cubs come walking into the service yard. They had been in the zoo hospital and someone had left a door ajar. Guided by their noses, the lioness and her babies were heading for the kitchen to see what they could do about speeding up mealtime.

There was no chase at all this time. The lioness seemed to know what was expected of her as soon as she saw the keepers. She led her cubs obediently back to their hospital cage.

To experienced animal men, lions usually are less frightening than tigers. Tigers can be friendly one instant and deadly the next. You never know when they'll turn on you. Lions are more predictable, I've found. If they're friendly and you behave carefully, they'll usually stay friendly.

Still, it's only common sense to be armed. Animals and people make a chancy mixture. The emergency siren may herald a comic-opera chase, or it may mean death. We never know.

Years ago, before I came to San Francisco, a bull elephant in the zoo here went berserk and had to be shot. He had turned in sudden, senseless rage upon a keeper, smashing him to the floor with one ponderous foot and literally ripping the body to pieces with his huge tusks in front of the horrified crowd.

Even on alarms when we're quite sure we know better, we take no chances. Like the time a woman ran into the service yard screaming, "The hippopotamus is eating a man!"

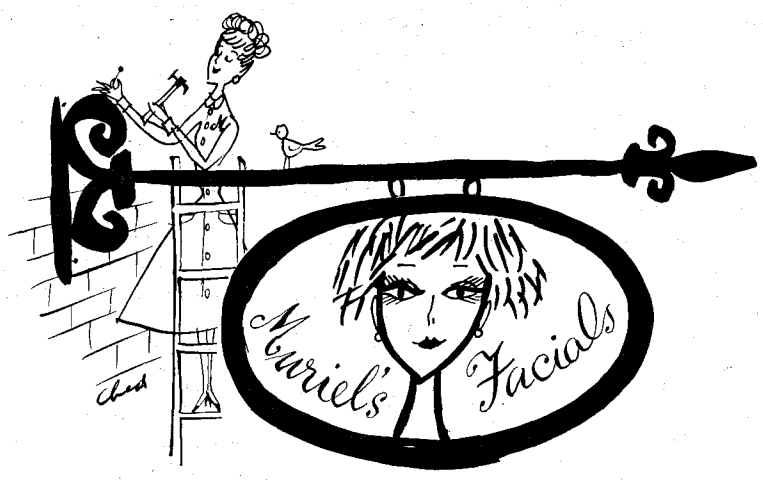
All animal men know that the hippo is strictly a vegetarian, but we grabbed firearms and ran for the pool. I'm sure we were all wondering just what we would do if he really were eating somebody, but we had to get there fast and do our best.

Our first glimpse of the pool wasn't too reassuring. A keeper was leaning over the pool's edge, soaking wet. Had he tried to rescue someone? Then he saw us and grinned sheepishly, and we all relaxed. There was no one in the pool but the hippo. The keeper had been dropping titbits into the animal's cavernous mouth and had lost his balance, he explained. He fell practically into the hippo's jaws. That was when the woman ran screaming for help. The hippo, as dismayed as the keeper, promptly dived to get away from the man. Like all good animal men, the keeper insisted it was all his own fault: "The hippo didn't do anything; I just slipped."

I've never fallen into a pool or a cage, but I once did have to fight for my life to keep from being dragged into the quarters of a pair of furious apes. It was the only time I've ever had to call for help.

The late William Randolph Hearst kept a private

(*Continued on Page 46*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Muriel built up a profitable business through beautifying feminine faces by massage and lotion. State officials, however, ordered her to obtain a license as a beauty-parlor operator or shut up shop. When Muriel learned that the license examination covered hairdressing, about which she knew nothing, she sought a court order to halt enforcement of the licensing law in her case.

"For the state to require that I know hairdressing in order to engage in the facial-massage business is unfair," Muriel argued. "It deprives me of my constitutional right to do business."

"A beauty-parlor operator," state counsel replied, "should be proficient in all phases of that work, just as a doctor or lawyer is required to know all branches of his profession even though he practices in only one."

If you were the judge, would you grant Muriel's plea?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Muriel won. The court held that facial massage and hairdressing are unrelated, and that Muriel could massage away. It added that hairdressing "is more akin to architecture than to the care of the skin."

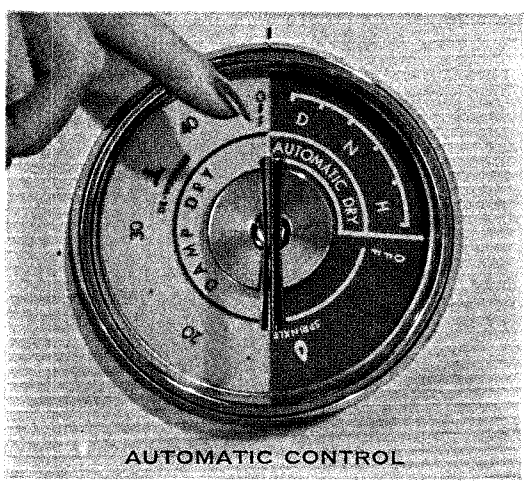
Based upon a 1941 California decision

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Automatically dries clothes so soft...so smooth...so wrinkle-free you'll have much less to iron!

Perfect, all-automatic drying for all your wash in the new 1958 General Electric Dryer

Dries a typical load of family wash in less than 35 minutes



Now all-automatic control does all the "thinking" for you . . . automatically provides exactly the right drying time and temperature to give just right drying every time! Direct, warm air flow gives speedy drying at low safe temperatures. Dries synthetics in less than 8 minutes; a family wash in about half an hour.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

Fast, perfect drying . . . any time at all . . . is right at your fingertips! There's just one dial to set because this wonderful new General Electric Dryer is *all*-automatic! No need for you to guess or worry about the correct drying time and temperature. Just turn the control to

D . . . for delicate silks and synthetics

N . . . for normal loads of cottons and linens

H . . . for heavy loads of jeans, bedspreads, rugs

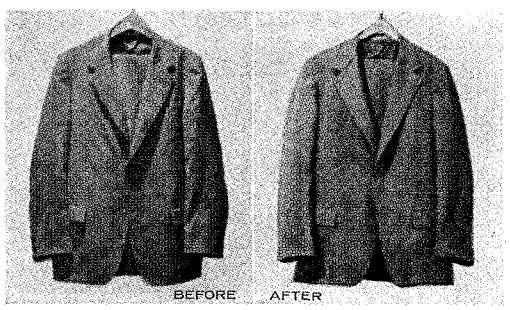
Other features: Air Freshener gives clothes a fresh, breezy-day fragrance. Foot pedal opens full-width magnetic door. Lint Guard catches all lint. Smooth Porcelain Basket protects delicate fabrics.

Use on either 115 volts or 230 volts . . . the automatic control provides exactly the right drying time and temperature to suit every load—every fabric you *wash*. For high-speed drying (times shown) and automatic de-wrinkling of synthetic suits, use normal 230-volt installation.

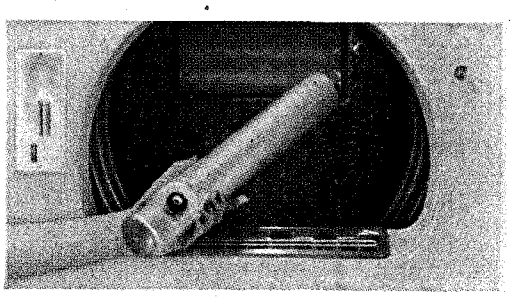
Available in beautiful Mix-or-Match colors plus white. Automatic Dryer Model DA-920R illustrated about $2.80* per week. General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Automatic De-Wrinkler "tumble-presses" properly tailored synthetic garments —even smooths out wrinkles from wearing.



Automatic Sprinkler dampens shirts, dresses, starched pieces . . . has them ready for easy ironing in minutes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 44*) zoo, one of the biggest in the country, on his vast San Simeon ranch, and I was caring for the chimpanzees there at the time. A good-sized chimp weighs 175 pounds and is a cunning, vicious fighter, all muscle and tough as nails. They're vegetable eaters, but they use their teeth to bite and tear wickedly in a fight. They also have hysterical tempers and attack with terrifying fury when annoyed. An angry chimp is the one animal I wouldn't even attempt to recapture. We have one particularly mean-tempered fellow in our San Francisco Zoo now, and if he ever gets out we'll shoot to kill, on sight.

The pair at the Hearst ranch had an outdoor pen with an indoor sleeping room, reached through a hallway with a vertically sliding door which could be raised by a rope hanging down from the hallway ceiling.

One night after the chimps had settled down in their bedroom, I realized I had forgotten to give them water. I entered the hall, locking its outside door carefully behind me, then raised the sliding door to the chimps' quarters just enough to slide a pan of water under it. It wasn't, I discovered, a very foolproof system.

A hairy arm reached out suddenly and a powerful black hand grabbed my ankle. Still not particularly alarmed, I stamped hard on the hand with my other foot. But instead of letting go, the chimp grabbed my free ankle with his other hand and gave a mighty jerk. I toppled backward and, like a drowning man clutching a straw, yanked at the door rope as I fell. Up went the door, and before I realized what had happened both chimps were out on top of me.

The female raced down the hallway and leaped up on a doorknob. I never could understand how that ape could balance herself on that knob, but she did. And during the whole ruckus she sat there, screaming and slapping herself on her knees, encouraging her mate like a high-school cheerleader.

Fortunately for me, the male never changed his grip from my ankles. He bit viciously through my heavy leather boot and through a toenail, meanwhile swinging me around like a sack of potatoes and trying to drag me into his cage.

I clung desperately to the door rope, and finally both of us were out in the hallway, clear of the doorway. I let go the rope and the door slammed down, locking both apes—and me—cozily into the little hallway. Only then did it occur to me that this wasn't going to help much.

I got one hand on the outside door, and while the ape clung to my ankles I tried to get the right key into the lock. If I could get outdoors, I thought, he'd leave me—but have you ever tried to select the right key from a full key ring under such circumstances? I began to yell at the top of my voice, hoping to get a keeper to break down the door.

The elephant man did hear me and came running, but by that time I'd finally managed to find the key and unlock the door. The ape and I rolled out in a swirling tangle of arms and legs, right at the surprised keeper's feet.

As I had hoped, the minute we got outdoors the ape let go in order to look over the strange situation—whereupon I grabbed a timber lying nearby. Startled, he ran back into his quarters and I slammed the outside door. We had to cut a hole through the roof, however, to open the sliding door so the pair could get back from the hallway into their cage.

By then, I could hear the elephant keeper muttering to himself, "Haste makes waste, haste makes waste." I asked what he was worrying about, now that it was all over, and he said, "I left in such a hurry I forgot to shut the door of the elephant house. The elephant is gone."

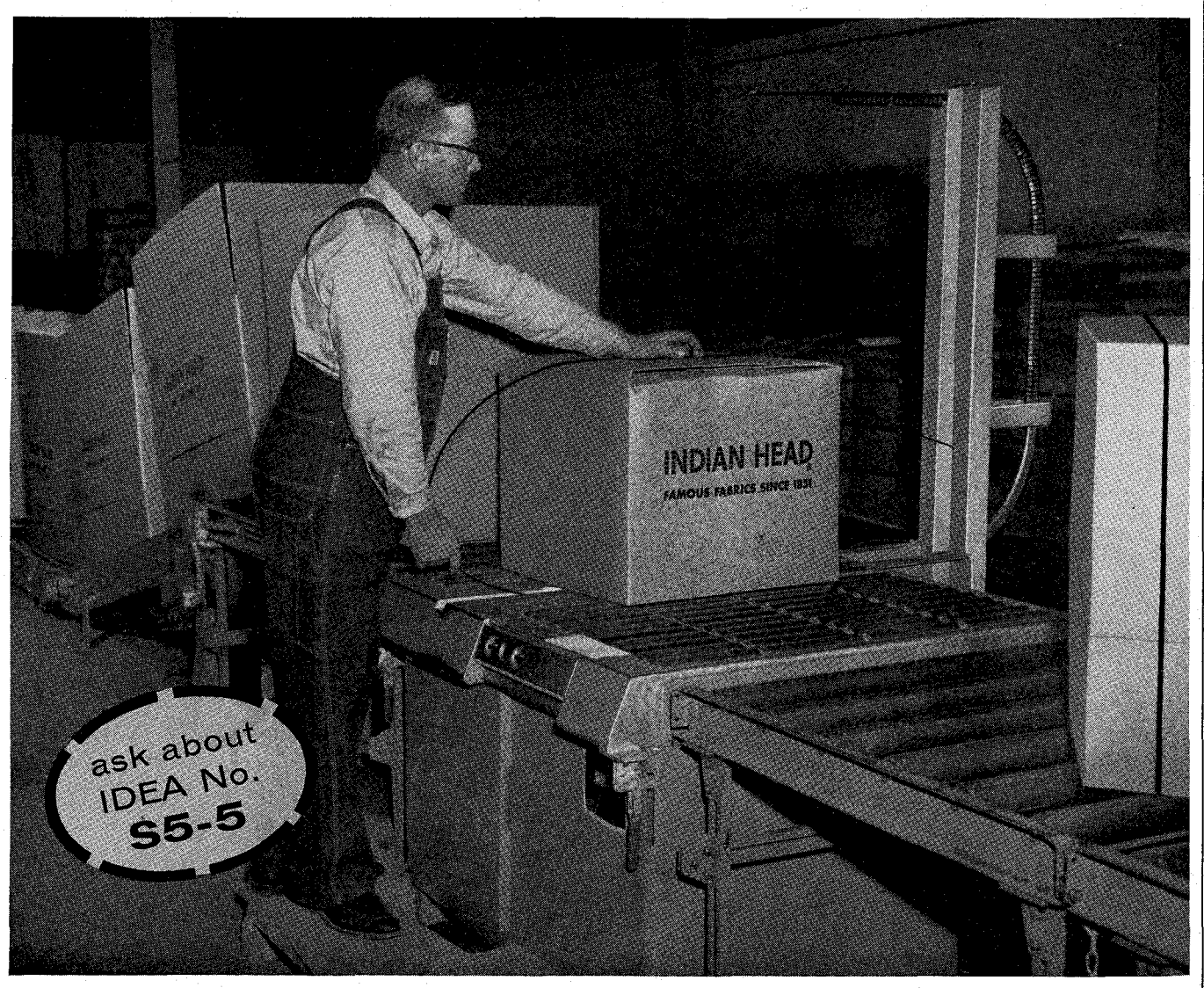
He meandered off to begin his own search while I was doctoring my injured toe. Luckily, the elephant was feeding peaceably on a hillside near the zoo buildings and returned obediently enough to captivity.

When an elephant does go on a rampage, there isn't much any keeper can do short of shooting the beast. But shooting any animal is always a last resort, and in all my years of working with them, I have killed only one. It was a sick, maddened buffalo on the big Hearst ranch. I was riding a horse on a narrow mountain trail when the buffalo appeared ahead of us. I slipped off my horse and opened fire as the animal charged. It took three shots, and the brute fell so close to us that blood spattered my boots.

There were comic-opera sequences at the Hearst ranch, too, just as there are in every other zoo in the world. I remember the day a grizzly bear got out and was wandering around a little hill. A Mexican laborer, head down, was hoeing diligently around some fruit trees, and since bears are very shortsighted, the grizzly was very close to the man before either saw the other.

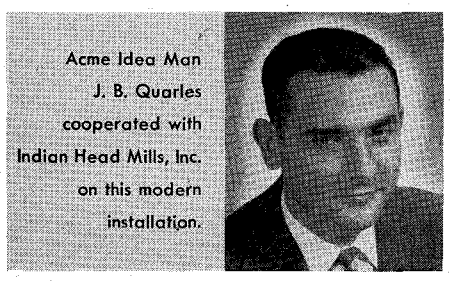
Mexican and bear were equally startled and fled in opposite directions—around the hill, so, of course, they met again on the opposite side.

Yelling frantically, the Mexican climbed a tree while we pursued the bear on our nervous horses, roping him and returning him to his pen. The Mexican insisted for hours afterward that there were two bears. He'd seen one on each side of that hill, hadn't he?



Know your AIM*...Indian Head Mills, Inc. does...

Steel Strapping Machine closes textile boxes



Acme Idea Man J. B. Quarles cooperated with Indian Head Mills, Inc. on this modern installation.

INDIAN HEAD MILLS, INC., Cheraw, South Carolina, uses an Acme Steel Model F1 Semi-Automatic Strapping Machine to close and reinforce boxes of their well-known, quality, "Indian Head" brand textiles. Now, only one man is required for the strapping operation . . . a saving of 8 to 12 man hours per day. (Idea No. S5-5)

Served by a conveyor system, the F1 applies as many steel straps as desired in a matter of seconds with uniform, pre-determined tension. Electrically powered, the machine is controlled by push-buttons. Strap is cut automatically, and ends are instantly and permanently joined by spot welds. The machine handles containers of various sizes in any sequence without adjustment. A special track feeds the strap to within easy operator reach.

***Know your Acme Idea Man.** He is sure to provide clues to better ways of protecting and shipping your products. Call him today at a nearby Acme Steel office. Or write Dept. SAS-18, Acme Steel Products Division, Acme Steel Company, Chicago 27, Illinois. In Canada, Acme Steel Company of Canada, Ltd., 743 Warden Ave., Toronto 13, Ontario.

ACME STEEL STEEL STRAPPING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One small bear named Pokey was a regular Houdini at getting out of boxes, pens and cages in our San Francisco Zoo. A young Himalayan bear from India, he had twice escaped on shipboard en route to San Francisco. Our alarm siren, until Pokey arrived, had been choked with rust, but Pokey changed that.

He hadn't been with us a week before I noticed he had almost chewed his way out of his wooden enclosure.

"Let's move him to a regular bear cage," I told Hackmeyer, the head keeper.

"Boss, you don't know Pokey," Hackmeyer said. "I'm betting he'll slip out of there."

"It's impossible, Hack," I said, and Pokey was moved forthwith.

Next morning Hackmeyer reported to me, bright and early, with a visible gleam in his eye, "Sorry, boss, Pokey is gone!"

Our secret search for Pokey lasted three weeks. We discovered later that he had spent a good part of that time nesting in a tree right beside my house!

Finally, I spotted a single footprint near the beach on the unfenced Fort Funston military reservation south of the zoo. I called in an experienced keeper, the late Bill Behre, to help me close in on Pokey.

"Now, Bill," I said, "when you find him, don't shout. Whistle. It's more distinct and easier to hear." Bill started to explain something, but I waved him off and away we went.

We were nearly a half mile apart when I heard Bill yelling at the top of his voice. I paid little attention at first, figuring that if he had found the bear he would surely whistle. Poor Bill! He had never got a chance to tell me that he didn't know how to whistle.

But soon he was yelling louder than ever and it sounded urgent, so I began to run. As I approached, Pokey bolted from a clump of brush beside Bill and scampered into a nearby swamp.

Bill didn't see him go, and waved at the underbrush, yelling, "He's in there! He's in there! I was just walking along, whacking each clump of brush, and he jumped up right in my face."

These bears make a horrible noise when alarmed. They lunge up on their hind legs, spring up into the air and let out a hideous "I-was-here-first" roar. That is what had happened to Bill, inches from his nose.

I trotted all the way back to the zoo to sound the siren for extra men to comb the swamp, but it simply wasn't our day. First, the siren didn't work. It was evidently choked with rust.

"You hold the button down while I climb up on the roof and get it unstuck," I told a keeper. "Remember, don't let up on the button when she starts."

Nevertheless, the sudden noise must have startled him, for when the siren sounded he did instinctively jerk his finger from the button. Then, realizing that was a mistake, he pushed it again. The result was two blasts instead of one—a code signal for the lion-house area instead of the service yard, where I wanted the men to gather.

I rounded up several men and started in an old car for the service yard. Up in the service yard, Hackmeyer, hearing the two blasts, gathered several men and started in another car for the lion house.

Of course, we met head on, on a blind curve of the service road. No one was hurt, but both cars were disabled. What followed must have resembled one of those unbelievable old-time Keystone Cops movies. Both groups of men jumped from their cars and ran madly past each other toward their original destinations. This was no time to stop and listen to explanations; in an emergency, a keeper must not be diverted from his objective!

The result, of course, was that Pokey was long gone by the time we got that swamp buttoned up with our full cordon of searchers. But we landed him, finally, by baiting a large box trap with delicacies and leaving it near the swamp area overnight.

Next day we put him in a bear grotto. "I absolutely guarantee this one," I told the men.

Hackmeyer was back the following morning with that familiar gleam in his eye. "Sorry, boss! Pokey is gone again!"

This time it didn't take long to find him. He had built a rude nest in a tree a dozen feet from the ground and had made one mistake. He allowed one foot to dangle, so that we could hardly help seeing it.

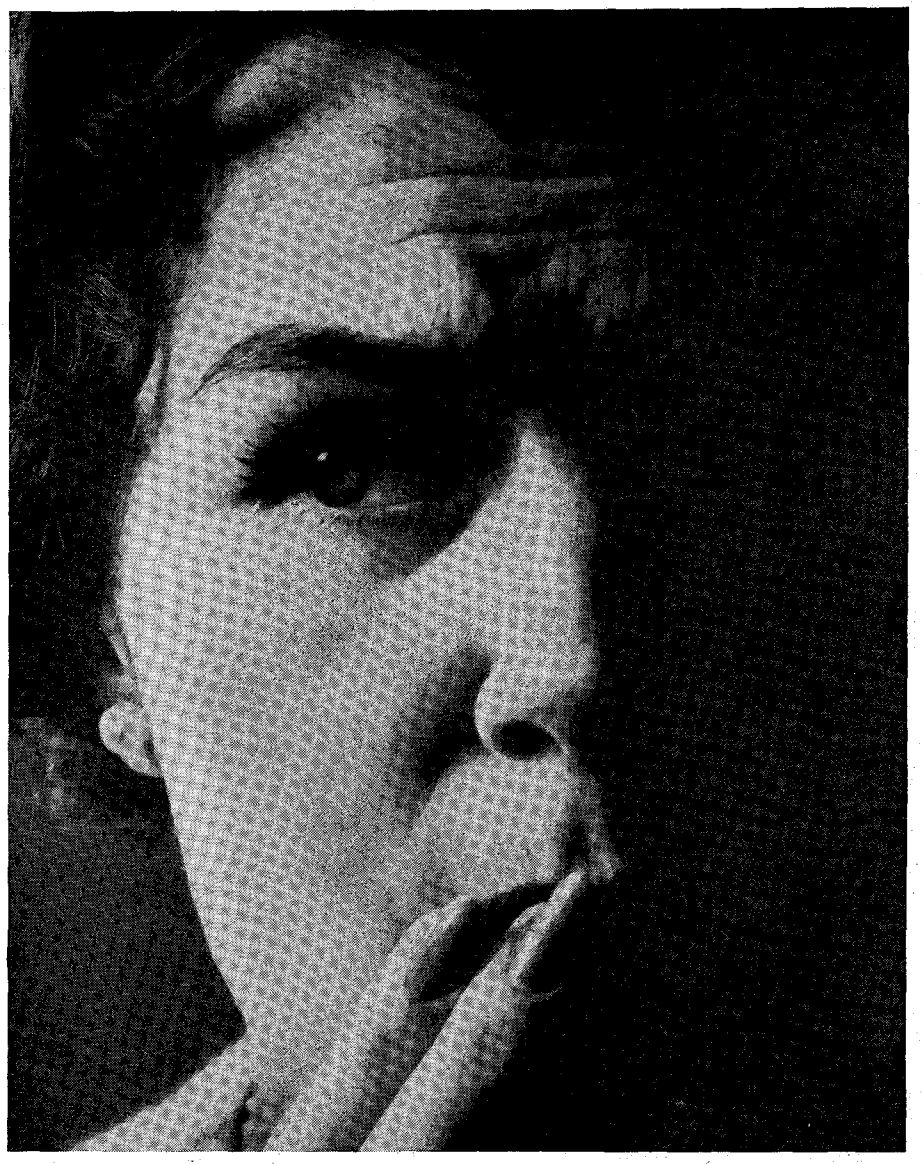
"This will be easy," I told the men. Climbing up after Pokey I threw a rope loop over his foot. Then it dawned on me that I had no way of keeping him off me. With a horrifying roar, he came smashing down on my head, and we both tumbled to the ground. The rope flicked free, and Pokey and I were off and running. The men say I was several rods ahead of the bear, but this is untrue. I was really running after him, for fear we might lose sight of him again.

But this time Pokey scooted over to the bear grottoes. Somehow he clambered down the absolutely vertical concrete wall into the grizzlies' grotto.

A huge grizzly sprang on him immediately, growling and snapping and ripping. From the spectators' rail in front of the grotto, I started firing with my six-gun, striking the concrete floor a little behind the grizzly's tender hind feet. The bullets would ricochet and give him a stinging,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Then in the fourth grade. . . ."



YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you *brush* false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It *soaks* into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

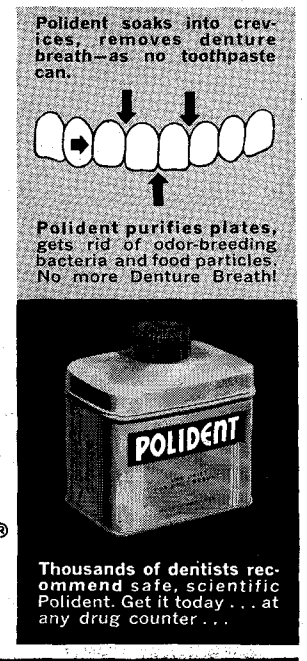
You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

Easy to use . . . Instant Action . . . Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath." Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food and odor-breeding bacteria are washed out of cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Your false teeth start looking naturally white again . . . and no more Denture Breath!

With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.


Polident soaks into crevices, removes denture breath—as no toothpaste can.
Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor-breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!
POLIDENT
Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Get it today . . . at any drug counter . . .

POLIDENT®

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
Don't rely on weak powders.
Hold dentures firmly in place
with this long-lasting cream adhesive

POLI-GRIP
DENTURE ADHESIVE CREAM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

searing bite on the foot. Each time, he wheeled to face a new enemy, but found no one behind him. But by the time my revolver was empty he was getting wise and refusing to be distracted. Pokey was in real danger of getting killed.

I grabbed a keeper's rifle and shot the grizzly through the rump muscle, and he roared violently and fled into his den. The sore and frightened Pokey climbed spryly up the vertical wall and over into his own grotto.

By this time, I noticed that three of the keepers were forcibly restraining a burly visitor who was struggling to reach me, shouting indignantly, "That guy is shooting the bears!"

We moved Pokey to a closely barred cage in the lion house after that and, strange to say, he has seemed quite contented there ever since.

Human error being inevitable, you never know what is going to escape or when. Perhaps no creature has ever caused more of a stir among the visitors than a myna bird that once escaped from the San Francisco Zoo. Mynas can talk with almost human distinctness, and this one had learned to imitate the keepers' announcement to visitors that it was closing hour.

One day a keeper failed to close a door and the bird escaped. While the keeper went for some nets to recapture him, the myna flew down to a nearby picnic ground. Here a grandmother was busy clearing away the remains of a lunch while the younger members of the family had gone to the playground, and a few blackbirds gathered, looking for crumbs.

The myna, looking for all the world like one of the blackbirds, flew down to the table, peered up into the elderly woman's face and said, "Five o'clock, folks. Time to close the zoo."

"What did you say?" the woman asked; then, realizing that she was talking to a bird, hurried hysterically to the playground to report to her family that she must be losing her mind. It's a good thing our keeper arrived just then, for the more she explained, the more strangely her family looked at her.

I think one of the most ridiculous animal escapes in which I was ever involved was that of a tiger in the Portland, Oregon, zoo—although I must confess it didn't seem funny to me at the time.

The tiger got out just as most escaping animals do—somebody left a door open. Most of the 50,000,000 Americans who visit zoos every year know that such animals have what is, in effect, a two-room cage, but few people know exactly how these work. Each room, or pen, has its separate outside door, so that a keeper can get in. There is also a door between the two units which normally remains open, but which can be closed to lock the animal in one cage while the keeper cleans the other.

This time, the keeper had cleaned the tiger's outside pen, but had failed to lock its gate behind him when he left. Then he went around into the building and released the tiger from the inside cage, so he could clean that. The tiger bounded into the outer pen, saw its open gate and ventured out.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Meet the Mrs.

From one busy task to another I whirl,
Reminding myself when most harried,
That this is the fate of a working girl
Who quits her job to get married!

May Richstone

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

He was strolling around on the lawn when I saw him. I knew instantly that here was deadly danger, especially if visitors got in the way, but I'll have to admit that my first thought was, *What a beautiful sight—that huge tiger on the vivid green of the lawn!*

I dashed into the office and got a rifle, then walked very casually over toward the tiger, talking to him quietly. He answered with the strange, friendly, purring noise that tigers make when they are in a good mood.

I talked quietly for a moment, then suggested we return to his building. As though he understood every word, he walked back toward his pen with me. I thought afterward how silly it must have looked. I was walking along with a rifle over my arm, and the tiger was following quietly at my heels. He could have picked me up in his jaws and trotted off with me as easily as a cat might carry a mouse. But we walked with mutual understanding until we came to the entrance to the building.

Beside the doorway was a leopard, circling uneasily in his outdoor cage. The tiger hated the leopard and lunged at the cage. The leopard snarled back at him, and I knew I'd never get the tiger past that cage and into the building as long as the leopard was there. I'd have to drive the leopard back into his indoor cage, out of sight.

I finally laid down my rifle and picked up an iron rod to poke at the leopard. There wasn't much room in front of the leopard's cage, and the tiger and I were actually shoving each other aside as I tried to poke the leopard away from the bars. The tiger didn't seem to mind, evidently believing I was helping him torment his enemy.

Eventually I got the leopard back out of sight, and the tiger and I went on into the building. I figured if I could get him inside and close the doors it would be better than having him running around in the open. It was before normal visitors' hours in the building, and I knew there'd be no spectators to contend with. Even so, it almost became one of those frying-pan-into-the-fire moves.

As we came in and I closed the doors behind us, two keepers were emerging from a tall bird cage they had been cleaning at the far end of the building, nearly 100 feet from us. The smaller of the two men, coming out of the cage first, was the first to sight the tiger.

Without a word, he whirled and attempted to jump back into the bird cage—colliding violently with his big partner, who hadn't yet noticed the tiger. The big man, angered, shoved in return, and they had quite a little tussle. Then the big fellow spotted the tiger, and both men did something I never could understand.

Instead of going into the bird cage and shutting its door, they climbed right up the outside of the wire netting. The cage stood three feet above the floor and was ten feet tall, topped with a coping, or parapet, of smooth plaster that added another four feet of height. The two men scooted up that ten feet of small-mesh wire, on up over the smooth, four-foot vertical coping, and jumped down on top of the cage. I'd have sworn it was impossible, but I saw them do it.

Their scramble seemed to excite the tiger dangerously for an instant, but he was quickly distracted. He discovered the leopard in the inside cage only a few feet away, and my troubles really began.

I knew I had to drive the leopard back to his outside pen, or the tiger would never quiet down and go back to his own cage. But now the tiger was excited and frustrated. He growled at me several times and sneered as only a tiger can sneer, as much as to say, "You double-crossed me; you aren't trying to help me at all." Then he would lower his head and crouch slightly.

Each time, all I could do was raise my rifle and take careful aim, waiting for him to charge or to become quiet again. And every time I raised the rifle, the two keepers peeping from atop the tall bird cage would shout helpfully, "Don't shoot him! Don't shoot him!"

I knew something had to be done, and called to a keeper outside the building to get a piece of meat. Unfortunately, instead of tossing the meat into the tiger's cage from outside, the man walked in the front door, right past the tiger.

The huge animal sprang after him instantly, while I yelled, "Drop the meat! Drop the meat!"

Instead, the panic-stricken keeper ran. I've never seen a man run so fast in my life, but the speed of a charging tiger is unimaginable. He was flying.

Shooting was out of the question; there was too great a risk of hitting the man. I could only watch helplessly.

At the last instant the man dropped the meat. The tiger seemed to swerve in his final lunge, taking the meat instead of the man. The huge animal skidded along to a stop, with his teeth and claws firmly pinning the meat to the floor.

As soon as he discovered that the prey he had captured was not alive, he picked it up in his mouth and looked around for a secluded spot in which to eat. Naturally he chose the one he knew best—his own cage. He ran over, sprang inside and sat down contentedly with the meat. A little shakily, we closed the cage door.

As I stepped outside the building, I met a man and a woman who had watched in awe from a distance as the tiger and I were jostling each other outside the leopard's cage and as we walked on inside.

"What in the world was going on?" the woman asked.

"Just moving a tiger," I said. We keepers never alarm people unnecessarily.

"My gosh!" the man exclaimed. "Is that the way you move a tiger?"

I knew the whole thing had looked pretty ridiculous, but it had been a terrifying strain, and suddenly I simply couldn't be polite any longer.

"How would you do it?" I demanded, and went away to rest my nerves.

Sinister Prelude (Continued from Page 37)

long cigarette, until the older man was halfway to the house before he rose to intercept him.

At close quarters Pierce Lavelle seemed not so old as frail, and ravaged, not by time or his excesses, but by the demands of an age and a country with which he was personally incompatible. He was, in fact, in his middle fifties, but his hair was white, the complexion of his lined face was fresh and unweathered by the tropical sun, his well-tended hands had delicate fingers that seemed incapable of coping with manual tasks. At close quarters, too, his clothes bore evidence of an infinite patience and care that had been expended upon them; his shirt and trousers had in places been worn threadbare, and their fabric darned with careful tiny stitches. Even the upper of one shoe bore a patch, though it was difficult to see.

When he saw Tudau, the older man waited for him to come up through the grass.

"I thought you had gone, Tudau," he said gently, and the brown man hesitated, looking for words.

"I do not want to go, Master Lavelle," he replied. "Who will work in the house and the garden? Who will keep the plantation boys at work?"

The European shook his head. There was a ghost of a tender smile on his face.

"There are no boys now on the plantation. You know this, Tudau. And soon we will have no need of anyone in the garden. Soon we will be gone ourselves."

"I don't understand, master," Tudau said stubbornly. "The boat has gone, and will not be back for a month or more."

Lavelle nodded. "We have made arrangements. So go yourself, Tudau, and go soon. You have been paid."

"All right, master. The canoe is ready. I have spoken with the missus. I wept, master, when I spoke with the missus. She has been my mother to me. I wept when I left her."

There was a tear now at the corner of his eye. He was a big man and strong, but he was close to weeping. Lavelle pretended not to notice.

"And the trench? You dug the trench I spoke of?"

"I dug it where you showed me. I dug it well."

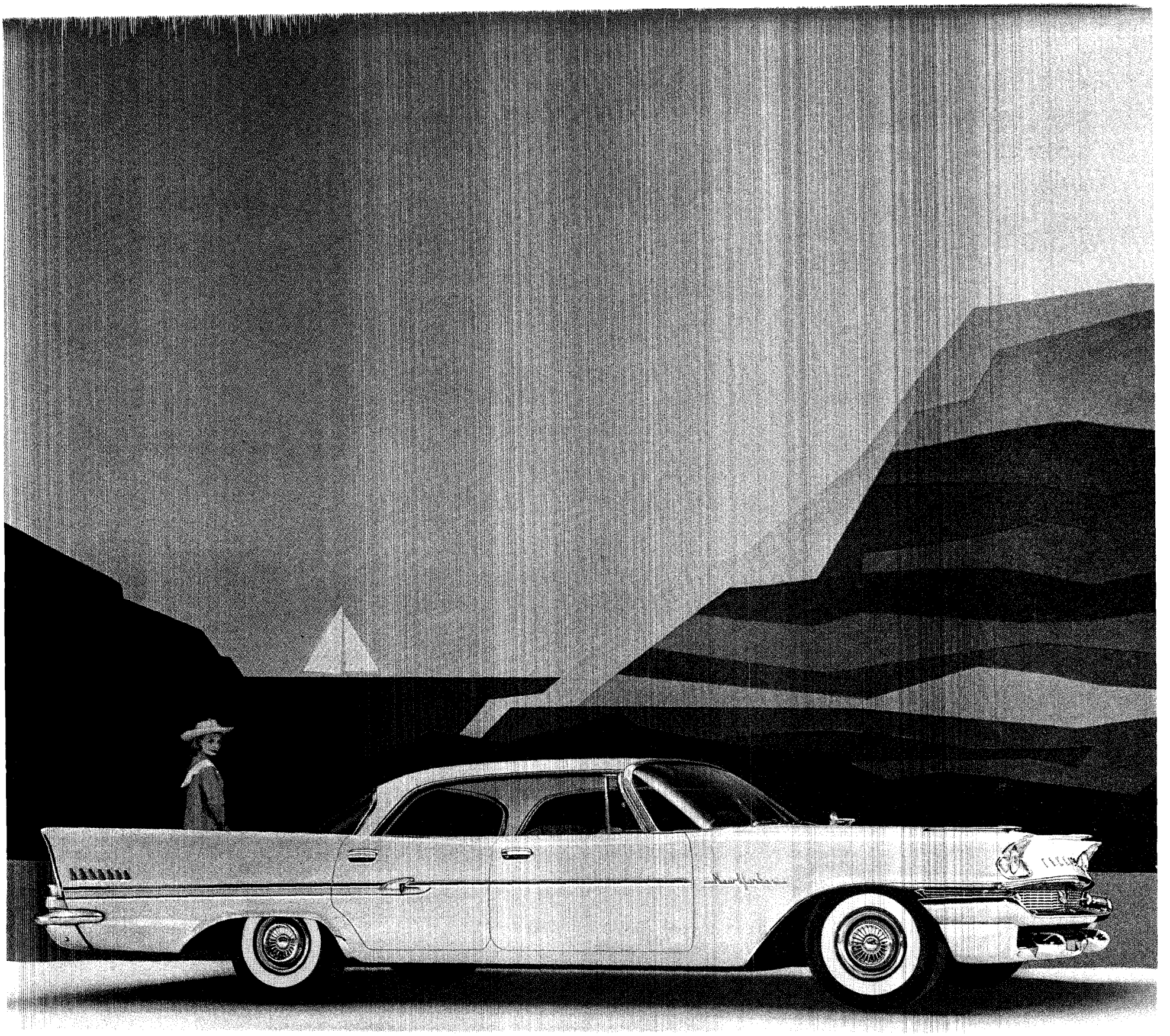
"I am sure you did, Tudau. I'll see it later. And now good-by. You've done everything well, Tudau."

He held out his hand and the other man clasped it. In the five years they had been together, it was the first time they had clasped hands. Tudau said no more. He turned, his head lowered, and stumbled through the long grass to the beach. Here there was an outrigger canoe already loaded with his possessions. He dragged it to the water and set out without a backward glance for his home island of Manihapa, hidden, at a distance of twenty miles or so, beneath the western horizon. He had no sail, but against the lock of the outrigger poles he set up a framework of three tall rods, and spread against these two green leaves of the coco palm. Soon, with the wind crackling the fronds, the little craft moved out of sight across the water.

Pierce Lavelle watched him, resting as he climbed the easy slope of Lei-hau, a little hive-shaped hill at the western end of his eighty-acre island. This was his favorite exercise. He had climbed the hill for more years than he could remember, except for a space when the approach of war had driven him, with his wife and two daughters, from the New Guinea scene. He had once taken a great joy in looking out from here over his fifty acres of coconuts, his neat thatched house with the wide, seaward-looking veranda where they sat in the evenings, the garden of crotons and caladiums and bushes of tropical flowers.

Nor had it much mattered that the plantation was (*Continued on Page 50*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MIGHTY CHRYSLER NEW YORKER 4-DOOR HARDTOP

Enjoy Chrysler's bold new look of success!

New thousands are hailing the success of Chrysler's smarter Flight-Sweep styling . . . the supremacy of Chrysler's ride and performance . . . the brilliance of Chrysler's forward-thinking engineering!

In every way you can judge a new automobile today, The Mighty Chrysler is literally beyond compare. Its almost unbelievable roadability, comfort and restfulness are years ahead of contemporary engineering. In value, no car has more clearly established its years-ahead worth.

See the glamorous Chrysler New Yorker at your Chrysler Dealer's, also the Chrysler Saratoga, and the all-new Chrysler Windsor—now in a lower-priced field!

Three great series in three price classes

NEW YORKER • SARATOGA • WINDSOR

REGAL—Richest new upholsteries!

SERENE—New Torsion-Aire Ride!

EFFORTLESS—New Constant-Control power steering!

CONVENIENT—New Pushbutton TorqueFlite!

SUPERSCENIC—New Compound-Curved windshields!

SUREFOOTED—New slip-proof Sure-Grip differential!*

TREMENDOUS—Four-beam dual headlighting!

EXCLUSIVE—New Auto-Pilot!* *Optional at extra cost.

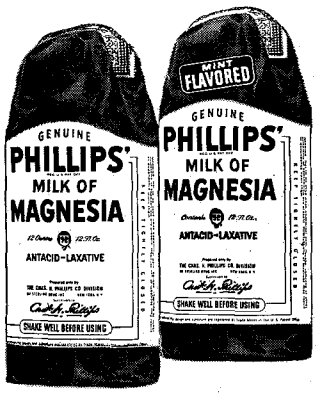
THE **MIGHTY CHRYSLER**

GLAMOUR CAR OF THE FORWARD LOOK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My constipation worries are over!

Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than laxatives which act only on constipation... *better* relief than *all* of them! This is because Phillips' is more than just a *laxative*. It's also a remarkably effective *antacid* that relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. And Phillips' works *leisurely*. Taken at bedtime, it lets you sleep undisturbed—brings wonderful relief the next morning. Get Phillips', either regular or in new, mint-flavored form that tastes delightfully clean and refreshing. Either way, it's the best laxative money can buy!



PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
REGULAR · FLAVORED

(*Continued from Page 48*) spread over its fullest potential area, that the palms were too old, and now were failing, nor that, because of some unsuitability of the sandy soil, the crops they furnished had never been better than mediocre. The return, it seemed, had always been adequate to his small needs, for he was a man not difficult to satisfy. He lived in the present, and because he little understood the commitments of the future, they held few terrors for him. But prices now were falling and costs constantly rising and his problems pressed ever harder.

Underproductive though the island was, no one could deny its beauty. Colored by its deep-toned foliage, it lay like some chiseled artifact of dark serpentine, flecked with white, and with lighter greens, and with red and gold of blossoms, outlined in the dazzling white of the sand within the framework of the sea. The water, hyacinthine blue in the sunny depths, shimmered emerald and yellow-green in the shallows where the coral flourished below; and its whole surface was untroubled, except in a spot close to his hill where the sea birds fed upon the fish.

But Pierce Lavelle, fragile and tired, took little pleasure in the view. He sat for a long time with unseeing eyes, and now and again he sighed heavily.

Tudau came to Manihapa shortly after the sun had set, and dragged his canoe ashore at a little beach near his village. It was not the fishing beach. He wished to avoid the canoemen he knew. When he had run his craft up on the sand a little way, he left his gear untended in the hull, and walked quickly along a forest path. If he wished to be unnoticed, it was a good time for him, a time when the twilight had not yet given way to the dark—a dark that was not for some time to be threatened by the rising of a mature moon. The track led him to the outskirts of another village at a point where one house stood a little apart from the others. On the veranda, Lasikata, the wise woman, sat cross-legged, her grass skirt hiding her knees. She looked up with interest as he seated himself on the edge of the veranda.

"So now there is no one left on Leilala, only the Dim-dim and his wife," she observed, as though she continued a conversation.

"I return tomorrow," he said.

"For what?" she asked. "The plantation men left long ago. No copra has been smoked. There are only the two Dim-dims to look after, and you are no houseboy."

"Nevertheless, I go back."

He reached in his belt and brought out a worn and tattered bank note. Lasikata sat still, but her eyes brightened. He laid it flat on the palm-trunk planks of the veranda and, reaching down, picked up a stone to weight it against the evening breeze.

"I bring you a present," he said. "There is something you can do for me."

She made no move to touch the money. Her old eyes narrowed. She bent her head forward so that her eyes looked in her lap; her hair, cut short, was stark white in the gloom; there was a little play of light from the shells at her ears, her throat, her wrists and her waist.

"I do what I can," she answered.

"Master Lavelle is a sick man," he said. "He is no more than a spirit walking in a skin, a ghost of a man, a man halfway to the underworld. The missus also. They are dead people, and I don't know what will happen. There is something that would make him well; tell me what it is."

"Let the Dim-dim go to the Dim-dim doctor," she said. "There is nothing I can do for him."

"Yet this is not a sickness that the Dim-dim doctor can cure. Certainly not the Little Doctor," he said. "This is a sickness that began when the letter came from some Dim-dim country—England, I think—to say that his daughters were dead. Missie Margaret, Missie Lillie, killed in a motorcar. Then when the mission changed, the new missionary came no more to Leilala Island. No one comes any more. And last month the dog died. He was an old dog and ready for death, and I did not like him. But he died. And the letters that come on each boat seem to make the master sick; they worry him and he puts them aside. And now he has paid off the men. He lives alone with the missus, and they are both sick."

"I have lost daughters," she said. "I have lost daughters and two sons, and a husband, too; and I am not sick."

"Nevertheless, Master Lavelle is sick, and I would have him well. I will pay more. There is something you can do, or you can tell me to do."

He was very serious, and his eyes were pleading, but she shook her head.

"There is nothing."

He waited awhile, and she did not move. His hand reached out to the money on the planks, but she stopped him.

"No. Wait."

He paused, looking at the wise woman.

"How does his sickness take him?" she asked then.

He considered that. "I cannot say. He is a ghost walking. For a long time he did nothing. This week he has worked with timber, but I don't know what he has made. Before, he always showed me. And now the shed is locked."

There was a long silence before she shook her head again, in a way that was very definite and final.

"Leave the ghosts to their ghosts. Leave the Dim-dims to their own doctors. How can I cure them when they do not believe in me? You I can cure."

"Me? There is nothing ails me."

"Yes there is. And I will give you the cure and take my pay." Her fingers closed over the bank note.

"You are a sick man, Tudau, while you lack a wife. You know this yourself. And not just any wife either. But Rebecca, the daughter of Simon, the fisherman, is ripe for marriage."

Under his dark skin he blushed furiously. The rising moon, orange above the surrounding trees, illumined his embarrassment.

"She would not look at me."

"True. The whole village saw you look at her before, when she was just a child. Now she is ripe for marriage, and I will sell you a charm."

He swallowed painfully. "I must go back to Leilala soon. Tomorrow. Something is wrong there."

"It is a very quick-acting charm. You shall take her with you."

"You make a joke of me."

The old head looked very wise. "You know my charms, Tudau. They cannot fail."

"How much?"

"My charms cost plenty, Tudau, but Rebecca is worth it."

He stood up, and with that she also got to her feet, very lightly, like a child, as though age had not handicapped her at all.

"Come inside, Tudau, and I'll tell you what you must do. It is very simple."

The instructions indeed were not long, nor were they complicated. But she took her time, and when he left, the moon was high in the sky. He carried with him a small phial, cut from a bamboo stem and filled with an aromatic oil. Rebecca was not hard to find, nor did she hesitate to come when he called her away from her company.

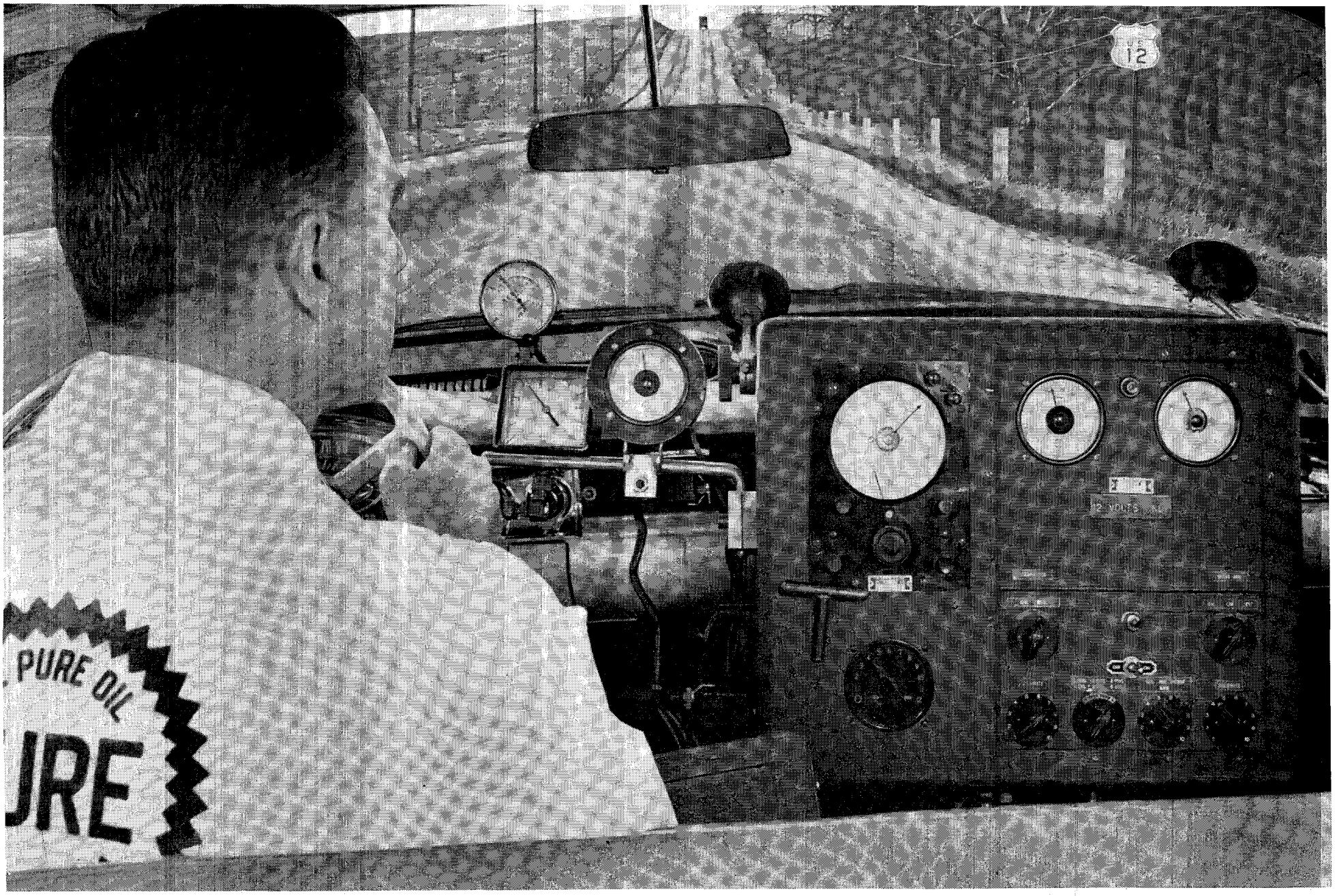
She was a little thing, shoulder height to Tudau, who himself, though large and strong, was not tall. She was decked in a fiber skirt checkered in four colors, in the newest fashion of the island, and her face was painted with the designs affected by a girl on happy holiday, a girl who proclaims herself without a care in the world.

He approached her boldly, the phial open in his hand; and her eyes opened wide when the heavy, penetrating scent of it reached her nostrils; for she was not insensible of what he must have paid old Lasikata for her charm. She, too, believed in the efficacy of the charm; she was very sure that if he could rub the elixir of the phial into the golden brown of her skin, then she would be inescapably his. And she must have been at least a little in love (*Continued on Page 53*)

"Now, before I start, anyone who wishes to leave may do so. This is going to be no place for a coward."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On U. S. 12 in Wisconsin, PURE researcher checks a fuel of tomorrow

How Pure uses "electronic detective" to keep ahead of Detroit

Pure Oil research puts every automotive product we make through thousands of miles of road tests

How does Pure Oil make sure that the gasoline we put in your tank is right for your car?

Fellow in the picture is how. He's driving one of PURE's fleet of test cars, checking up on a PURE fuel of the future. By means of special instruments, he's testing it to satisfy your future demands for easy starting, rapid warmup, good mileage and knock-free power.

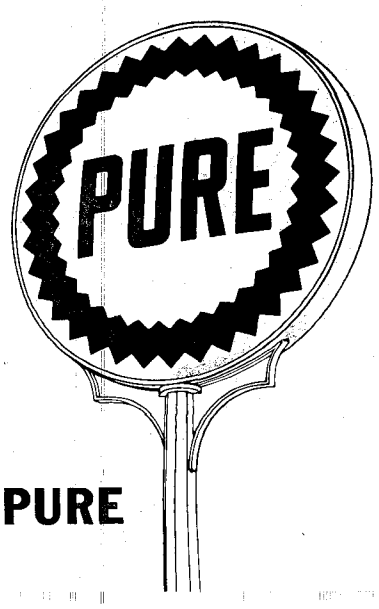
In these "laboratories on wheels," we *prove* the fuels blended by our chemists, researchers, scientists—prove them in thousands of grueling miles of actual road tests every year. That way, we're sure we'll be ready with the new fuels that will be required by the advanced-design engine in your automobile of tomorrow.

These PURE test cars operate out of our Research and Development Laboratories in Crystal Lake, Illinois, where we do research not only on engines and fuels, but also on products, processes and methods of production, exploration and transportation.

In an average year at the laboratories, PURE's scientists and technicians analyze 13,000 samples, write 900 technical reports, and make 200 suggestions for patents.

This great mass of research pays off for you every time you pull into one of our nearly 16,000 stations in 24 states. Because, when you tell the man to fill it up, you can be *sure*—this year and *every* year—that the gasoline he gives you is *right* for your car.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are more ways than one to be a leader

As OUR NAME clearly indicates, we are in the telephone business.

We own and operate 1,696 central offices in 30 states.

We manufacture telephones, switches, relays and other communications equipment, for our own use—and for the 4,400 other "independent" telephone companies in the United States.

And while—by the yardstick of size—we cannot claim to be the leader, we find ample opportunity for leadership in other ways.

Take the telephone pictured here as an example. It is our own design.

At first glance, it may look quite a bit like other modern telephones.

But you will find three important differences.

The surfaces just above the dial on each side are contoured to guide the mouthpiece-receiver or "handset" into place unerringly.

An extra quarter of an inch is added to the tapered mouthpiece and earpiece.

And the cradle which receives the "handset" is lower in front than in the rear.

The result: It is almost impossible for an "off-the-hook" interruption to service to happen.

This is, as we said, one example of how we seek to do whatever we do better than it has been done before.

And this same ambition guides every phase of our operation, from the development of better equipment for telephone central offices, to the courtesy-training of the people who represent us in dealing with our customers.

General Telephone Corporation
260 Madison Avenue, New York

GENERAL TELEPHONE

One of the World's Great Communications Systems

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 50*) with Tudau and willing to surrender or she would have run. If she had turned to run, he must have lost her, for she was fleet of foot, but she stayed for the anointing, delivering herself to the powerful spells of the wise woman.

That lighted, scented night was theirs, and they took it to the full, and in the morning slept late; so that it was noon before they embarked in the canoe, heading back for the tiny island of Leilala. This time the wind was against them; the coco leaves could afford no help, and Tudau paddled steadily, Rebecca, behind him, paddling also, though sometimes she stopped to trail her fingers through the green water and smile sweetly while she thought her thoughts.

It was late night when they beached their canoe and Tudau took her to the house. The air was scented with the delicate pungency of temple flowers, and loud with the voices of crickets and small, shrill frogs. When they came close to the house, so they could see clearly, Tudau stopped her, and they stood waiting and watching in the shade of the palms, their brown figures next to invisible in the mellowed moonlight.

On the wide veranda, Pierce Lavelle and Annette, his wife, were dining. This was where they always dined, except on nights of storm or in seasons when the flying ants stormed the citadel of their house; yet it was a dinner such as Tudau had never seen. For Pierce was immaculate in the dinner jacket, the starched shirt front, the seamed trousers of a nearly forgotten era of his life. And his Annette wore, with dignity and a remembered beauty, a wedding gown of thirty years before.

As for the dinner, there was no detail absent. The table, a simple oblong which Pierce himself had made long before, was partly covered with a spotless tablecloth. The ambers and browns of its graining were everywhere tempered by years of attention. Upon it a silver bowl was flanked by silver candelabra, and carried lilies. A homely can which served as ice bucket was disguised in snowy folded linen, so that the substitution was not in evidence.

From it, Pierce now took a bottle of an Australian Traminer. Into his own glass he poured a mouthful of the wine, and held it to the light before he tasted it. The liquid, tinted no more than is a dewdrop on the autumn grass, satisfied him, and he nodded appreciatively before he served his wife.

"The Australians do well," he said. "It's not such a scented wine as the European Traminer, and I don't know whether that's good or bad. It's not so dry, however, in the aftertaste." He filled his own glass and sat down again.

"Just the same, I think it beautiful," his wife said. Her voice, matching her personality, was small and submissive. She smiled at him over the lip of the glass. There were small pearls at her ear lobes and at her throat.

"One misses, though, some quality—is it strength?—behind the delicacy," he continued.

"It smells like summer, and the ripe hay," she said, and there was a longing in her eyes.

Out beneath the coco palms Tudau was seized by a nameless fear. He was too far distant to hear the words, he could not understand the meaning of what he saw, but the unfamiliar tableau played on this familiar stage worked strongly on his sensibilities. He pushed his Rebecca silently in the direction of the canoe, and they walked away. When they were well clear of the house, he said, "You wait for me. Don't leave here." He left her on the beach alone and walked back, but carefully, a man anxious not to be seen.

On the veranda the fantastic meal proceeded, alien both in time and place to the tropic island and its throbbing night. Pierce served the courses himself, disappearing unhurriedly into the house proper to reappear with a platter of fish immaculately dressed with sauces and garnish, a chicken ready for carving.

While the Lavelles conversed, the dark shadow of Tudau circled the house, keeping them, as long as possible, in view. When he was beyond the possibility of detection, he moved more quickly round the edge of the trees until he came to a path at the back of the house. He followed this until it began to rise, and he emerged into the open at the foot of the hill called Lei-hau.

Here was the trench he had dug as the last of his duties for the Lavelles; a big trench and deep; deeper than the height of a man and, at its full depth, as long as it was deep. It was almost as wide, and from one of its narrower ends he had dug a ramp upward, so that you could walk into the trench. Its purpose had been a mystery for Tudau.

Now, with its furnishings, he could see what he had made. He stood for a while in disbelief. He waited a little longer, wondering what he could do. Then he made a decision, came back along the path and, like a thief, silent and aware, entered the kitchen of the house.

On the veranda, the depth of a room away, the dinner was coming to an end. With a steady hand, Pierce measured the brandy into the big balloon-shaped glasses, took his and cradled it in his hands while Annette poured the coffee from a table urn. He nosed it appreciatively.

"It's the last bottle," he said.

She smiled, but did not answer him. The main light was suspended above another table, of which the top consisted of a huge brass tray, such as may be bought in the Chinese bazaars. The moths hovered round the light; now and then there was a tiny tinkle as some frail body dropped to the tray beneath. There was an infinite variety of them; some glowed like opals, some sparkled like rubies or topazes; there were sapphire and emerald lights upon the little wings.

"How beautiful the moths are," she said.

He smiled now. "So you have always said."

"And how fragile."

When he had finished the brandy, he poured himself another portion and, rising again, selected a cigar. They sat in silence for a little while, or with such small conversation as in itself intensifies a silence; and then they rose and, with her hand at his elbow, walked down the steps and took the path that led round the back of the house to the foot of the hill Lei-hau.

The gas cylinder lay at the edge of the grave, and from its nozzle depended a length of rubber hose, stretching down into the depths. Pierce walked forward and turned on the cock. Then he and Annette walked down the ramp, he first, supporting her against the steepness of the slope. There was a smell of gas here that they tried to ignore. They slid under the spread of heavy white canvas covering the coffins that had been the loving product of his hands, she at the left of him. In a few moments she twisted, so that she lay on her right side and held her left hand over to him. He took it in both of his.

"Good night, my darling," he said.

After what seemed a long long time, they fell asleep like that, turned toward each other, but separated by the walls of the coffins. The coffin lids were stacked against the sides of the pit.

But in the morning they awoke, almost at the same time, cramped and fearful. For the first time then, he lost his composure. He wept. They sat on the sides of the coffins in the pit that was to have been their grave, he in his rumpled dress suit, she in her wedding gown, and she took his head in her arms while he wept.

"Even at dying I am a failure," he said, and she did not know how to comfort him.

"Perhaps we are not meant to die," she said.

Before they left that place he tried the cylinder of cooking gas still poised at the edge of the grave. It was light and empty, and the cock was still open. There was no smell of gas anywhere. Then they went and changed their clothes. And while he lay on their bed with his head in his hands she went prosaically enough, about the business of clearing away the remnants of their dinner, and put the breakfast on to cook. While she was doing so, Tudau came (*Continued on Page 56*)

Did you know

that General Telephone pioneered such important "firsts" as these?

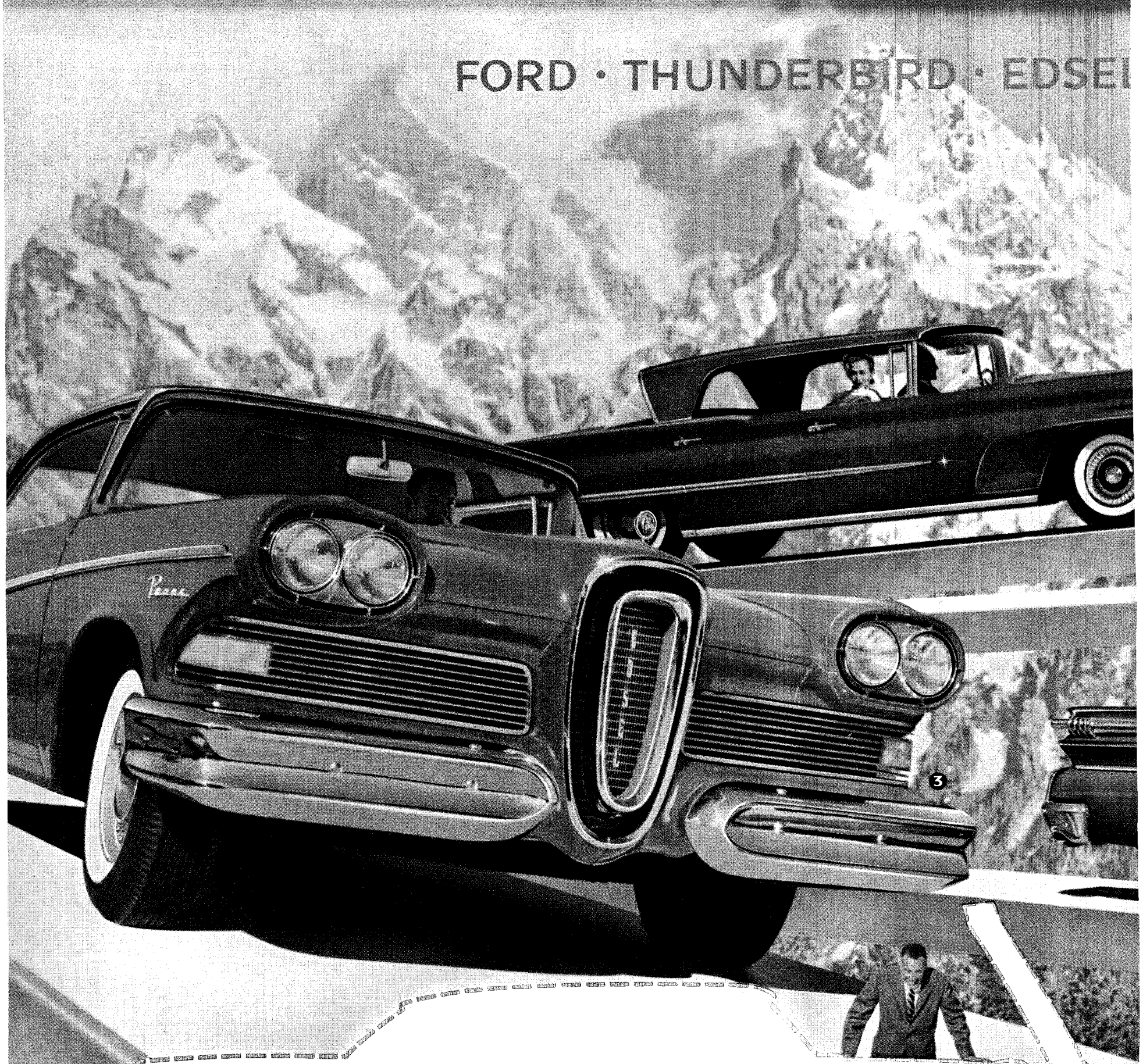
Automatic telephones
Automatic coin telephones
Selective ringing (for party lines)
Automatic intermittent ringing
Revertive ringing tone (to let you know call is going through)
Automatic busy tone
Telephone "desk sets" (supplanting wall sets)
Automatic Toll Ticketing (direct distance dialing)
Loudspeaking ("no-hands") phones
Color telephones
The "Walking Handset" (eliminating off-hook service breaks)
Automatic teletypewriter switching
CDX community dial exchange (unattended)
Electronic Secretary (automatic telephone answering service)
Electronic Sentry (automatic telephonic warning service)

GENERAL SYSTEM

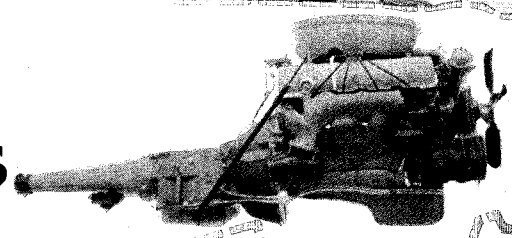
"I don't know the exact size, but her superstructure is exactly like yours."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOU helped us develop the world's finest engines



1 LINCOLN PREMIERE LANDAU

2 FORD FAIRLANE 500 CLUB VICTORIA

3 EDSEL PACER 2-DOOR HARDTOP

4 MERCURY PARK LANE PHAETON SEDAN

more new ideas, more YOU ideas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even our engines start with YOU. You asked for faster warm-ups, easier starts. You wanted quieter, cooler-running operation. All this is yours – in the most efficient, most dependable engines you've ever known. We've counted 55 YOU ideas in our engines!
Ford Motor Company The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan

in The Ford Family of Fine Cars

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treat your family to a restaurant meal—soon!
Surprise your family with a restaurant meal—often! Most women appreciate an occasional respite from meal-making. Quality restaurants usually feature delicious Sexton Quality Foods.

Sexton Quality Foods

DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

1883-1958

Sexton rates tops in taste!
Teen-agers—or first-graders—they all like Sexton Foods. School diet authorities commend the wholesomeness and variety of Sexton Quality Foods.

America's greatest food service for restaurants, hotels, clubs, motels, resorts, coffee shops and fountains... hospitals and nursing homes... schools, colleges and camps... railroads, airlines, steamships... industrial dining rooms.

Sexton rounds out three-quarters of a century of food service this year! What a truly memorable Sexton Diamond Anniversary! All over America today, most of the best-regarded eating places are proudly serving Sexton Quality Foods.

JOHN SEXTON & CO. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

Name it—and Sexton usually has it!
From soups to snacks, and all the way up and down the menu, most of America's outstanding fountains and counter restaurants serve delicious Sexton foods and refreshing beverages.

Sexton meals by air, by rail, by sea!
Tasty Sexton repasts go with you as you travel. Leading transportation lines compliment you by providing the best—and serve you Sexton Quality Foods.

(*Continued from Page 53*)

up the path.

"Good morning, missus!" he sang out, and for a second she had an impulse to run, as though she could not face this first contact with the world she had resigned herself to leave. But she stayed, and smiled, and said, "Good morning." Behind Tudau, walking hesitantly, came a native girl, small and shy, dressed only in the short fiber skirt of Tudau's people, and her necklaces and her earrings and her anklets.

"This is Rebecca," Tudau said. "She is my wife."

"I didn't know you were married, Tudau." She was answering automatically. The resumption of life had been too quick, too unexpected. She had not even given expression to her surprise. Tudau was the world she did not yet want to face.

"We married yesterday," Tudau said.

"Yesterday?" She looked at him, a spoon upraised in her arrested hand. "Then why did you come back?" A native might take two weeks for his wedding.

Tudau looked down at his bare toe, where it was tracing patterns on the floor.

"She doesn't know anything," he said. "If she works for you she'll learn."

"You want me to teach her?"

"Yes, missus. You keep her along the house. She'll work for you."

The girl's eyes were downcast, but beneath the lowered lids the pupils roamed here and there around the kitchen, seeing all the unfamiliar things—the cookstove and the pots and the crockery—and resting on the fabric of Annette's house dress.

"I don't know," Annette said. "I'll tell you later."

Pierce was still lying on the bed when she returned to their room.

"Tudau is here," she told him. "He has brought back a bride."

He sat up and looked at her. "That isn't possible," he said. "He was single when he left here, day before yesterday."

"Well, she's here now," she insisted. "She's a sweet little thing. Her name's Rebecca."

"He brought her home to us?" he said incredulously. "Here to Leilala?"

He got up and went to the kitchen.

"Tudau," he said. "Why do you come back? And bring a bride? Here is no wedding feast. Here are no people to greet her."

"You are my people," Tudau said.

Pierce stared at him for a moment. "All right," he said gruffly. "Later on I'll find you work to do."

"This afternoon I'll get Rebecca dressed," Annette announced. She looked younger and brighter.

In the afternoon Pierce took a shovel and went to where the grave had been dug. He filled it in himself, shoveling the earth over the empty coffins and their white linings impartially. It was heavy work for so slight a man, and he took his time about it. When he returned to the house, his wife was on the veranda, sewing. Masses of a creamy-white material billowed about her.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Clothes for Rebecca," she told him, her mouth full of pins.

"But it's your wedding dress," he said, and she took the pins away.

"Do you know what day it is?" she asked, and he stared at her.

"Of course I do."

"Yesterday was our wedding day."

He flinched. He was not prepared to remember yesterday.

"I was an Easter bride, remember?" she continued. "And today is Easter Monday. Queer it should have come round again."

"I don't quite see ——" He frowned.

"Easter Monday. The time of rebirth. Pierce, we were so truly born again. It was so sharp a lesson ——"

She began to cry, and he took her in his arms. She lay there quietly.

"But your wedding dress ——" he said, when he felt it was time to speak.

"I'll never need it any more, Pierce. Never cling to old things any more. We've lived too much in the past."

"It's going to be hard," he said. "It's going to be a long, long time before we can get ahead. We aren't so young, Annette, not so young any more."

"Then we'll take it a day at a time. This is our first day, the first day of a new life. There's a lot of happiness in just one day. I'm finding out already. There's a lot of meaning in it. And there are things for us to do, and they matter more than we used to think."

She pushed him away and picked up the material from her knees and shook it out. It was already pinned into the shape of a simple frock.

"It's the first thing I've made in years," she said. "Really made, that is. I've been mending and patching and darning, but making is different. And this is the first since the girls went away that last summer. I didn't feel I could do it, when I started, but it's coming out all right. We've been silent about whatever's hurt us, but I want to talk about this thing, Pierce. We were so resigned to dying; we had everything planned so carefully; there was nothing left to chance. I feel as though the hand of God has saved us. I feel there was a purpose in it."

"I'm going to tell you something. It was a very ordinary hand He used. The gas cylinder in the kitchen is at full pressure. The one that was in there last night was all but empty. Tudau switched the cylinders. He must have got here sooner than we thought. It's simple enough. Tudau guessed something was up and came back. Why he brought a bride with him—I can't figure that."

After a while, she said, "I still think it was the hand of God."

She began to sew very industriously, and in a little while, as her handiwork took shape, she observed quite complacently, "Rebecca shall have a nice dress. After all, it's still a bridal gown."

He bent down and kissed her once again, and then walked quickly from the room. THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a wife isn't the boss of the house, it's probably because she has children.

Among the most commonly used paving materials in this country are concrete, macadam and good intentions.

Behind nearly every successful man is a woman he managed to get away from.

The best substitute for a conscience is middle age.

Nothing makes your home look so attractive as pricing the new ones.

Half a loaf is better than not going to college at all.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Off-Limits Affair (Continued from Page 30)

the Avenue Poplar. Very well. Your leave as scheduled from the seventeenth is canceled until that jeep is recovered."

The general looked at the document on his desk and that was good-by.

Captain Parigi, his Latin blood tingling, but his stride smart and military, walked across the lawn to Liaison. The evening light was golden, and birds sang in the green park, and the spires of the city pointed into the sky. This was no place—certainly not in springtime—for generals who fought a peace like sleepless Napoleons. Captain Parigi found Captain Chartres at the telephone, commanding orchids to a lady in the Ritz in his best Alcom style. Captain Chartres, dark, slim, his mind on the Ritz, listened to the tale of the jeep and sighed.

"But that is of nothing, my dear Parigi; you lose a jeep, and then you wait a little later for your leave, and that is all."

"But I am to get married on this leave, and —— I've just got to find this jeep."

"That jeep does not come back, Parigi. Stolen jeeps stay stolen in Europe. That you know."

"Then, Chartres, I'm sunk. Transport will call every morning about that jeep, to needle the general, and ——"

There was a very old Parisian smile on Chartres' young face.

"My dear Parigi, you have it wrong. Transport will not mention that jeep again. Not until the general has forgotten all about it, and then one day he calls Transport to ask why, once again, the Command cars have gone to meet the Constitution at Cannes, when they should be meeting the United States at Le Havre. Then, just as the general is about to drop a ton of brass on them, they will remind him of the jeep, and —— *Voilà*, that what they do not teach you at West Point or St. Cyr—how to get the drop on generals. So ——"

"So what?"

"Well, you just get the drop on your general. That should be simple in Paris."

Captain Parigi laughed all over his bright, good-looking face.

"My dear Chartres, the general comes from Salt Lake City, and he is married to Lucinda, who is Philadelphia Main Line. He might as well be locked up under guard at Fort Knox and ——"

Captain Chartres picked up his cap, gloves, cane, and just smiled as he walked out.

As Captain Parigi strolled down the park, he was haunted by Chartres' smile. He paused by the fountain, lit a cigarette, and saw the general's automobile waiting outside the park gate below on the avenue. The general always walked the quarter mile through the park, and, at forty-eight, was nearly as hard and fit as when he ran third in the Universities mile. Not the kind of guy to get the drop on, thought Parigi, as he looked up and saw him leave the château.

Parigi walked down to the gate, and then he met the poodle.

Beau Boy was an elegant dog in his tailored clip. He was silver blue and wore a blue mink cummerbund. When he stood up on his hind legs, he looked like a guy who sold perfume in a Paris salon. But right now he was on all fours as he trotted in the gate and prospected the trees. Then he saw Captain Parigi and came up to shake hands. The captain talked to him awhile, wondering how such a beau dog could promenade alone. Then the captain saw the pocket in the mink cummerbund, opened the clip, extracted an ivory card and read:

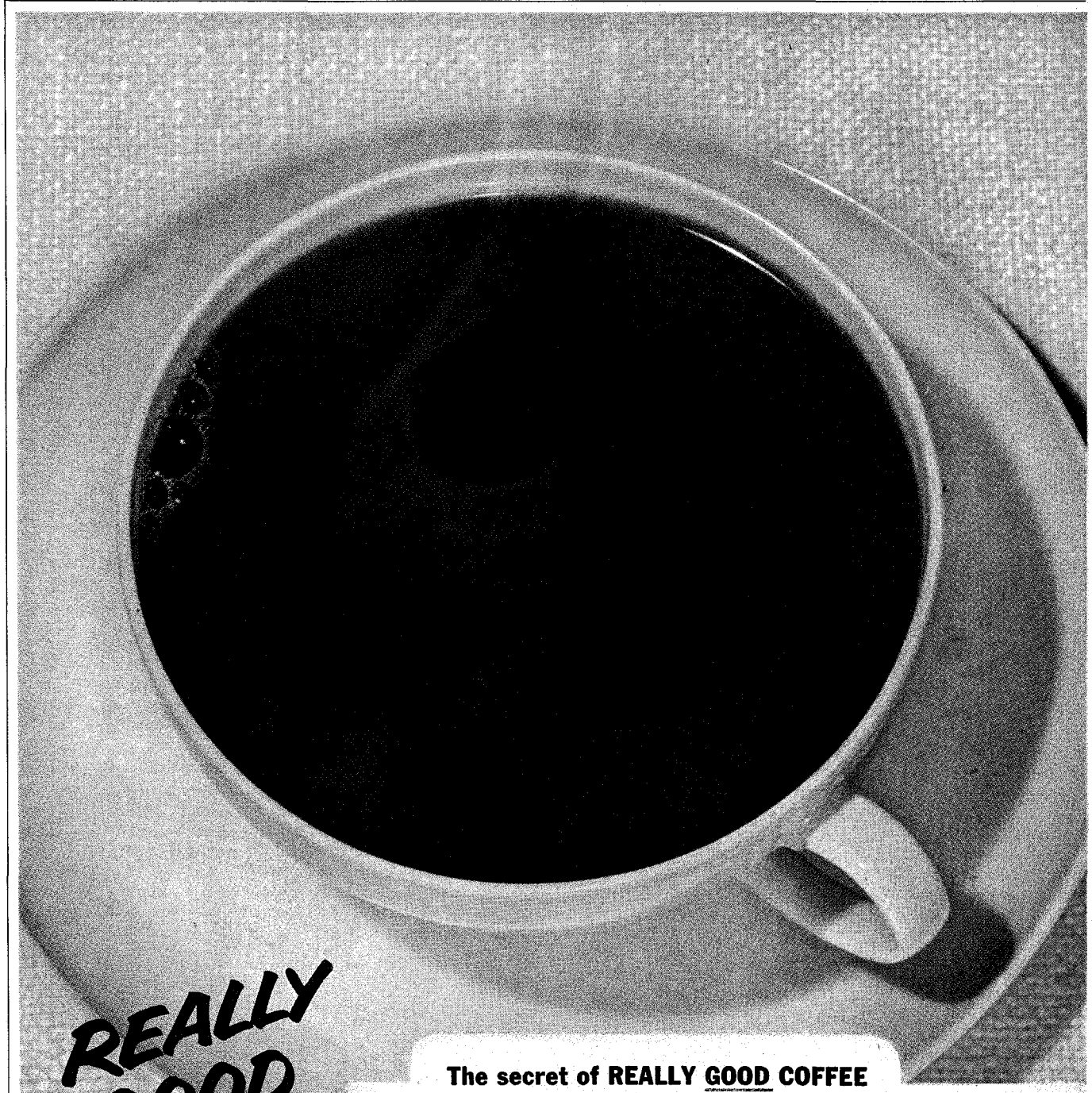
My name is Beau Boy.
I am lost.
Please take me home.
I live at 13 Avenue Fontaigne.

Parigi turned over the card and read the same in French. The chivalry inspired by Paris poodles leaped in the captain's martial blood. He was just about to go down on the avenue and hail a taxi, when he realized the general was marching in one-man battle order down the path. Parigi hastily put back the card, gave Beau Boy a good-by pat, and retreated through the trees out of the general's view. He did not want to meet General Anthony again today.

Parigi halted by the small gate and saw Beau Boy plant himself in the general's path. The general stopped, shook hands, talked, and, like Parigi, finally discovered the card. He read it, looked about, saw nobody in the park, rubbed his chin, looked at the card again, then patted Beau Boy as he trotted by him. Parigi smiled, decided to walk home, then suddenly remembered Captain Chartres' remark about getting the drop on generals. Parigi paused, saw the Alcom driver open the door of the limousine for the general and Beau Boy, then ran across the avenue and leaped into a taxi.

"Thirteen, Avenue Fontaigne," said Parigi, "and *vite!*"

Parigi leaped out of the taxi, tossed the driver a bill, then took cover in a small public garden opposite No. 13. The Avenue Fontaigne, Parigi knew, was the avenue where many beau poodles with



The secret of REALLY GOOD COFFEE

Does your coffee have all the full, rich taste and wonderful aroma that it should? You can make excellent coffee, using your favorite brand. Start with a clean coffee maker, fresh coffee, fresh cold water. Use proper grind for your coffee maker. Measure and time carefully.

Per cup, one Standard Coffee Measure (2 measuring tbs.) to ¾ measuring cup (6 ozs.) of water. Time: Percolate gently no more than 8 mins. Vacuum, stir — hold in upper bowl no more than 3 mins. Drip — pour in boiling water — should go through coffee in 4-6 mins. Stir before serving.

Always use at least ¾ capacity of your coffee maker. Serve at once.

CAUTION: Brewing too long makes coffee bitter. If you want weaker coffee, dilute with water after brewing according to above recipe.

Once you learn the secret of good coffee, you'll find people saying, "Another cup, please!" After all, there is nothing as satisfying as a good cup of coffee!

NOTE: If you use "instant," vary the strength to suit your taste.

"FUN WITH COFFEE"—32 pages of coffee recipes and cooking hints—only 10¢.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, Box 33, Old Chelsea Sta., N. Y. 11, N. Y.

© 1958

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many beautiful owners of same, lived in tranquil splendor. Birds sang in the garden, and roses breathed spring. Then the limousine with the Alcom standard drew up in front of the steps of No. 13. The general alighted, walked slowly up the steps, waited until the butler opened the door, exchanged conversation, and, after a pause, disappeared into No. 13.

The golden dusk had become blue, the bird song was down to the last thrush, and Parigi's pack down to the last cigarette, before the general appeared again, accompanied to the doorway by a lady whose golden hair had a halo in the light from the lantern over the porch. The general kissed her hands, and she stood there, very beautiful, until she waved a delicate hand in farewell as the limousine moved away in the discreet silence and solitude of the avenue.

Captain Parigi looked over at the beautiful lady who stood there a moment breathing the night air, tried to get the cramp out of his legs, and decided that Chartres was right—with a little luck and a little patience, one might get the drop on any general. The lady closed the door and Parigi sighed.

Nobody knew it, but when Gen. Ivor Anthony came out of his HQ each evening, he felt that he had stepped in one stride out of Utah into Paris. By the time he had gone through the park, his gray boyhood in Salt Lake City, his grim day in Alcom, had dropped away. Or almost. As he had said to Lucinda, when he barred the poodle she wanted to buy, generals just could not go all Parisian. And everybody knew that a poodle was the spearhead of Operation Paris.

"Very well," pouted Lucinda; "I don't have a poodle, and I don't go to fashion shows, and I stay in my chignon, like a lady in a Brontë novel." She sighed in her mirror. "Honey, I look—historical."

General Anthony smiled as he remembered his wife sighing for a poodle, and started when he found Beau Boy in his path, with a paw held up to say "*Bonjour*." Beau Boy had liquid amber eyes, soft as a Keats poem, and the general knew that, like Beau Boy, he was lost. As Beau Boy nestled by him in the limousine, he laughed as he imagined what Lucinda would say.

And then he was listening to the butler in No. 13 protesting, "But, my general, Madame the Countess will be in distress if you do not permit that she thank you in person."

There was a kind of nocturnal glow in the hall, a scent of roses, beautiful Louis Quinze chairs, and the general handed his cap to the butler. Then he was sitting in the salon, feeling his uniform like armor among the taborets and chaise longues, when, like a distant whisper of Debussy, he heard the music of a Paris skirt even before the countess came into the salon. The blue eyes were soft as sapphires, the golden hair like corn soaked in honey, her hand delicate as a lily under his formal kiss, the yellow silk dress echoed other silks, and in the liquid amber eyes of Beau Boy was maybe the light of the lamp or a smile.

"Never, never do I think that if my Beau Boy lose himself in a promenade, he shall come back in the escort of a general—and such a handsome general!" And then she was at the cabinet, and in this period room quite surprised the general by saying, "On the rocks, of course? Such a brave general could never drink the water, no?"

Then she sat on a chaise longue, and the general sat on a Louis Quinze chair, and he talked about Lucinda, but not too much, and she talked about Count Louis, presently down in Normandy with his race horses, but not too much. The general was in the fall-out zone of her perfume, and, somehow, that delicious scent seemed to breathe in his whisky.

Meanwhile, Beau Boy was not idle in his follow-up. He went and laid his chin on the knee of the countess and looked up into her eyes. Then he laid his chin on the knee of the general and looked up into his eyes.

When Beau Boy had operated in this way about seven times, the countess sighed in a perfumed silence, "Poor Beau Boy, he must walk so much!"

She moved her skirt a little, the general went and sat by her, and Beau Boy laid his chin cozily between the knee of the countess and the knee of the general.

"Poodles," Lucinda had said, "are psychic."

Now in the liquid amber eyes of Beau Boy, the general could see the eyes of the countess mirrored, and she could see the eyes of the general. Suddenly Beau Boy closed his eyes, and, shocked by the loss of the mutual mirror, the general looked into the eyes of the countess. Then Beau Boy, always well-bred, dropped into sleep on the carpet. He did not awaken later, when, on a chime taken from Mozart, the clock announced the hour of seven.

"Why," exclaimed the general, "I have been here an hour and a half!" There was a little Mozart tremolo in his laugh. "I—I seem to be away back in time in this room." He bent down and stroked Beau Boy, who trembled in sleep at the touch. "I guess I feel grateful to Beau Boy for introducing me to such a beautiful hostess and such a pleasant evening."

It was in the hall that she gave him her card, and she murmured, "Always at this hour I am alone." She sighed. "So much alone." She sighed again. "And now, so much more alone, when I know you are in Paris, my brave general."

The general kissed her hand, and she trembled just as Beau Boy had trembled in sleep.

As the general drove home to the Boulevard Orlyon, he was aware of the scent of perfume in the limousine. In some way, the scent of the countess had attached itself to him like an aura. Then he remembered a military precept about tactical foresight, and he planned his alibi for Lucinda.

Although it had returned to Paris, via Park Avenue, the boudoir robe worn by Lucinda did not look at all historical. And that black hair, parted back into a chignon, updated the Brontë novel to Main Line. And that recent American beauty would have looked timeless in the Louis Quinze salon in the Avenue Fontaigne. The general kissed his wife on the cheek and she smiled.

"Honey, you are late for the cocktail party."

"Cocktail party? O.K., I'll go and change."

"I've only invited you, darling, so you don't need to dress."

"Ah."

Lucinda mixed the martinis, handed him one, and then sat on the rug by his feet. Presently she rubbed her cheek on his knee. Then she began to pick off silver-blue hairs, and she murmured, "A Saint Joan bob and a blue rinse, I'd say."

"Sorry to disappoint you, honey, but it was only a poodle. I had to call on one of those Quai d'Orsay boys, and you know what they are. They do the talking, and the poodle does the persuading. Poodles are great persuaders."

"That is what I've been telling you, darling. But I've got to do my own persuading."

"Honey, you don't need any poodle."

"That's nice. And this Quai d'Orsay poodle wore perfume?"

"My dear Lucinda, if you don't know by now that Parisian poodles wear perfume —— And by the way, that perfume you are wearing reminds me of something. Suppose I take a shower for your cocktail party?"

Lucinda sighed as she waited. It was a happy sigh.

Captain Parigi scowled at the April sunlight and saw no beauty in the swans on the lake. The general might have missile launching on his mind, but all Parigi had was a missing jeep. The general had not called him in this morning, and that meant the general was good and mad with his aide.

Captain Chartres came in.

Chartres, who had been on duty since five A.M. growled, "Still thinking about that jeep?"

"Also about my leave. And my fiancée. She comes from Washington. And Washington means marriage, official."

"I hope I don't get posted to Washington." Chartres killed a yawn. "You need help on that jeep problem, some guy who knows how to ——"

"I've got a guy working on it for me—a guy with a blue mink cummerbund, called Beau Boy."

"Tell me," said Chartres, suddenly waking up, and listening to it with fascination.

"Even God is against generals," breathed Chartres.

"But where do I go from the Avenue Fontaigne?" asked Parigi. "There's nothing about this in the manual."

"I think it comes under maneuver," said Chartres, "but even a cadet at St. Cyr could know that you've got the drop on your general. All you've got to do is to watch, wait and deliver the coup with skill and grace. If you miss, of course, you will get buried with military honors." Chartres paused. "But unless you are made of porcelain, you will get the drop on a general."

The remark about porcelain made it very clear to Captain Parigi that his honor would be lost in Liaison if he failed or feared to get the drop on a general. He waited all day, and changed to watching when the clock struck five and he strolled into the park.

At his post behind a Rodin sculpture, Captain Parigi could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Beau Boy trot in the gate, and, after quartering some trees, curl himself upon a bench to wait for the general. It was nothing to the surprise of the general, lost in the mushroom cloud of an H-bomb, when Beau Boy bounded from the bench and embraced him with his paws.

Parigi did not even bother to move down and check if Beau Boy got into the general's limousine. Even a cadet at St. Cyr could know.

The next day Parigi confirmed what he had guessed, when he saw Beau Boy being put down out of a taxi on the avenue outside the park. The first time, it had been fate, but the countess, a good Parisienne, knew that fate sometimes needed a little push. Parigi went back to his seat behind the Rodin and considered how he might apply a little push also. Tomorrow was the fourteenth, his leave and plane seat were booked for the seventeenth, and he was to be married in Washington on the twenty-first. If he told the general, who kept private lives out of Alcom, that he was being married, the general would maybe relent—and despise Parigi. And Chartres would consider him porcelain. The haughty Venetian blood in Parigi could not stand this. He had been given a weapon now, and a man with a weapon in his hand conquers or is conquered, but cannot compromise with his honor.

It was suddenly, as Beau Boy said "Howdy" to the general, that Parigi saw how he might apply a little push. He smiled, strolled along the avenue into the city, stopped at an elegant little shop that sold chic notepaper and such things. All he needed now, he knew, was one more break.

On the next afternoon Parigi was in the park in good time. The moment Beau Boy trotted in from his taxi, Parigi whistled softly, and soon had Beau Boy in ambush behind the Rodin. His hand trembled in anxiety as he caressed the poodle. Now he needed luck, and after the luck, perfect timing.

And then his luck stepped out of a cream sports coupé and came into the park. It looked like a young marquis with a cavalry figure, in a dark, elegant suit, who came into the park either to wait for a date or take a stroll. He strolled a little; then sat on a bench, lit a cigarette, did not notice Parigi in his ambush, and maybe mused on Paris in the spring.

Parigi waited until the general came briskly down the path. This evening he was in a hurry, because, like Parigi, he was due at (*Continued on Page 60*)

"Joyce still isn't fully convinced we should make the move."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GET SATISFYING FLAVOR...

SO FRIENDLY TO YOUR TASTE!

YOU CAN LIGHT EITHER END!

Pall Mall's greater length filters the smoke— does not filter out the Pall Mall flavor!

1 DON'T GIVE UP FLAVOR TO GET MILDNESS.

2 FOR FLAVOR AND MILDNESS FINE TOBACCO FILTERS BEST.

3 PALL MALL TOBACCOS ARE THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN BUY.

Outstanding... and they are Mild!

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* — "Tobacco is our middle name"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 58*) an early cocktail in the Avenue Foch. Then precisely judging the moment, Parigi took out one ivory card from the pocket in Beau Boy's mink cummerbund and replaced it with another. Then he pointed Beau Boy's nose at the elegant young man on the bench, gave him a sharp slap and said, "*Allez!*"

Parigi held his breath as Beau Boy greeted the young man with his paw. The young man, with Parisian promptness, located the card in the cummerbund, got up without hesitation, and walked with the poodle to his coupé. It was just as he was going out the gate that the general saw him, stopped as if shot, then speeded up into a pace that might have been a run, if a general could permit himself to run in the park. Parigi heard his heart beating loud. Whatever way it broke now, Parigi ought to draw.

The general was no slouch in thought and action. Too late to prevent the escape of Beau Boy in the coupé, he realized in a flash his tactic. He would follow the coupé, step out of his car immediately the coupé pulled up at No. 13, and then claim Beau Boy as his own.

He leaped into his limousine before Croydon had time to open the door, and snapped, "Follow that coupé, and don't lose it."

This was just the order for a hot-rod Texan, and Croydon, who had kept a tight-buttoned mouth about those trips to the Avenue Fontaigne, was now going all the way with a general, who, believe it or not, had turned out to be a human being. The general, listening to the tires screaming like jets, and nearly airborne on the bends, grinned with joy. He certainly was not going to let that handsome young guy deliver Beau Boy to the countess. The general's grin, however, changed to a worried look as he realized the coupé was taking a remarkable route to the Avenue Fontaigne. By the time the coupé swung into the Boulevard Orlyon, the general was mopping his face. It just couldn't be.

But it was. The coupé slid into the curb outside No. 26, the Paris residence of a certain General Anthony, right now blocked by a red light just fifty yards away from his own door. Croydon looked back, shocked, and the general had no time to hide the expression on his face, as the door opened in No. 26 and Beau Boy and escort vanished inside. The general leaped out like buckshot from a gun, watched by a fascinated Parigi, just behind in a taxi souped up by a ten-dollar bill.

Lucinda, knowing that she looked like a thousand dollars in that new dress for the Avenue Foch cocktail, did not wait for the butler to open the door when she heard the bell. But instead of Ivor, it was an elegant and handsome young man standing tall by a silver-blue poodle. The young man bowed, murmured, "Madame," and handed Lucinda the card. It read:

My name is Beau Boy
I am lost
Please take me home
I live at 26 Boulevard Orlyon

Lucinda paused, looked in question at the young man, who gave a slight, courtly shrug and indicated the pocket in the cummerbund.

"Please come in."

Lucinda thought fast as she gave him a chair and a cigarette in the salon. Then, quite suddenly, the frown in her face changed into a smile and chiming laugh.

"Ah, Ivor, the way he does things! My husband, he's just crazy!"

"Pardon, madame, but I speak *mal l'English.*"

But Lucinda did not hear him. She was hugging Beau Boy and crooning to him, "Oh, Beau Boy, I've always wanted you, and ——" She looked up at the young man with an excited smile. "Does he speak English?"

The young man did not get a chance to say "Pardon," as the general stood in the doorway, with a strategic blank smile on his face. Lucinda just ran to him and gave him a kiss.

"You honey boy! What a crazy way to give me a poodle!" She kissed him again.

The young man rose, looking a little bewildered, and Lucinda gave him a sweet but farewell smile.

"Thank you very much."

The young man bowed, went out the door opened by the general, and then Lucinda remembered the custom in Paris. She opened her handbag and ran out into the hall, pressing a bill into the young man's hand as he went out the door. Then she came back and snuggled Beau Boy.

"How awful we must go to the cocktail. But Rooney will look after him until we get back. Then we'll have our own cocktail party and invite Beau Boy." She kissed her Ivor again. "Now, darling, hustle into that Tux."

His valet was brushing the Tux when the general came into his dressing room.

"A shower," said the general, "very cold!"

On the way to the Avenue Foch, Lucinda held her Ivor's hand and bubbled in laughter and excitement about Beau Boy.

"Now, darling, you must give me the address of that dog shop in the morning. Then I'll go see that nice young man and find out all about Beau Boy—what he eats and —— I guess he'll need a shampoo every week. And a clip every month. Darling, when did you plan all this? But don't tell me now. Let's wait. . . . Oh, Paris looks wonderful tonight!"

The taxi pulled up in the beautiful avenue, and the general saw the alabaster glow of the Arc de Triomphe as in a dream. Where had that card come from? Who knew? How ——

But here he was, bowed in by a butler in livery to an elegant cocktail under the glittering chandeliers. The old duke bowed over Lucinda's hand, complimented her beauty, and they were in the throng in the salon. The general noticed that Captain Parigi was there, probably by right of his noble name, rather than his rank at Alcom.

Certainly, the general decided, Beau Boy had done something to Lucinda. She had men lingering like rainbows about a shining fly in a lake. She smiled when a young man bowed across the room, and went on laughing, until, suddenly, the general saw her start and glance again at the young man.

Just then, he felt the soft glove touch his hand. "My brave general!"

Right now, the general knew, he needed an ejection seat to shoot him through a chandelier and out into space.

"Countess," murmured the general, and saw Lucinda come over.

"My wife," breathed the general, introducing them, as they looked at each other with that measuring eye. But almost at once the old duke led the countess away. Lucinda had a tight hand on the general's arm as she looked over at the young man who had bowed.

"But that is the young man from the dog shop!" she gasped. "And I gave him five dollars! Why is he here?"

"Honey," said the general with a worldly smile, "when I go to a dog shop, I go to a good one—preferably one owned by a member of the French nobility."

"But I gave him five dollars!"

"At least twenty, my dear, when the dog wears mink, and the messenger is a marquis."

Lucinda's hand slipped down into his hand. Why, with a sophisticated husband like this —— Well, no wonder she felt so Parisienne this evening. Then she noticed the countess again.

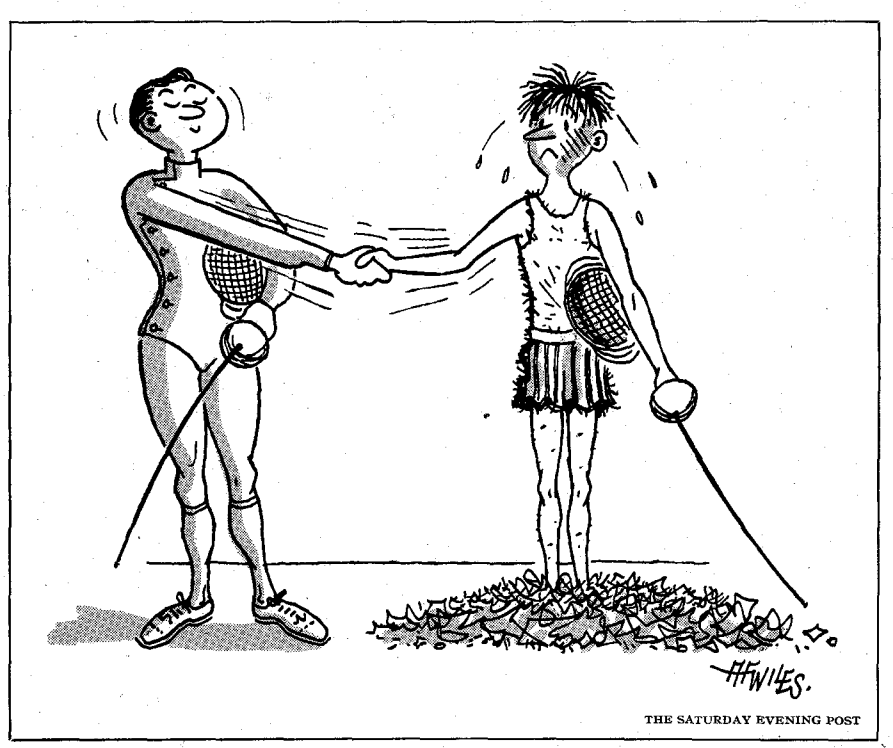
"I don't know the countess. Should I?"

"No, darling. I met her at a Maxim's dinner, when you were down at Cannes. I hope I got her name right. . . . I feel like a bourbon. There's a bar in the next room. . . . Oh, better go and talk with the ambassador's lady, honey; she's smiling at you."

There was only one thing to do now, and the general did it. He slipped ten dollars to a footman and told him to bring in a folded paper and say it was a telephone message for the general. Then he gulped a whisky, and came back into the salon to find Lucinda and the countess both approaching the duke's black poodle, Brummel, who had just come in to show his red silk Tuxedo to the party.

The general was there in three strides, and just in time. Lucinda smiled at the countess.

"Oh, what an elegant poodle! But not so sweet as mine." She giggled at the countess. "I've only just got him. And if you knew the crazy way Ivor gave me ——"



"*Mon général.*"

The general adroitly knocked the glass of champagne from Lucinda's hand as he turned to take the slip of paper from the footman, who then stooped to pick up the glass.

The general glanced at the paper and his eyes opened in alarm. "Honey, I must go. Urgent. Telephone." The footman wiped the champagne from the satin shoe of the countess. "I'm awfully sorry. . . . Honey, do you stay?"

"Oh, no, darling; I'll come with you." She smiled at the countess. "I'll call you. You must come to lunch and meet my ——"

"Honey, this is urgent!"

The general took her arm and turned to find himself looking into the eyes of Captain Parigi. Even in the rush, he noticed the curious smile in Parigi's eyes. Outside, they hailed a passing taxi, and the general gave their address.

"I'll call them from home. May be able to handle it on the telephone. Did that champagne ruin your dress, honey?"

"You can ruin just as much as you like," whispered Lucinda, snuggling close to that crazy man who had given her Beau Boy.

Captain Parigi smiled at the April sunlight and saw beauty in the swans on the lake. He took up the memorandum and went along to his general. For one reason or another, the general had not had much sleep last night, and had bolted early to avoid inquiries about the dog shop. He looked up stony-faced as Parigi laid the folder on his desk.

"Thank you, captain."

The captain looked out the window and sighed. The general looked up, as at the whoosh of a missile, at this astonishing sound.

"Something on your mind, captain?" asked the general dryly.

"Yes, sir. My leave."

"It is canceled." The general paused. "Apart from losing the jeep, it is not permissible that you should visit a lady while on a mission."

"Sir, there were special circumstances." The captain paused. "I was returning a dog. A poodle. He was lost, and carrying a card."

"Carrying a card? In his mouth?"

"No, sir. In a pocket of the jacket he wore. It asked the finder to bring him home. And I imagined the anxiety of a lady, maybe beautiful, waiting for a poodle to come home, and —— Well, Paris is Paris, sir."

The general cleared his throat and tried to wish the flush out of his face. "I see. Considering the—the special circumstances, I find I—I can cancel the cancellation, and —— That is all, captain."

Parigi wheeled, walked smartly to the door, saluted, then turned to open the door.

"Captain!"

Parigi wheeled again. "Sir?"

"Could you steal a dog, captain? Make him vanish?"

"Couldn't one just open the door, sir, and let him wander away?"

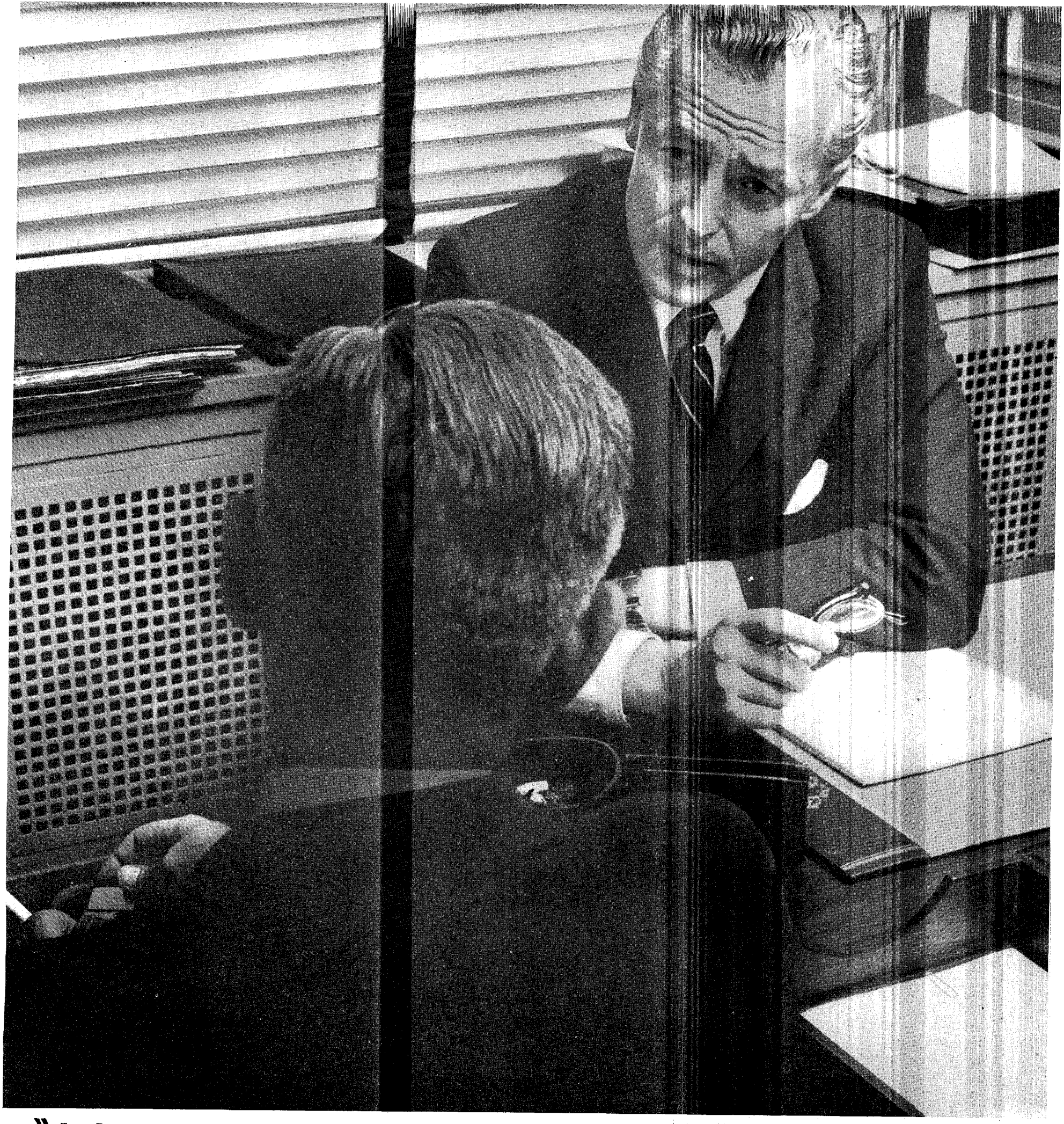
"Too dangerous, captain. This poodle might commute between a certain avenue and a certain boulevard. In fact, I am afraid he ought to vanish from Paris."

"Count on me, sir. He will vanish." Parigi paused. "I could give him to my fiancée as a wedding present, and then leave him over with her family in Washington. That would clear up the matter nicely, sir."

"Nicely, captain." The general grinned. "But I'd sure like to know how that poodle does in Washington!"

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"John, we're putting a new man in your territory"

They looked at John's record. It wasn't bad. But they looked at John, too. That's when they decided on a new man—one who would look better—and do better because he'd make the right impression on the right people. How about you? Does your appearance match your abilities? Do your clothes sell you up? Or down? Take a good critical look at yourself. And remember: your clothes never stop talking about you!

Dress Right—you can't afford not to!

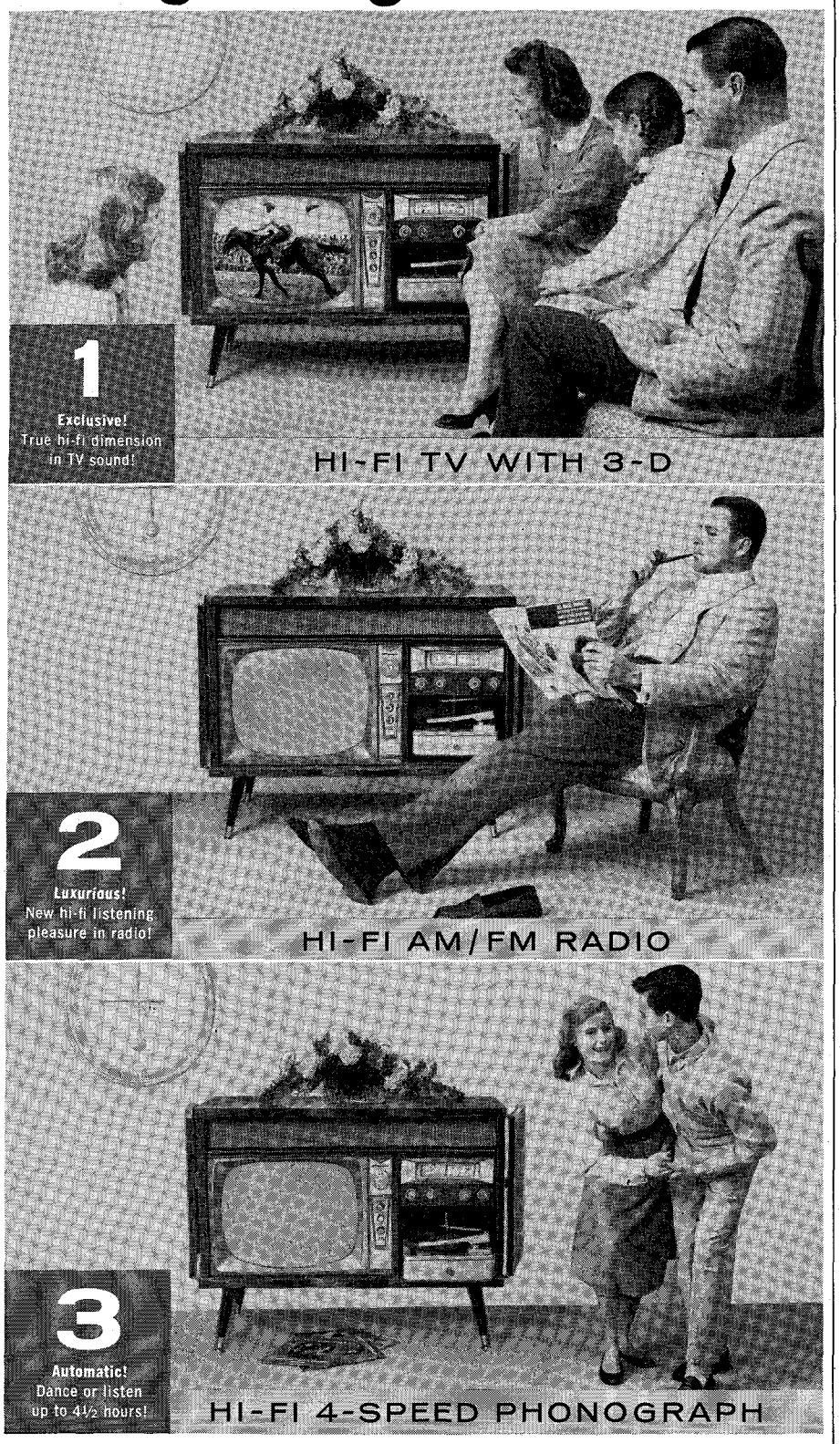
American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear ®

To Dress Right, shop at stores that display this symbol.

For booklet "How to Dress Right . . . What to Wear When," send 10 cents to cover cost of handling to the American Institute of Men's & Boys' Wear, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

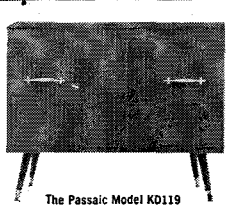
3-way family fun all in one!



all 3 for the price of TV alone!

Give your family *three* pleasure prizes in *one* beautiful "package." Own the newest and best in TV, radio, hi-fi...all three together...at a single modest price. Yours in luxurious Olympic decorator cabinets! 60 Traditional, Modern and Provincial stylings in genuine wood...walnut, mahogany, oak, maple, ebony!

Olympic
Division of the Siegler Corporation
22 YEARS
WORLD'S LEADER IN COMBINATIONS


The Passaic Model KD119

OLYMPIC RADIO & TELEVISION, 34-53 38th Avenue, Long Island City 1, N. Y.

☐ Send free literature on Olympic Combinations, Hi-Fi, Radios & Tape Recorders

☐ Send name of nearest Olympic dealer

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Mother Was a Problem

(Continued from Page 22)

cheek and the promise to be good and not cry when they left her and Joey at "grandmother's house."

"She doesn't like to be called grandmother," Jeff said, and since Nancy's attention was suddenly and completely devoted to her doll he added under his breath: "I wish she did."

His wife had no family left now and it seemed a pity for a little girl and boy to have no one called grandmother. Not that he was sentimental over cookie jars and good gray heads dozing in a rocking chair. His own grandmother was a fine vigorous old ruin poking into still older ruins most of her life and writing fairly good books about them in her Paris apartment. There was no nonsense about her and he suspected she harbored a well-bred dislike for the daughter-in-law who had become his mother; who did not want his children to call her anything but Rosalie. A more unsuitable name for her patrician beauty would be difficult to find.

The cement heat of the driveway was coming up through his shoes and he moved across the new lawn, past the scarecrow slivers of trees, newly planted, no taller than his six feet, and the tract salesman had almost lost the sale when he told Jeff: "In years to come they will spread sheltering branches over your grandchildren." It was a dismal thought; but the house was soundly built and a good buy; and if he ever earned as much as Ed Goodloe, his boss and district manager of the company, he'd go out and buy a full-grown maple or several birch trees and have them planted deep and strong. His grandchildren's trees were too melancholy to contemplate, and the whole leafless stretch of look-alike houses with their yards still raw and wounded by the subdivider's bulldozer filled him with a nameless oppression.

Everything was too new—exposed and precise—with the faint smell of fresh paint; and the harsh clatter of roller skates and small red wagons tearing up and down the streets. He looked at the heap of used brick he had bought because its color was mellow with age and he needed something more solid than a picket fence to frame his life; but it would take more than these bricks to give his house the solid, established look that he admired in Ed Goodloe's home—a stone and clapboard structure on an acre of hillside rich with plantings.

Jeff figured once more and still could not stretch the brick supply to include anything but a low wall to keep his children off the street. The wall was very much like everything else in his life, falling short of his higher plans.

He wondered if his emotions were normal: one moment gravely concerned over his children's safety and the next eagerly waiting for the relief of a Sunday afternoon without them.

Yesterday morning he had told Livvy what he wanted to do: ride up the coast and have dinner at the same inn where he'd asked her to marry him. It was near the fort where he had taken basic training. He'd met Livvy while she was visiting her uncle's small ranch nearby and Jeff thought it would be interesting to drive by and see what the new owners had done to the old place; and they'd go alone. That was important to him somehow; perhaps because something—the baby's cold last year or Nancy's measles the year before or Jeff's urgent trip out of town—always something intervened and the day of anniversary would come and go with neither of them saying how much it could have meant to them.

Livvy's face had seemed to bloom as he talked and then, even as she smiled and listened, he sensed the swarm of mother anxieties buzzing in her head, taking the honey and brightness from the whole idea. She was skeptical too. He could see that. Experience had warned her to reserve some of the soaring anticipation, bed it down, cover it from the unexpected frost.

She was a woman of wisdom and didn't mention any of her problems until she had tried all of yesterday, without suc-

"It's easy. I go down to my basement workshop, turn on the lathe, then quietly open a window . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cess, to solve the most important one: a baby-sitter as reliable as Mrs. Thornhill, who was in Arizona with her nephew's family and wouldn't be back for another week.

"We could postpone it till she returns," Livvy had suggested last night, but they both knew they didn't want to do that. Livvy was tired of compromise, as he was. His mother and Alice never compromised with their desires, no matter how shallow, no matter if Jeff and Livvy were inconvenienced by them.

A brief silence had followed Livvy's abandoned suggestion and when they spoke it was as if their inner thoughts had already communicated everything but the final decision: to break a five-year-old, unspoken resolve and ask his mother or sister to come out for a few hours on Sunday to stay with the children.

"What do you think, Livvy?"

She smiled and shook her head. "I'd rather not. Children seem to make your mother nervous."

"They'll be taking their naps." He waited for her next excuse.

"I imagine their weekend is busy as usual."

"As a matter of fact, it isn't. I made sure of that before I ——"

"You already asked them!"

"Not exactly. When I stopped by a few days ago I thought it might be a good idea to prepare them, give them a chance to get used to the idea." When Livvy didn't speak he went on, still skirting the true reason for her silence. "And they're willing."

Livvy lowered her eyes and spoke without expression. "Eager, you might say?"

"Now, Livvy," he said with mild reproach. "I'm sure they've often wondered why we didn't call on them before to help out with the children once in a while." And what a lie that was. They had never offered and he was too ashamed of their selfishness to discuss it with Livvy.

"I'm sure they have," Livvy murmured with a smile.

There was no malice in her. She was only reluctant to expose herself to a possible rebuff and he couldn't blame her. Family relations had never been strained because Livvy did not allow them to be, and it even seemed to amuse her on the occasions when Alice and his mother visited them, arriving in an elegant aura of expensive little suits and good perfume, with breathless apologies because they had just dashed from somewhere and were terribly late, darlings, for somewhere else. And they departed safely, having escaped the possible trap of baby-sitting for an hour and leaving a little trail of new toys in their wake.

"It means a lot to you, doesn't it Jeff—this ride up to the inn?"

His kiss was his answer. And she'd told him to get in touch with his mother then and be sure to explain that the children would undoubtedly sleep most of the afternoon and even if they did wake up they were unusually good.

"They're normal human kids, not angels," he laughed. "Don't apologize for them." And he'd made the arrangements, slightly altered because "that little house of yours isn't air conditioned, is it, Jeff?" and they'd be home all day so wouldn't it be wiser and more comfortable if the children were left with them in the big cool house? That way "we'll both be here and able to alternate watching them."

It had evoked in Jeff's mind a laughable picture of the two acting out the changing of the guard; and it dispelled his first reaction: that his unprecedented request had caught them off guard. He could almost hear Alice's soft martyred tone telling him at the end of the day that it was no trouble whatever; although she had declined an important dinner date "to make sure mother didn't overdo and become too exhausted."

Perhaps he was exaggerating. He hoped so. People did change, and Alice's friends had stopped repeating her witty comments about gullible and soft-hearted relatives who permitted the young parents in the family to impose on them. Some of these remarks surely had found their way back to Livvy, as they had to him. But it could be that Alice's short marriage had been a good one if she had learned to think occasionally of someone else. And it could be that his mother's work on the welfare board had broadened her tolerance of children; even developed an empathy for their parents. He wanted to be fair and hoped to find that her carefully cultivated public benevolence had unwittingly brushed off around her home. It was quite possible he had based his prejudice solely on past performance.

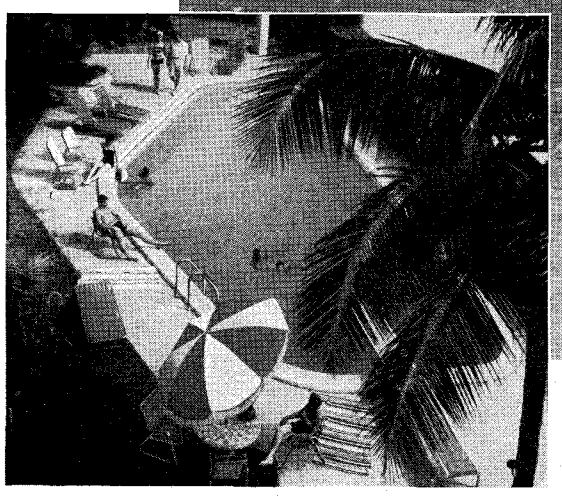
Yet a few minutes ago, the years of living with Alice and Rosalie Crowley had sent him furtively into the house to dial their number, while Livvy was dressing.

Instinct and reason both needed reassuring. He had tried to check with them, to make sure nothing had happened at the last minute to change the plan.

It was too late now to call again. Livvy was beckoning him to the patio and he hurried toward her, his heart lifting at the sight of her, so alive and glowing. She was dressed in something he hadn't seen before, with touches of white at her throat. She laughed at him with sudden shyness.

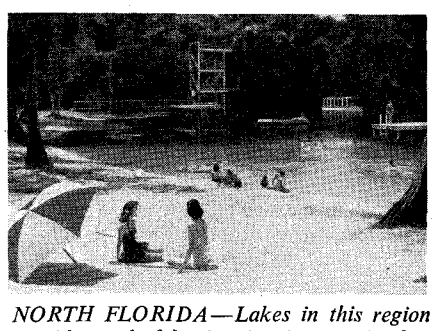
"Say something, you idiot."

INDIAN RIVER REGION— Family scene at one of the secluded and uncrowded beaches in this section.



GULF STREAM COAST—Swimming pools plus miles of sunny, sandy beaches make the southeast coast unsurpassed for bathing.

WEST COAST— Dad makes like a real skin diver in the Gulf of Mexico. This area also features snow-white, sandy beaches.



NORTH FLORIDA—Lakes in this region provide wonderful swimming, inexpensive fun. This one is in a state park near Gainesville.

Come, soak up some health— swim in Florida waters!

You'll feel wonderful, yet spend no more than ordinary vacations cost

The welcome mat is out in Florida and fun and health are yours for the taking. Slip into buoyant salty surf along sun-drenched Florida shores. Feel your mood brighten — your spirits soar. Relax on warm, friendly sands and toast tensions away.

Kindly, beneficial waters are everywhere. In inland Florida crystal-clear lakes and springs provide the finest bathing, boating, water sports and fishing you'll find anywhere.

You'll see vivid subtropic nature, too. Wild orchids, towering palms, many brilliantly colored flowers.

Go boating or skiing—or if it's big-game thrillers you're after, you find 'em all—tarpon, sail, dolphin and dozens of others... down either coast for miles and miles.

There's no pleasanter way to rejuvenate than "toning" up in Florida. For all its benefits, you need spend no more than on an ordinary vacation.

Florida

YEAR 'ROUND LAND OF GOOD LIVING

FREE! NEW 100-PAGE FLORIDA VACATION GUIDE

Most complete Florida guide ever available. Information packed. 143 color illustrations. Maps. What to see... do — all over Florida. MAIL COUPON NOW!

State of Florida • Room 1703-G
Commission Building, Tallahassee, Florida

Please send new 100-page Florida Vacation Guide.

Name _____

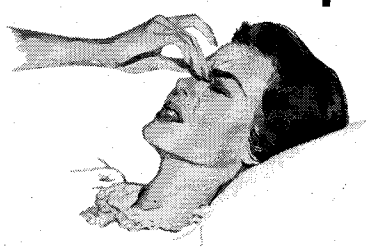
Address _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

EXECUTIVES: For full factual story on Florida industrial advantages, write: Development Commission, Dept. T, on your business letterhead

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stuffed Nose Wake You Up?



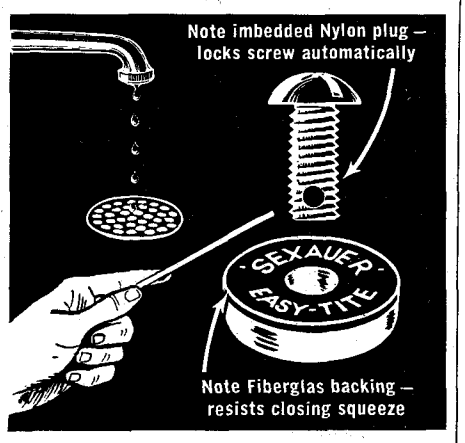
Just 2 Drops and Soon...

Sweet Dreams!

Brings you hour after hour relief . . . while you sleep!

When a cold fills up your nose and spoils sleep—open your nose fast with Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops. Breathe again...so you can sleep again.

VICKS® VA-TRO-NOL®
NOSE DROPS


Note imbedded Nylon plug — locks screw automatically
SEXAUER
EASY-TITE
Note Fiberglas backing — resists closing squeeze

Why Faucets Leak

★ **9 out of 10 washers are fastened with screws TOO LONG or SHORT. The screws quickly loosen; the loosened washers are destroyed thru grind and squeeze of opening and closing faucets.**

★ **NEW (Patented) 'Sexauer' SELF-LOCK Monel screws, with an imbedded expanding NYLON PLUG, lock at the required depth AUTOMATICALLY, hold washers firmly!**

★ **Used with NEW 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE washers, this combination outlasts past faucet repairs "6-to-1"! EASY-TITES are made of special, non-rubber du Pont compound that resists HOTTEST water. Reinforced like a tire with a layer of Fiberglas, they resist splitting despite repeated closing squeeze!**

Faucet leaks are *costly!* One PIN-HOLE SIZE LEAK wastes 8000 gal. water quarterly. If a HOT WATER FAUCET, water and fuel bills jump $7.58 QUARTERLY . . . *proof that faucet leak repairs pay for themselves!*

WRITE FOR NAME of your local plumber who offers over 3000 "SEXAUER" TRIPLE-WEAR plumbing repair parts. He is selected as the "1-in-10" best qualified to reduce water and fuel bills while adding greater comfort to your home.

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., INC., DEPT. AS-18
2503-05 Third Ave., New York 51, N. Y.

SEXAUER
SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE-WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

He let out a low whistle, closed his eyes and shook his head with wordless adoration.

"Joey's in the high chair." She held open the door as he passed through, and came out with the pink-cheeked lump of dimples. "His car seat is in the garage."

"We don't need it for such a short drive."

"I'd hate to crush my new dress."

Jeff installed the baby in the middle of the front seat. "Look at that. Sits up like a man." He closed the car door after Livvy, then leaned through the open window to kiss her ear.

"Jeff," she said, "had we better call them first?"

"What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. They could be tired or—something." She was voicing his own qualms of a moment ago and he now rejected them with unnecessary firmness.

"They're expecting us!" He felt suddenly free, as if he weren't so different from the fellows in his display crew who sometimes took their wives with them on the road because "the folks have the kids for the week."

He felt the need to communicate this new, tenuous acceptance of his family. "Livvy, it's all right," he said. "Stop worrying. I'm beginning to think we both underestimated them. If it's those smart-aleck cracks of Alice's—well, you know her and her crowd, ready to pillory anybody and everything if it gets a laugh."

"I guess I dislike asking favors, that's all." The sunlight caught in her hair as she turned to smile. "Independent me, remember?"

"Sure. You and the Fourth of July." He drew his finger along the curve of her chin. "Big tough woman."

He slid behind the wheel and five minutes after leaving the house, joined the lunatic streams of freeway traffic.

Was it possible, he wondered, to be completely honest with another person? He wanted to erase any wrong impressions Livvy had about his family, for in the telling of incidents he might have unconsciously favored his own role. How could he tell her that what appeared to be irresponsibility in his sister was due to his mother's vanity? Although Alice had been married and divorced and would no doubt repeat the process in due time, her mother clung to the Alice of the senior prom. Beaux came and disappeared, and when a new one was flushed into the open there was always a nervous flurry to bag him.

He told Livvy this and tried to give her an unembellished idea of his embarrassment over their frantic activities; over all the temporary inflations of emotion and the lack of balance, for they were concerned with nothing more permanent than the new shipment of fabrics, committee rivalries, the new style show, the teas and charity parties, the next dinner and Alice's new man. "To them it's life. They'd be lost doing anything else," he explained, although he was sure Livvy knew a great deal more than he thought. He restrained himself from sounding pompous, but he wanted to add, *You can't get too annoyed with people if you try to understand them.*

Within the next ten minutes he had to remind himself that it was more than a cliché.

They turned into a narrow, unhurried side street, drove through a gap in the dense shrubs and into the curved drive of his mother's ugly square house. Nancy always said it was a giant refrigerator.

A gleaming sports car was parked ahead, and in the far arc of the drive stood a station wagon. A white-coated houseboy peered out at them from the open door and disappeared. Jeff jumped out of the car and lifted Nancy to the ground. She started for the house as Jeff set the playpen on the lawn.

He was about to help Livvy with the baby when his mother, slender and smiling, hurried out of the house and without pausing, caught Nancy's hand and came to the car, brushing Livvy's cheek with her own.

"Dear, dear children," she exclaimed. "This is delightful! And how pretty you are, Olivia; prettier every time I see you. Do come in." Yet she made no move away from the car, but continued her litany of amenities. The words were unimportant to Jeff, but there was something reminiscent in the tone.

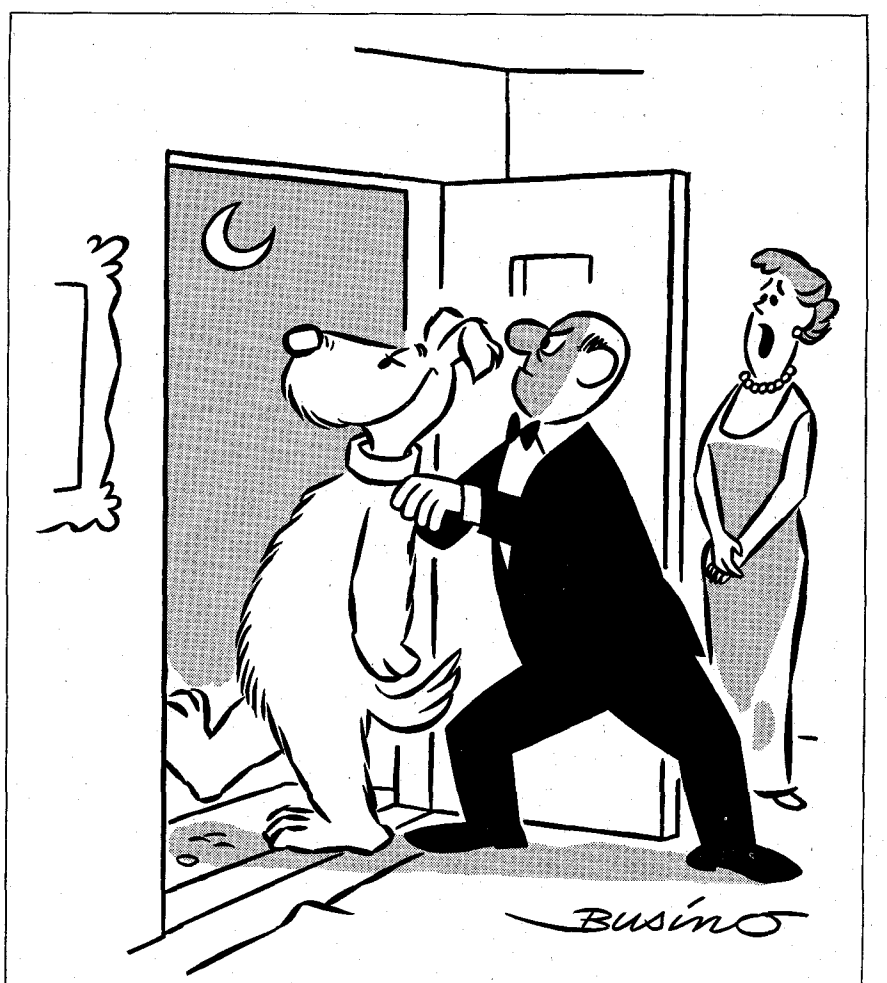
He turned away as he often turned from the distraction of a stage performer to appreciate the nuances of his artistry better; and the voice of his mother came to him out of small scenes, faintly at first, then with stronger identity. It was the hallmark of her diplomacy; the clear simplicity with the unstudied pause, so carefully practiced. He must have heard it a hundred times before he named it for what it was. She was a younger widow then, but no less extravagant and, having mismanaged the small but comfortable income from the estate, was without funds temporarily to pay urgent bills. Without phrasing a demand—she was incapable of crudity—she could turn the balance of responsibility to others, manipulate their sensibilities to a point where everyone, in his own way morally and financially, assumed her obligations. She had mortgaged the house, but bravely decided that Jeff should continue his studies at the university at all cost. She meant to sacrifice anything for that. Yet he found himself leaving school and giving her the money set aside many years before to cover his education. It was a tribute to Rosalie Crowley's skill that he insisted she accept it.

She did so with graceful reluctance, saying: "Remember, dear, this is only a loan"—a phrase repeated by her and Alice many times in the years that followed. They prided themselves on being scrupulously honest in business dealings, and they were; but by some fantastic reasoning of their own, Jeff's contributions to their separate ease of living had been long forgotten. He was just family. Someone to call at any time of the day or night when they got into difficulties, like a plumber. Livvy had once told him he should be listed in the yellow pages. She didn't know the half of it, he thought grimly. When he had needed extra cash to pay for Nancy's arrival he had to borrow it from Ed Goodloe.

Music was coming from the big white atrocity he had paid for and he heard the laughter of a man. Alice obviously had visitors. It took no great mind to add that fact to his mother's performance and sum it up as another encore of the Crowley girls. He had heard the tune, now he was prepared for the words, and turned back to listen to his mother.

She was telling Livvy what a hectic morning it had been. To begin, she and Alice had put away much of the bric-a-brac on which the little darlings could possibly have cut themselves. (Meaning: the children might have broken some worthless piece of glass or reached, entranced, for the forgotten little music box in the cupboard.) And then there had been Louise Tupper's desperate telephone call for help. Louise was such a dear sweet friend (an acidulous but influential gorgon with international social-business contacts) and there was simply nothing to do but help her out; which meant, to Jeff, that Louise had dangled the bait and Alice leaped upstream to snatch it.

Louise's apartment, it seemed, was exquisite, but too small to accommodate the unexpected visitors (men, acceptable appearance, money, seeking companionship attractive young woman 28-32 named Alice, reward (*Continued on Page 66*)



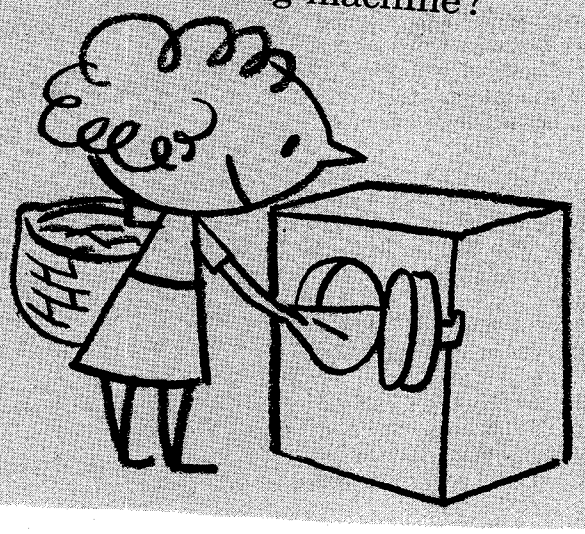
"Let's hope our guests never find out why we ran out of punch so early."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

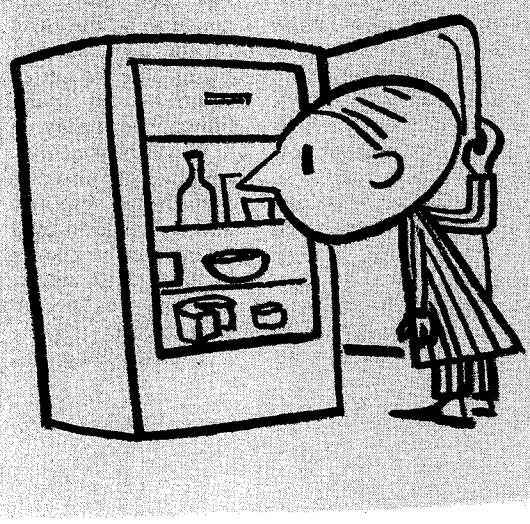
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which would you give up?

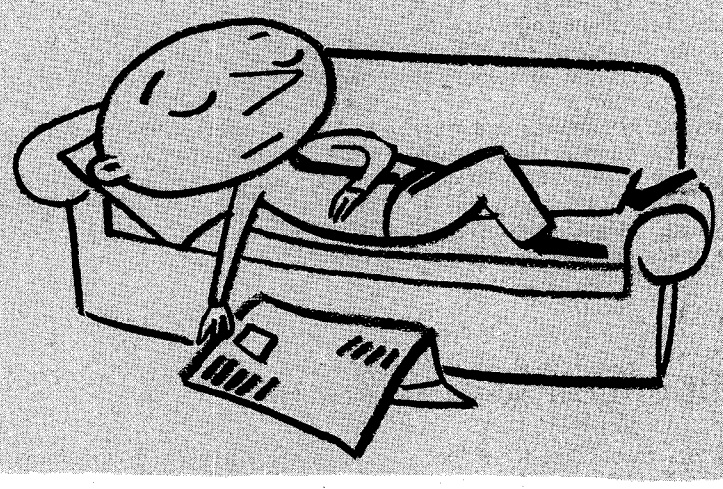
1. Your washing machine?



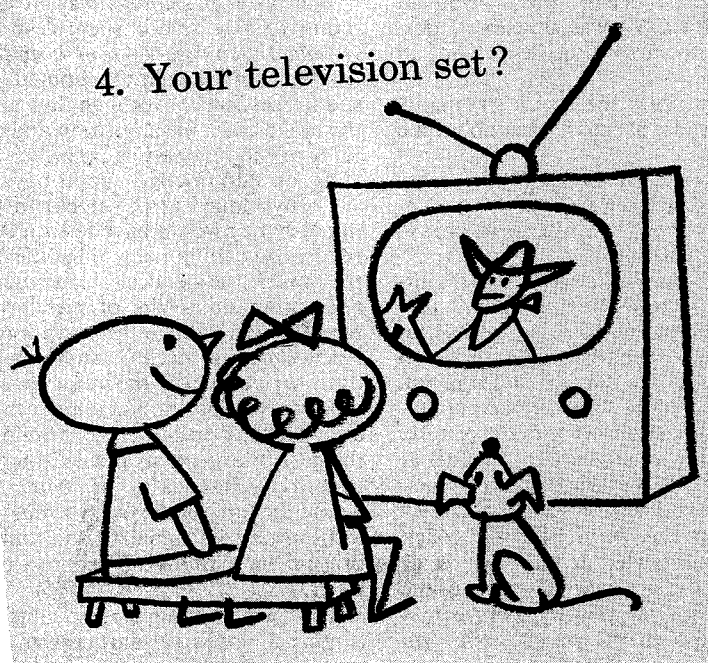
2. Your refrigerator?



3. Your furniture?



4. Your television set?



Suppose all your home's furnishings were destroyed. Is the amount of insurance you carry on your household contents enough to cover the loss? If not, which items would you be forced to do without?

When you need advice about insurance, ask your independent local agent or broker. He can help you decide just how much insurance you need on your home and its contents as well as on other property you own.

When you buy insurance, insist on Stock Company Insurance. It's known for *quality* protection, with *full-time* service. **And remember: if you're not *fully* insured—it's not enough!**

NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS *An organization serving the Public and the Capital Stock Insurance Companies since 1866*

85 John Street, New York 38, N. Y., 222 West Adams Street, Chicago 6, Ill., 465 California Street, San Francisco 4, Cal.

CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY INSURANCE
Standard protection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 64*) offered if found: eventual alimony.) They were on a quick business-and-pleasure flight from South America. Louise could send over her houseboy to help with cocktails and all that if only the Crowleys would be such darlings.

"And of course," Rosalie sighed, and the bracelets on her thin wrist jingled with the gesture of despair, "you and Jeff know how impulsive and amiable Alice is. I keep telling her she lives too much for other people."

The little smile on Livvy's face was strained but valiant as she struggled with his mother's double talk and the rubber joints of the baby, who had climbed to her shoulder and was reaching across for Rosalie's earrings.

"Then you have a houseful," Livvy said without glancing at Jeff, as if she dared not.

His mother did not play chess, but she could have invented the game. She had thrown in the remark about Alice as an opening gambit and let Livvy make the next move.

"Then you have a houseful" was a potent sentence, coming from Livvy. It was only a minor premise, but the conclusion was implied and clear enough to Jeff. His own syllogism would have been more direct: 1. Eligible men and rich friends are welcome here. 2. My children are not men and they are not rich. 3. Therefore, my children are not welcome here and let us get the hell out!

But Livvy's words did very nicely for the moment. They exonerated the black queen, conceded the game and swept the board clean. Livvy wanted to pack up her husband and kids and go home. She wasn't playing any more.

"We want you to come in and meet everyone," said his mother, moving away from the car door at last. "They'll adore the babies, and one of the men is in advertising—Buenos Aires, I believe. It could be a good connection for you, Jeff —— Jeff? What are you doing?"

"The white knight moves," Jeff said, ignoring his mother's puzzled expression. He took two casual steps on the drive, another to the side and stood on the green square of lawn where the playpen lay.

• •

Winter's House

By R. H. Grenville

Winter keeps a tidy house,
Is unobsessed with things.
Her ponds and pools are
chastely bright;
No leafy curtain swings
Between her quiet pewter
sky
And plain, uncluttered
floor.
She keeps no cricket on the
hearth,
No wild rose at the door.
But should you lift her
carpets—those
Thick broadlooms of the
snow—
You'd find the hasty
sweepings of
Her windy broom below.

• •

He put it back into the car and called Nancy, who came running. "Get in, princess. We're leaving."

"You're being childish, darling. We want very much to have you in ——"

"We wanted very much to leave our children with you for two or three short hours so we could celebrate our anniversary."

"Of course, dear. Congratulations. Now come in and have a drink at least."

He was beginning to show his anger. "Do you mean you want these youngsters on your hands with all South America charging around in there?"

"I promised you, didn't I?" Her eyes were wide with sweet virtue. The little game was over, she had won and now she was distributing candy to the poor. She was bargaining for their good will after she had conquered. It was the small venalities of behavior that revolted him. He disliked his mother intensely in this moment. He wanted to show her up; quote her sins in chapter and verse and add to her account the scrubby little trees in his bare back yard, and the brick wall that wouldn't be more than two feet high. He wanted to shout out to Alice that martinis and mambos couldn't hide her corrupt little cruelties and it was time both of them heard the truth.

". . . And Alice has told this Juan Somebody-or-Other all about you," his mother was saying. "Your sister is really proud of you, Jeff. She finally remembered how you hated to be called an advertising executive, so she'll introduce you ——"

"Why shouldn't I hate it? It isn't true. I'm supervisor of district display. A fancy, empty title. It means my crew carries out my ideas and if they don't I go into shops and windows myself and build up some art for Bligh's Coffee!" He knew his voice was becoming sharp and loud, but he didn't care. "I'm a window trimmer. Why can't she ever say, 'Boys, here's my brother and he's not the success you are, but he's a first-rate window trimmer!' Anything wrong in that?"

She touched his arm lightly. "Darling, of course not. You shouldn't be ashamed of your job."

He opened his mouth, closed it again. What was the use? Anything he said, any points he wanted to drive into her sealed and contented world would be futile; his words were only duck feathers in a high wind.

"In fact, Jeff, your sister was just telling this man what a fine eye you have for line and color. Let me think how she put it." There was a little pause while she pondered.

Livvy spoke very quietly from the car: "The da Vinci of the coffee cans?"

"Yes!" His mother's face brightened and she gave Livvy a look of new respect. "How clever of you, Olivia. How did you guess?"

The blandest of expressions illumined Livvy's face. "I don't really know," she said with convincing wonder. "Something just came over me."

He was smiling before he knew it, and a great surge of laughter came up through the knotted tension within him. As if she had conducted a symphony to a successful conclusion without knowing the score, his mother beamed with approval. And Livvy abandoned her counterfeit innocence with a mischievous twitch of her eyebrow.

"Now then," his mother said briskly, "do come in."

Jeff didn't take his gaze off Livvy. She had picked up Joey with firm hands and plumped him down in her lap. She was ready to go—anywhere—with him.

"Some other time, mother." He was a little surprised by the gentleness in his voice. He didn't know what had happened to all his anger. Even the little inn up the coast seemed not to matter too much, and he certainly didn't want his children with anybody but Livvy and himself, not today.

As he backed out of the driveway he caught a glimpse of his mother watching them from the porch. She raised a hand and waved good-by. From the expression on her face he knew she was convinced—in fact, had never doubted for one moment—that everything had turned out for the best.

The odd thing was, it really had.

Moment of Fear (Continued from Page 27)

you explain to someone like the skipper that fear inside you that was like a physical pain, numbing your mind and turning your insides into a trembling jelly of nausea? He said lamely, "Well, right now, sir, there's no other copilot available to you with enough experience to replace me, anyway. You don't want to jeopardize the efficiency of your crew by putting on an inexperienced man, do you?" He hoped it would be an adequate argument, because the skipper was a mature airman with a "professional-crew" fixation, and a deep wariness of green youngsters.

But the older man snorted. "You've been flying with me for almost three years," he said irascibly. "You're a good copilot, with a solid grasp of the fundamentals. If we could pinpoint this—this thing you're developing, and get rid of it, with a little intensive training you'd soon be ready to check-out for a command of your own."

Corby drew a deep breath. "I don't want a command, sir." He avoided the older man's puzzled stare. "Let's just say I'm not ready for the responsibility yet."

"Ready, hell, lieutenant!" the skipper snapped. "Let's just say you're afraid of it!"

"Yes, sir," Corby agreed tonelessly, "let's just say that."

There had been a marked coolness in the skipper's manner after that, the withdrawal of a man from one who has let him down. Andre's manner was calmly impersonal, but it was a good guess he shared the skipper's disappointment in Corby.

Corby liked and respected the skipper. He came, a time or two, to the verge of attempting to explain, but he'd never been any good with words. He thought maybe Maeve had come near, almost understanding, perhaps without quite realizing it, the night she had told him she was through.

". . . not angry, Johnny, not bitter; just—finished. It isn't even because you ran out on me. Actually, you ran out on yourself, and you'll go on running, because you're afraid of things—of life, of love and marriage, of your work. Most of all, I think, of your work!"

That had stung his pride. "You're not being fair, Maeve! I'll fly anything with wings on it, and you know it!"

"I do know." There had been sudden tears in her eyes. "But you'd so much rather fly alone."

Andre struggled back to his seat in the nose, forcing his stocky frame into the cramped, map-littered observer's position. His oxygen mask hid his expression, and there was nothing in his voice as he said, "Well, what now?"

Corby cursed bitterly into his own mask without pressing the mike switch. *You may ask—you may just damn well ask.* They were still four hours from coast-in at Newfoundland. According to the last weather report, Harmon Air Force Base was above minimums, but would require an instrument letdown. Corby checked his fuel curve. Whether they could make the coast was debatable, and in any case they could not make a letdown on the remaining fuel. Corby looked at the clock on the instrument panel. The KC-97 was due to rendezvous with them in little less than an hour.

As if he read the younger man's thoughts, Andre asked, "What about the tanker?"

Corby moistened his lips. "I've never made a hookup on my own."

Andre retorted, "Hasn't there always got to be a first time?"

"A dry hookup"—Corby's voice tightened—"with an instructor behind you telling you what you're doing wrong and how to correct it. Not at night and from the back seat!" He felt sick and trapped. A couple of Andre's lightning computations should have shown him the picture. He knew how jet engines gulped fuel at low altitudes. If they let down to refueling altitude and were unsuccessful, they wouldn't get anywhere near the coast. Corby's skin crawled at the prospect of ditching. In the supercooled waters of the North Atlantic, at this time of year, a man's life expectancy would be about two minutes.

Dryly, Andre commented, "Suppose we stay up here and try to make the coast. With Air Rescue Service alerted, you and I would stand a fair chance, bailing out, but what about the skipper?"

The younger man was silent, considering the too-obvious answer. Badly burned, in shock, in this subzero air the skipper would be dead before he ever reached the ground.

The taste of sickness was in Corby's mouth. *Sir*, he said in silent despair, *this is what I didn't want—lives in my hands.*

"All right!" he almost shouted it, with sudden savagery. "We'll go down and hit the tanker. Get me a position and a good ETA to the rendezvous point."

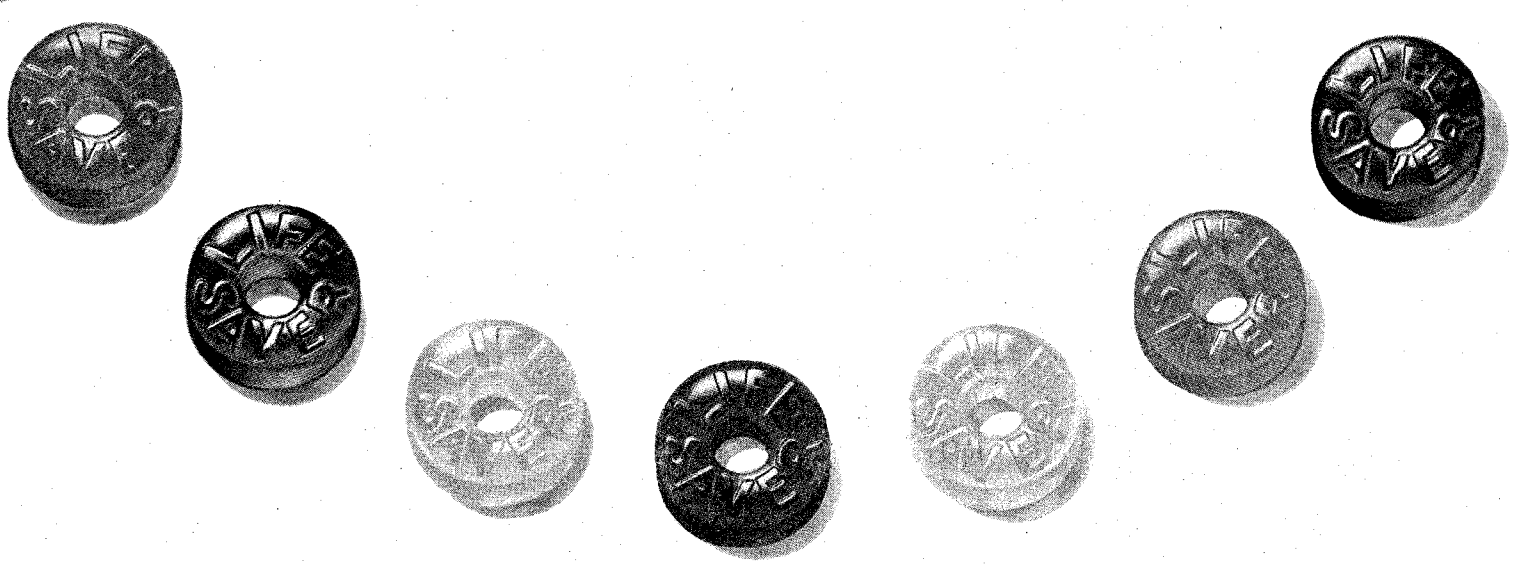
Andre said briefly, "Good boy."

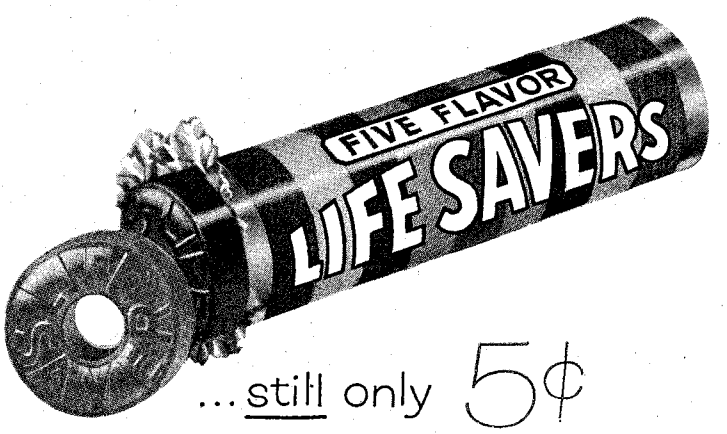
Corby looked at the clock. In twenty minutes they would have to turn on their rendezvous equipment, their life line to the tanker, the slender thread connecting two infinitesimal bits of metal winging separate ways above the vast, unmarked reaches of the ocean. Andre, hunched over his charts on the observer's desk, plotting their position at regular intervals and directing their course, would guide them to the general area of the prearranged rendezvous point. After that it would be up to the rendezvous radar, transmitting its signal to the tanker, to bring them within visual contact of each other.

The light had faded now. Outside the canopy almost total darkness enveloped them. Above, there was no moon to contest the brilliancy of the blue-white stars etched into the ebony dome in their familiar patterns, the faithful signposts of voyagers of all ages who had passed this way. Below, (*Continued on Page 68*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holesome–est
sweets in town!





The candy with the hole ...still only 5¢

THE TRADE-MARK 'LIFE SAVERS' IDENTIFIES 'THE CANDY WITH THE HOLE' MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY BEECH-NUT LIFE SAVERS, INC. IN THE U. S. A. AND AFFILIATES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 66*) Corby could barely discern the dark, rolling decks of clouds which blanketed the threatening waters. In contrast, the red glow from the instruments filled the cockpit with an illusion of warmth.

Corby checked the fuel gauges and brought the curve up to date, he checked his engine instruments and made some small power adjustments.

Satisfied that everything was normal, he asked Andre, "Can you get me a position for the hour?"

Andre's voice was calm and unhurried now, as unconcerned as if he had been speaking to the skipper, and for the moment Corby relaxed, a bit of the tension easing out of his tired muscles.

It was strange how there was no time for thinking about Maeve, yet the thought of her rode with him, the sound of her voice kept drifting about him. He had known her for two years, had loved her almost from the moment he met her. More than anything in the world he had wanted her, that small golden girl with the ready laughter and the warm, quiet voice, but he had run out on her. It was what Maeve had called it, and the description was too close for comfort. He hadn't left her waiting at the church—nothing so crude as that—but they'd been engaged, the wedding date set, and he had panicked, he'd said perhaps they should wait.

How did you explain to anyone the inward, nameless things which plagued you? Maeve was young and lovely; she had parents who adored and protected her. What would her world be, married to a jet jockey whose life expectancy was nothing to put down bets on, who was here today, across the world tomorrow? There'd be babies; Maeve had said more than once that she wanted a houseful. Maybe she'd even die, bearing a child of his. *The way mom died bearing Davey.*

Corby pulled his mind back and tried to concentrate on remembering details of conversations he had listened to in the crew lounge concerning the problems encountered during air-refueling checkouts. Overcontrol, that was the beginner's besetting sin, according to the old hands. Learn to relax, they said; make a lot of small corrections instead of a few large ones.

How bright the stars were! Like a Texas sky. Tired anger warmed him, anger with himself for the vague homesickness which threaded through him. To think of home was to think of other things best forgotten—things he had never been able to talk about to anyone, not even to Maeve. His father, alone and lonely on a wind-swept Texas ranch. His mother, dead these many years. His brother, Davey.

Davey was dead too. He had died on a peaceful, sunlit morning, a small, terrified boy drowning in the racing stream into which he had tumbled, dying with no outcry loud enough to reach the ears of his older brother, who lay on the bank just around the bend of the stream, his attention divided between his fishing pole and the book he was reading.

How did you forget things like that? Or, failing to forget, how did you learn to live with the memory? The way Davey's face had looked, small and white and so oddly at peace. His father's voice, shouting in rage and yet breaking on the edge of tears. *You were responsible for him.* Hurting things propelled from him by an unendurable grief. *Your mother died bringing that child into the world; now he's gone because of your carelessness.*

Things he hadn't really meant, but none of them could be unsaid, and for the father and the only son remaining there could be no turning back, never any real forgetting. Ten years ago, it had been, and still the memory was razor-sharp. His father had been remorseful. *I was out of my mind with sorrow, boy; you forget them things I said.* He tried to make it up, offering the best it lay within his power to give. All the things a kid wants, in turn—a motorcycle, a car, good schooling. *Forgive me,* that was what he was saying, and the boy, as inarticulate as the father, had no way of saying that it was himself he could never forgive. Between father and son the wide, sad gulf remained, and within himself the boy walked alone.

All his life he had dreamed of flying, to be master of one of those sleek, shining creatures of the air. But alone—what Maeve had said was true. Not with the lives of other men riding on his shoulders. It was a form of cowardice he could not define, and he wondered dully what name a head-shrinker would give it.

Andre's voice crackled on the interphone: "At two-three-five-five Zulu we were at fifty-five north and thirty-three forty-six west. Estimating the rendezvous point at zero-zero-three-zero Zulu."

"Roger." Corby flipped his jack-box control and gave their position to Oceanic Control. Switching back to the command set, he heard the tanker calling. There was an unusually long dead air space after he told the tanker pilot of their problem. Then:

Statistics indicate that the average family could use more money than it is getting—and usually does.

VESTA M. KELLY

"Streetcar, this is Doughnut. We'll do all we can for you. Turn on your rendezvous equipment at this time, please. Over."

"Roger, stand by." And he told Andre, "Turn on your rendezvous equipment."

There was a lengthy pause; then he heard Andre's suddenly irate voice, "That short must have burned it out! I can't get a flicker!"

Corby's mind went blank for an instant, then stirred to life with a kind of impotent rage. Here was one hell of a fix! Without rendezvous equipment there would be no rendezvous; it was simple as that. After four hours of nothing but celestial navigation, the best navigator in the business would consider a fifty-mile error something to be proud of. Fifty miles meant nothing when you were shooting for a point on the coast or even looking for an island. It was well within range of radio and other navigation aids, but when you were looking for another plane, fifty miles might as well be five hundred.

He asked Andre evenly, "How good was our last fix?"

"All right, as far as I could tell. You're not thinking of trying for a visual rendezvous, are you?"

"What's left to try?"

"Hell's bells, man, it's been four hours since I've had a radar fix! Even if I come out within ten miles and three minutes, it would take more pure luck than twenty-twenty vision to find that tanker! I won't even guarantee ten miles, but —— Well, look, let me recheck it."

"No time. You'd better check on the skipper, then crawl into his seat. We've got a predescent list to go through."

Corby waited—for a long time, it seemed. It was funny about time; it seemed to spin out endlessly, yet you were amazed to discover that only moments had passed. He wasn't so scared any more. Not that there wasn't reason for being scared, with the odds all against them, but they weren't in this predicament through any error or carelessness of his own. He'd make a good, clean try at recovery, and if he failed, at least it would be a good, clean failure.

He saw Andre's helmet bob up beyond his instrument panel as the other climbed from the aisle into the front cockpit. While he was buckling himself in, Corby called the tanker.

"Doughnut, this is Streetcar. Our rendezvous set is out; we'll use visual procedure. Estimating the rendezvous point at three-zero, starting descent at two-three. Are you ready to depart your orbit?"

There was a moment of startled silence before the tanker pilot answered, "I hope you know what you're doing, old buddy. You got enough juice to make Harmon if you don't find us?"

"Negative. But we'll find you, if you're there." Corby grinned tightly, wishing he felt as certain as he sounded.

"Roger, we'll be there. We got a good radar fix from a vessel about fifteen minutes ago."

At least that was one variable out of the way, Corby thought gratefully. Now a lot depended on Andre, for the moment. He looked at the big man in front of him and felt an unwonted warmth. Andre was professional crew, right down to his finger tips. He had spent hours, after he preflighted his own equipment, sticking around helping Corby with his own preflight, reading the check list while Corby ticked off the various items. *He's no pilot,* Corby thought, *but he probably knows that front seat better than I do.*

When they had checked the predescent list, Corby checked the time. Three minutes to go. He asked Andre to check the cabin pressure gauge. He was going over in his mind everything he had heard the skipper say, everything he had heard or read about refueling techniques, thinking of the hookups he had sat through behind the skipper, trying to remember every detail.

"Thirty seconds to start descent," Andre warned.

"Doughnut, this is Streetcar," Corby called, "starting descent in fifteen seconds on a true course of two-six-zero degrees."

"Roger."

Corby felt a brief sense of strange exhilaration. He said, almost gaily, into the interphone, "Captain Andre, sir, be my guest," and he heard Andre laugh.

"I'm with you, lieutenant."

When the second hand was straight up, he pushed the nose down and reduced power. He must hold his air speed and rate of descent constant; any variation could nullify whatever navigational accuracy Andre might have attained. The tanker, with its accurate radar fix, would be over that nebulous point on the ocean's surface marked only by a set of co-ordinates on a chart, in precisely seven minutes on the same heading they were holding. Assuming Andre's last fix was completely accurate, they had started descent at a point computed to insure their arrival at refueling altitude directly over this same point at the same time. The problem now was to eliminate as many variables as possible and then pray that Andre's navigational error was small enough so that they would be able to see the tanker's lights.

At twenty-four thousand the stars blinked out and they descended into the cloud layer. Immediately there was severe turbulence and it was all Corby could do to fly instruments accurately. Andre was calling out each thousand-foot level as they passed through it, like a veteran co-pilot. Just after he called eighteen thousand they broke into the clear.

"Doughnut, this is Streetcar." Corby breathed more easily as the turbulence dissipated. "Passing through seventeen thousand in the clear. Is your rotating beacon on?"

"Affirmative. We are over the rendezvous point. Do you have us in sight?"

"Negative." Corby leveled off at fifteen thousand and brought the power up to ninety-six per cent r.p.m. He told Andre, "Get your head and eyes moving; cover every inch of space by areas."

There was only enveloping blackness. The elusive speck of light which could mean the difference between safe landing at Harmon or the freezing waters below was not to be found.

Corby queried, "Can you fire a flare, Doughnut?"

"Roger, firing white flare now."

Corby and Andre stared into the blackness and Corby fought down a sickening sense of disappointment. A flare should be clearly visible for twenty miles or so.

Andre's voice said calmly, "Well, the odds said we couldn't hit within fifty miles of the tanker."

"To hell with the odds!" and: "No luck, Doughnut. Try another one."

"Roger, firing now."

Nothing. Stubbornness and despair battled in Corby. He racked the plane over in a steep bank and stared out behind—and then he saw it, the white star falling through the blackness!

"We have you in sight, Doughnut!" he shouted jubilantly. "About twenty miles at five o'clock. Hold your heading! I'm going to make a three-sixty-degree turn to get on your tail."

A few minutes later he eased in behind the tanker and tried to unwind a little while Andre went through the prefueling check list.

"Keep your eye on him," Corby said. "I won't even be able to see him from back here until we're almost in contact position."

A tough break, on his own for his first hookup at that, and making it from the rear seat, where he couldn't even see the direction lights on the tanker.

"Two degrees left," said Andre. Corby made the correction, then checked the fuel gauges. They had been dropping steadily. There'd be little margin for trial and error.

A new voice entered his earphones now. "Hello, Streetcar, this is the boom operator. How do you read me?"

"Loud and clear." Corby tried to push his helmet back so he could wipe his forehead on his sleeve.

"Roger, reading you five by five. You're a mile back and five hundred feet low. Come up to the observation position."

Corby shoved the throttles up. By moving his head far to the side he was able to catch glimpses of the tanker beyond Andre's helmet.

"All right, Streetcar, you're one hundred feet back and fifty feet low. Tanker ready for contact."

Corby made a quick recheck of the cockpit and fuel panel. He said, "Receiver ready for contact," and felt his stomach draw up into a tight, painful knot. He could see the outline of the tanker now, above and in front of him. His position seemed to be good, so he added power and moved forward. As the distance lessened between the two planes, he started getting prop wash and it took all his strength to hold the wings level and control the buffeting of the nose.

Suddenly the fear was back, the nausea deep within him. The tanker seemed to hover over them like a giant vulture. The huge boom, undulating gently, was a fearful weapon. The slightest misjudgment on his part could (*Continued on Page 70*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

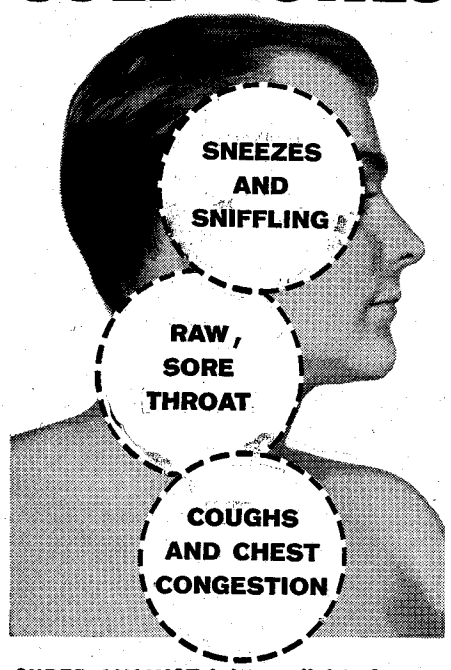
Tasty idea for tonight... real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Spaghetti and Meat Balls

Enjoy tender, firm spaghetti...plump beef meat balls...rich red sauce—just as served in Venice. Yours for the heating. You'll notice youngsters need no coaxing when *this* good-for-'em dish is on the menu! It costs about 14¢ a portion. Look for the 2-serving can or economical 5-serving size.

Now available in Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP NEGLECTING
3 FLU OR COLD ZONES



SUPER ANAHIST brings relief to 3 zones where aspirin-buffering compounds don't work

SUPER ANAHIST® COLD TABLETS
© 1958, ANAHIST CO., INC.
A Development of the Anahist Research Laboratories

STICK WITH LEPAGE'S
TRADEMARK

BEST KNOWN NAME IN STICKY STUFF!
TRADEMARK

FALSE TEETH WEARERS... IMPROVED FORMULA! MORE PLIABLE SOFTER EZO DENTAL CUSHIONS GRIP DENTURES FIRMLY, QUICKER!

Helps Keep Seeds Out
Helps Ease Pressure on Gums
Helps Plate Fit Snug
Helps Prevent Clicking
Need a thicker cushion for your lower plate? Ask for New EZO Heavy Gauge Cushions!
At Your Favorite Drug Counter **60c**

TATE'S BULL DOG HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE

MFRD. BY E. H. TATE CO. • BOSTON
AT LEADING CHAIN AND HARDWARE STORES

(*Continued from Page 68*) bring it crashing through the fuselage or the plastic canopy. Little rivers of perspiration were pouring from him, and the rubber oxygen mask seemed to have come alive on his face, swimming freely over his sweat-soaked skin. The plane had turned on him, a live, rebelling thing no longer willing and responsive to his touch on the controls. The muscles of his arms ached from the effort required to move them, and the plane was banking violently from side to side, fighting him while the sleek nose moved precipitously up and down, seemingly uncontrollable.

I can't do it. I can't get the plane in there.

He heard the boom operator saying cheerfully, "Easy does it, sir. Drop back about twenty feet and relax for a minute; that's the way most of them get over it."

He pulled back on the throttles and watched the huge, ominous shape move ahead of him. When he thought he was back far enough, he brought the power up to hold his position. He felt limp and completely beaten. Throughout the entire operation, Andre had been silent. Now he said calmly, "Head up, old son; you're doing fine," and Corby realized, with vague wonder, that there was no fear in his voice. He knew it was all riding with Corby now, and he didn't seem frightened.

Corby's mind cleared a trifle, bringing release from hysterical fear. It was he who had been doing the fighting, overcontrolling like any primary cadet. Tensed up, feeling sorry for himself because it was rougher from the rear seat. Hell, instructor pilots did it, when they demonstrated from the rear seat that it was smooth as holding hands with your girl on her front-porch swing.

Corby drew deep, steadying breaths and checked his instruments. Now the sleek jet was no longer fighting him; it was responding quickly and easily as he corrected for the prop wash from the tanker.

"Receiver ready for contact," he called steadily.

"Roger! Tanker ready for contact."

He added power and watched the distance between the two planes lessen. Keeping his eyes off the boom, he concentrated on the wings of the tanker. Out of the corner of his eye he was aware of Andre's helmet in the skipper's position, and as he moved in under the tanker it suddenly seemed routine, as if it were the skipper in front of him and he was simply following through on the controls, as he had done so many times in the past. He thought briefly of the unconscious man in the crawlway, and he thought, *It's all right, sir; I'll get you home.*

His movements were small now, the way the skipper's always were, and the plane responded beautifully. He heard the old, familiar "clunk" as the boom made contact with the receptacle in their nose.

"Contact made," came the boom operator's voice.

Now hold it there. Easy, relax, lots of small corrections ——

The seconds dragged by. He was sweating again, but not so profusely as before. Every moment that he could hold contact meant that much more of the precious fuel gushing into the starved belly of the big plane.

After a small eternity, he heard the boom operator's voice, "That makes it, sir. Stand by for disconnect on my count of three. One, two, three."

Corby pressed his manual disconnect button, pulled back on the throttles and eased the nose down. The black shadow of the tanker moved up and away. He saw Andre raise his clasped hands above his head in the traditional gesture of congratulations to the victor.

He had made many back-seat landings before, but he could not help feeling a shade of professional pride when the huge wheels made contact with the runway at Harmon with nothing more than a gentle squishing sound. Eager hands were there to lift the skipper gently through the hatch and over to the waiting ambulance.

Under Corby's rubbery legs the concrete apron seemed to pitch and roll, and he might have taken a dive if the hand of Captain Andre had not steadied him. "Easy," said the big man. "Your own landing gear's not properly down."

Corby laughed. He felt fine.

There was a warm meal and eight hours in the sack, and while they slept there were innumerable telephone calls exchanged between officials at Harmon and their home base in the States.

Corby saw Andre the next morning in Base Operations. The big captain said, "The skipper is going to be O.K." Corby said nothing; he just stood there, feeling good. Andre told him, "The flight surgeon thinks he'll require several weeks in the hospital before he can be returned to the States."

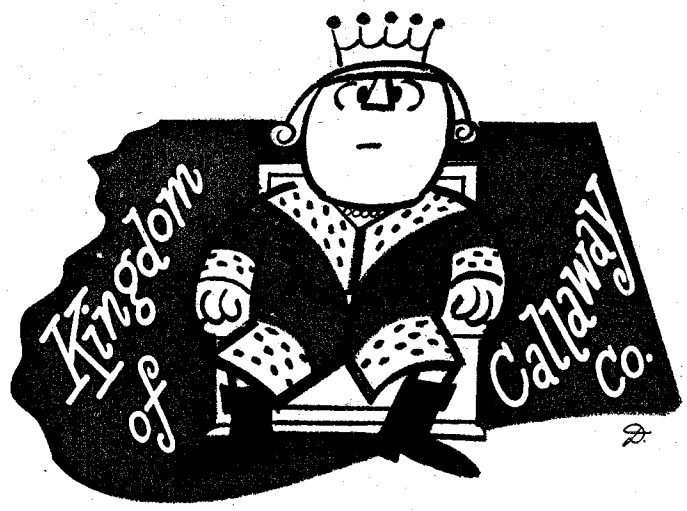
Corby's glance clouded. "Oh, great! So we get to sit here and cool our heels on this iceberg!" He was impatient to get home now; he wanted to talk to Maeve. There were things he must tell her—things he had just learned himself and for which he hadn't the words yet. But he would find them. About how a brave man could be afraid without being ashamed of it, because he became a coward only if he gave in to the fear. Maeve would understand, he was sure of it. He would tell her about the old man on the windswept Texas ranch, and maybe one day between them they could find a way to ease his loneliness.

"Well, not for long," Andre said. "As a matter of fact, I understand a Lieutenant Joe Clark will arrive by MATS tomorrow to fly back to the States as our copilot."

Corby looked a bit startledly at the big man. Then he said, "Joe Clark, eh? I know him. Good man." He began to grin. "Got a lot to learn, but in time we might make a professional out of him." Then he asked, in gentle gibing, "Tell me, captain, sir, how did it feel to fly with a man who was scared pantsless?"

A deep belly-laugh rumbled out of the big man. "Hell, lieutenant," he said, "you ought to know. You were flying with one!"

THE END



Look at the State They're In!

Almost smack in the heart of this great republic, there is an independent and individualistic area which rejoices in being "The Kingdom." It is the "Kingdom of Callaway," a Missouri county with a population of approximately 25,000 people and 30,000 hound dogs.

Callaway always was different. Established as a county in 1820, it elected to name its county seat Volney after an atheistic French scientist. Soon, its God-fearing folks changed the name to Fulton in honor of inventor Robert Fulton. But if their hounds happened to tree a catamount during a dull sermon, they rushed out of church to join the hunt. As time passed, Callaway County became famed as a mule-raising center. Its people, too, took on a mulish obstinacy.

When the Civil War split Missouri into two armed camps, Callaway cast its lot with the Confederacy. As the state of Missouri didn't secede, Callaway seceded from the state and tried to join the Confederacy direct. It was a rebel island in a blue-coat ocean. The Pike County militia, headed by a general, marched to crush the rebellion next door. Most of Callaway's able-bodied men were away in the Southern armies. But Col. Jefferson F. Jones rallied 300 old men and boys armed with squirrel rifles, shotguns, and a log painted to resemble a cannon. At muzzle—or log—point, Colonel Jones persuaded the Union invaders to stay a safe distance away.

With the collapse of the Confederacy, Callaway County, so the story goes, seceded from the Confederacy, as well as from Missouri and the United States—just to make itself perfectly clear—and declared itself a separate kingdom. Some claim it hedged later by electing assemblymen to the Missouri legislature. The legislature for years rejected Callaway's representatives, but finally agreed to seat them. At any rate, Callaway still considers itself a world apart. Every January, its inhabitants gather from far and wide to celebrate in lordly style the fact that they, unlike all other Americans, are natives of a "kingdom."

Abel Baker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shirt, $4.00. (Also available in Boys' sizes.) Acetate-rayon tie, $1.50

To look your Sunday best any day, all day... ARROW PAR

The beauty of this soft collar is not just the satisfying lines of its wide-spread points. The handsome Arrow *Par* is as easy on your *neck* as on your *eyes*.

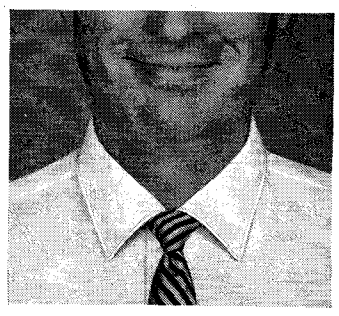
It drapes so softly you hardly know it's there, yet the collar-stays keep it early-morning neat right through till night. And the *Par* comes with elegantly handsome French cuffs or regular cuffs, in a luxurious combed-cotton broadcloth. Add all the century-old Arrow skills and you know why men prefer Arrow five to one.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

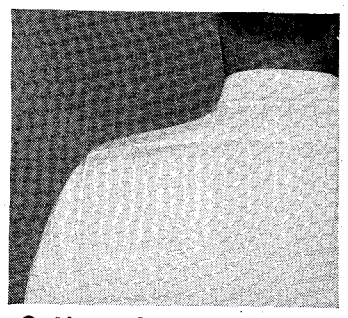
ARROW

first in fashion

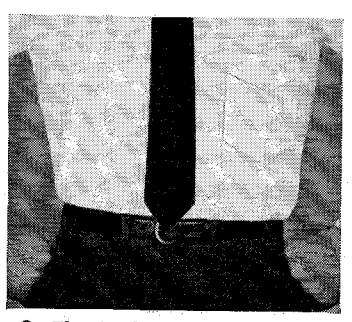
Five fitting reasons why men prefer Arrow five to one



1. The Perfect Collar—Designed to conform with natural neck slope for better fit, greater comfort, smarter appearance.

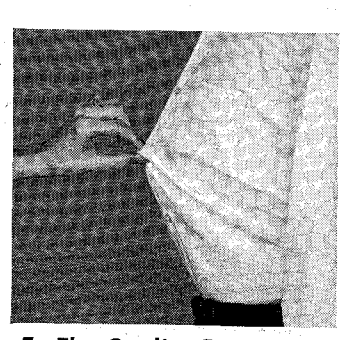


2. The Perfect Shoulder—Tailored to lie flat and smooth. Never binds or bulges. Comfortable with or without a coat.



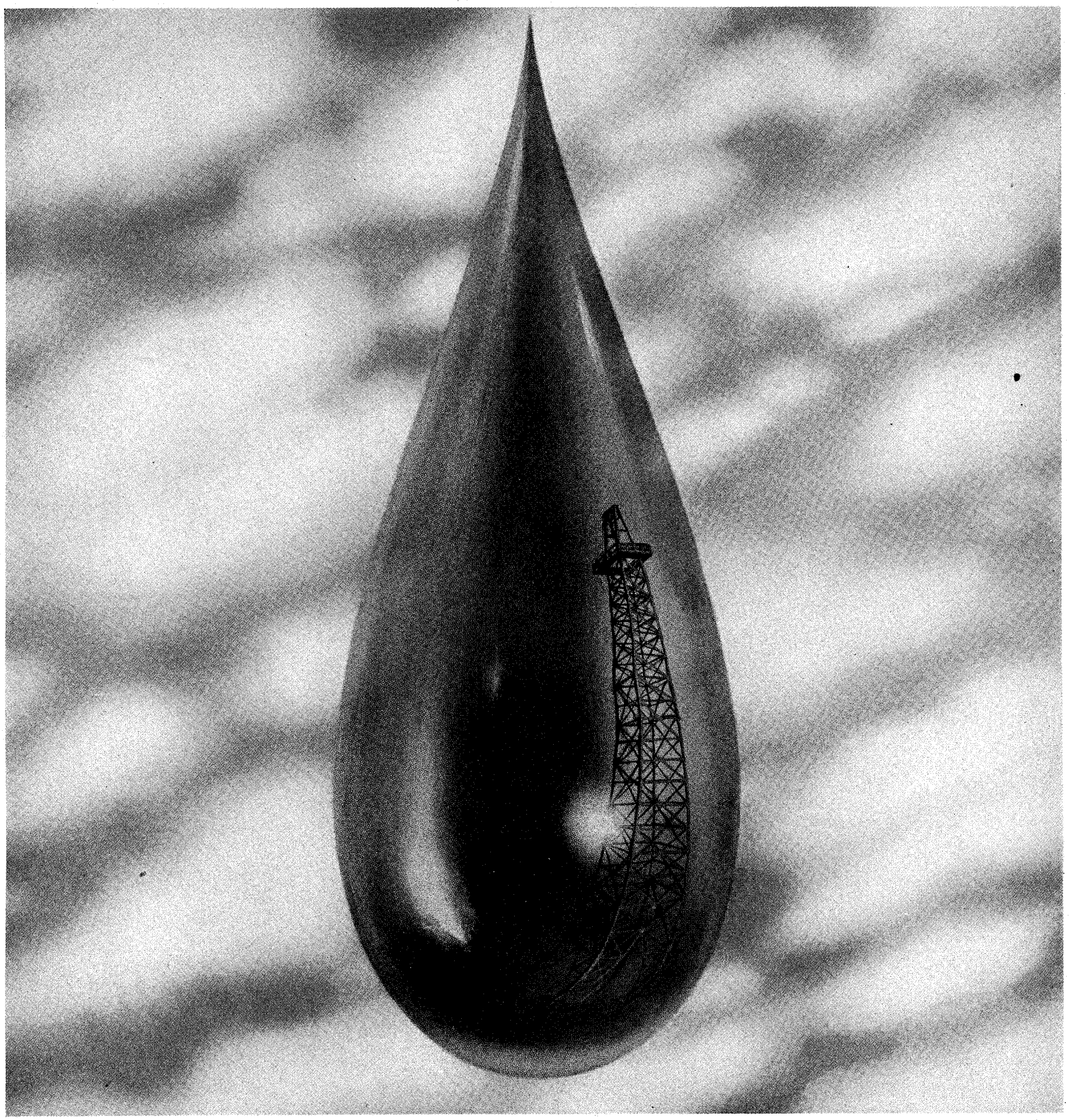
3. The Perfect Waist—Cut the tapered Mitoga® way to conform with natural body lines. Always trim and smooth.

4. The Perfect Sleeve—Shaped to follow arm contour. Comfortably roomy at armhole and elbow. Trimly tapered at cuff.



5. The Quality Extras—Anchored, chip-proof buttons. Finest pre-tested fabrics. "Sanforized." Easier to launder.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Everyone starts with a drop of oil

It's what each oil company does with that drop of oil that determines *which* company serves you best.

GULF OIL CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gangway for the Atomic Garbage Man!

(Continued from Page 36)

fifty-one, with skin the hue of teakwood and fists like mallets, slowed the engine, Jim Nuss, his brother-in-law and foreman, drew the scow closer. Joe Cronin, a twenty-one-year-old hand, boarded her and fastened the first of the blocks to the crane swing. As Nuss worked the levers, the block rose clear of the deck, swept out over the sea and fell free.

The depths of those waters, which the United States Army Engineers, who control them, designated as a dumping ground, average 250 feet and mud covers the bottom so thickly that concrete will not shatter on landing. Moreover, Perry claims, the mud provides an additional sealer against radiation.

By noon the last block had been jettisoned and the tug headed back to her mooring alongside Boston's T Wharf.

It was the Irene-Mae's 650th such expedition since 1946, when Perry, then a marine-salvage operator, and a young safety technician named John Santangelo founded Crossroads Marine Disposal, Inc. They have had little competition. Crossroads—named after Operation Crossroads, the Bikini test explosion—remains the only private outfit on the East Coast licensed by the Atomic Energy Commission to unload radioactive garbage at sea—though the Navy and the Coast Guard sink thousands of tons of it a year, and there are three West Coast civilian agencies which occasionally sink some in the Pacific.

At present Crossroads has almost seventy steady customers scattered throughout the country, among them the Air Materiel Command, Columbia University, the Wills Eye Hospital. Charging from fifteen dollars for a five-gallon unit up to ninety dollars for fifty-five gallons, the corporation grossed around $100,000 in 1957 and the prospects for 1958 look so bright that Perry is seeking a second, bigger boat and more scows.

Besides radioactive waste, the captain and his hearties cheerfully fetch and carry a variety of chemical leftovers, any of which could blast them into eternity. Zirconium, for instance, a metallic element used in flashlight bulbs and electronic tubes, has an unpredictably combustible character. A barrel of it dropped on a stone floor may not produce so much as a spark, while a few grains wafted across a glass surface may burst into flame.

Among the manufacturers of zirconium is the Metal Hydrides Company in Beverly, Massachusetts, a seaboard town about eighteen miles north of Boston. One afternoon in 1953 four workmen were shifting a ten-pound can. The can blew up. Two men died, two survived deep burns.

What triggered the explosion nobody knew, and nobody chose to try to discover by inspecting the remaining cans from the same batch. There were 100 of them, worth $15,000. Perry, whose headquarters consists of a sparsely furnished, second-story room near the tip of T Wharf, was urgently summoned to Beverly. In the interests of company morale, not to mention the local people's peace of mind, would he please tow the cans away fast?

The factory stands on a little bluff twenty feet above sea level. A surplus Navy life raft was purchased and deposited outside the stockroom door. The Irene-Mae duly anchored below. The entire company personnel, augmented by reporters, police, firemen and rubbernecks, watched nervously while, under Perry's brisk direction, five plucky employees transferred the cans to the raft, which a crane then lowered to the water. Perry, bold as brass, relishing the drama of the moment, hopped into the raft to make fast a towline. An "Ah-h-h-h" of relief arose from the crowd as the Irene-Mae finally steamed away with the raft-load of berserk-prone chemicals bouncing in her wake.

Far from shore, Perry fed steel-jacketed bullets into an automatic rifle and aimed at the cans, a range of 600 feet. The crew braced themselves for a volcanic blow-up. A volley of shots riddled the cans. There was no other sound. Perry fired again and again, but failed to detonate the chemicals. At length, deaf to his companions' pleas, he hauled in the raft, scrambled aboard and with a screwdriver began prying off the lids of the cans. The zirconium was wrapped in plastic bags. These he tore open and dangled over the sides of the raft, letting the powder trickle out.

The men on the tug looked on, tight-lipped, expecting the raft at any instant to vanish in a gusher of flame. But Perry coolly persisted until, just before nightfall, the last grains mingled harmlessly with the ocean.

It is not surprising that Perry took six years to find an insurance company willing to issue Crossroads a public-liability policy. The premiums amount to 3½ per cent of the corporation's gross profits.

The curious enterprise owes its beginnings to one of the most formidable problems of the nuclear era. If atomic projects, peaceful as well as military, are to progress, storage will have to be found for Niagaras and mountains of tainted litter. A National Academy of Sciences committee estimates that within the next decade radioactive waste will be piling up at the rate of more than twenty pounds a day. In the words of a recent report by the AEC, which has spent more than $10,000,000 on sanitary engineering since 1950: "Disposal will be one of the major controlling factors in determining the extent of the use of power reactors."

Of the methods adopted so far none offers more than a stopgap solution and all are expensive. At Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where the AEC maintains the only disposal installation for the Northeastern United States, ordinary pits dug in the earth receive the less dangerous waste. Burying a cubic foot of it costs up to two dollars. The hottest waste, much of it liquid, whose radioactivity may last eons, go into underground, steel-lined concrete tanks—cost: about fifteen dollars a cubic foot. "But," says a recently retired AEC sanitary engineer, Arthur Gorman, "we're merely sweeping the real problem under the carpet. We're only buying time. The radioactivity is sure to outlive the tanks."

Now under study is the feasibility of pumping liquid waste down abandoned oil wells or mines thousands of feet below the water table. The sites selected must be such that if the liquids worked their way toward the surface, they could not pollute natural resources. It must also be ascertained whether by their heat they could boil up a radioactive geyser.

The Brookhaven National Laboratory, in Upton, New York, reports promising experiments with montmorillonite, a type of clay which absorbs the waste and can then be baked hard to seal in radioactivity. To take some of the sting out of highly radioactive matter, the Hanford Atomic Products Operation, at Richland, Washington, has been stripping away the two deadliest isotopes—strontium 90 and cesium 137. Since both can furnish radiation for X-ray photography and cesium 137 for cancer therapy, the AEC hopes that the expense of this dehorning process could be defrayed through sales to industry. Eventually, though, as the utilizable power of the isotopes waned, they, too, would have to be scrapped.

The more visionary proposals submitted to the AEC include air-lifting the waste to arctic icecaps, rocketing gigantic containers of it to planets—assuming the planets to be uninhabited—or into outer space to travel solar orbits forever, a fleet of sputnikian ashcans.

For all but high-level atomic trash the ocean floor seems to be a comparatively secure repository. But its continued use raises a new set of posers to which the experts have no definitive answers. Despite steel, concrete and mud, minute seepages of radiation may occur. If unlimited amounts are dumped in the same spot, will they build up an arsenal of noxious rays, saturating marine life and turning one of man's chief sources of food into poison? Can the containers resist erosion until all radioactivity has declined to a harmless level? Could a seaquake rupture them? These and many other questions the AEC is continuously pondering. No imminent peril threatens, however, as Captain Perry has demonstrated by bottling specimens of Foul-Area water for analysis. The readings have shown no significant radiation.

Blind chance led Perry into his present line of business. Nothing in his earlier career foreshadowed it. A native of Brookline, Massachusetts, one of four-

NEXT WEEK

THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL
By Erle Stanley Gardner
A New Perry Mason Mystery

Behind Khrushchev's Smile
What Wily Nikita is Really Like
By Stewart Alsop

I HAVE 2500 SONS
Headaches of the Boss of West Point

Secrets From My Mother's Kitchen
How to Prepare Famous Jewish Dishes

TO CUBA WITH CAL
High Jinks in Havana in the 1920's
By Beverly Smith, Jr.

FICTION BY

STEVE McNEIL — WILLIAMS FORREST
NORMAN KATKOV — WALTER MACKEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teen children born to a carpenter, he was obliged to end his formal education after three years at Northeastern University, where he had been studying structural engineering, because his father needed his help. In 1929 the son set up his own building-contractor firm.

While building a wharf on the Charles River, he dropped his tools in twenty feet of water. To recover them, he rented a diver's suit. What he saw, slogging around the river bed, so bemused him that he took up deep-sea diving for sport. His skill at it proved valuable to the Coast Guard, with which he served as a chief boatswain during the war. He was assigned to salvage and underwater exploration.

Upon his discharge Perry organized Atlantic Marine Salvage, Inc. It still functions, but only as a minor adjunct to Crossroads. From the Army he bought the Irene-Mae, a sixty-five-footer, retired after wartime duty as a harbor mine tender. Among his early exploits was raising the tanker Pendleton, which had broken apart in a gale off Cape Cod, drowning seven men. With a sunken fishing smack, lying thirty fathoms down at the mouth of Boston Harbor, he had less luck. The only salvageable object was a crucifix. A devout Catholic, he hung it above the wheel of the Irene-Mae.

On a winter morning in 1945 the captain was repainting his scarred vessel, when John Santangelo, a tall, thin, intense youth, recently married, with a baby on the way, turned up on T Wharf. He looked worried. Though only twenty, he held a responsible position in an M.I.T. nuclear-physics laboratory, where the accumulation of radio-active debris was growing critical. He had approached several local boatmen. Two or three had made the run to the Foul Area, but were not eager to repeat it and, besides, they lacked the equipment to cope with big loads. Consulting the Coast Guard, Santangelo had been told: "Ask George Perry. He'll tackle anything."

Without divulging the nature of the unwanted material, Santangelo asked the captain if he cared to clean out five tons. The laboratory's budget being low at the moment, he added apologetically, it could offer only thirty-five dollars, but future consignments might be more lucrative.

"It was nice weather for a boat ride," Perry recalls, "so I figured what the hell." Santangelo went along and, toiling side by side, the boisterous skipper and his youthful patron became fast friends.

Shortly, they took a second trip together, during which Santangelo dropped a hint or two as to what they were towing. But only after security investigations by half a dozen Government agencies was Perry fully enlightened. Not knowing beans about radioactivity, he proceeded, with Santangelo's guidance, to educate himself. He learned that the basic unit of radiation measurement is the roentgen, and the maximum safe weekly exposure to ionizing rays, 300 milliroentgens. High dosages can cause sterility, blindness, malignancies, the destruction of vital organs. He learned, and later improved upon, techniques of packaging the hot garbage, devised special concrete forms and lifting apparatus.

A year after their initial encounter the two friends launched Crossroads, with Perry as president and Santangelo as treasurer. Santangelo, now immersed in a different Government project, has sold his half interest.

Crossroads clients dispatch some of their waste by freight car to a Boston Harbor siding. It must be packed to the specifications of the AEC and the Interstate Commerce Commission, the size and kind of containers varying with the form of the contents (dry, liquid, solid), and their characteristics—explosive, flammable, gaseous, corrosive. Radiation at the surface should not exceed 200 milliroentgens per hour, and at a distance of a meter, ten milliroentgens. If so requested, Crossroads will supply the regulation containers with instructions for packing.

Some waste Jim Nuss and Joe Cronin collect at the source. In a red-and-yellow truck, with a tailgate crane, signs warning of danger and an ear-rending siren, they have made pickups many hundreds of miles from home base. A recent typical call fetched them to the Battelle Memorial Institute, in Columbus, Ohio, a three-day journey from Boston, for seventeen drums of radioactivated lube oil, each weighing 350 pounds. The drums had been hosed to wash off any undetected radioactive dust. Nevertheless, before maneuvering them toward the crane, the pickup men donned heavily lined leather gloves.

When they got back to T Wharf, a trio of encasement specialists took charge.

... ...

No Hurry!

By P. J. Blackwell

Don't let it miff you or
unnerve you
Because the waiter will not
serve you.
The service, though it's
slow and crude here,
Is slightly better than the
food here.
Till now you've felt
dismayed and beaten,
But you'll feel worse when
you have eaten.

... ...

They suspended each drum from a crane swing between the split halves of an enormous steel cylinder—an invention of Perry's—bolted the halves together and poured in concrete. Left to harden for twelve days before the cylinder was unbolted, these casings, four inches thick and weighing half a ton, served a threefold purpose. With the added heft, the drums would plunge deep into their mud-soft tomb, the density of the concrete would further impede radiation, and it would also prevent the drums from caving in under the tremendous pressure of the overlying ocean.

For all their devil-may-care air, the Crossroads team, whom Bostonians sometimes call "the Fearless Five," neglect no precaution. Once a week they send the film in their radiation badges to a laboratory for development. None of it has ever indicated exposure to more than 200 milliroentgens, well below the permissible limit. Indeed, the only casualty in the company's ten-year history has been Perry's left index finger. He jammed it between two steel drums. "When you follow standard procedure like we do," says he, "nothing much can go wrong."

There have been some narrow squeaks, nevertheless. Perry still winces at the memory of a barrel of overage metallic sodium that a Cambridge lab wanted to be rid of. Metallic sodium explodes on contact with water. Perry scheduled the pickup for four o'clock in the morning, when the streets would be empty. The lab was in the basement. While his truck waited with its engine running, the captain and Santangelo descended. They rolled the barrel into a freight elevator. As the elevator started up, the compound, which may have become moist, emitted a hissing sound. "The ascent lasted less than a minute," Santangelo relates, "but to me it was a century. I prayed in English, Italian and Latin."

Gritting their teeth, they dragged the barrel as far as the roadway. The hissing grew louder. Santangelo yelled a warning and backed off. The captain hesitated, calculating the chances of getting the barrel to an open field. His partner yelled again, and Perry finally skedaddled. His flight was not premature. The barrel burst with a bang that shattered windows a block away.

This was not Perry's only disagreeable experience with metallic sodium, of which he has junked tons. Not long after, the Irene-Mae put to sea, a dozen thirty-gallon drums of it crowding her deck. Miles short of the dumping ground her fuel line snapped and she wallowed powerless. The weather, meanwhile, had turned ugly. The sea was surging and spray wet the deck. If perchance any drum was not watertight —— Perry radioed an SOS, and there they sat, the Fearless Five, eying the rising waves. In time a Coast Guard cutter hove to and towed them to safety.

Because of its reaction to water, burying a drum of metallic sodium at sea, where moisture would sooner or later penetrate it, would be tantamount to sowing a mine. The approved method is to cast the drum adrift and from a prudent distance shoot holes through it, letting water in to explode it. Jim Nuss once heaved overboard a barrel which presumably had not been properly sealed. It blew up a few feet off the bow, hurling him and Perry into the wheelhouse.

For certain kinds of demolition work Perry prefers dynamite. At a railroad depot near Boston, a while back, a cylinder of hydrogen sulphide in transit to a chemical plant sprang a leak. The stationmaster phoned the consignee, who appealed to Perry for succor, reporting that the stench was gagging people at the opposite end of town. Perry could believe it. Few gases smell worse. Nor is smell its only unpleasant property. A spark suffices to ignite it and the vapor, if inhaled, can kill.

Perry ordered Nuss to ready the Irene-Mae for a quick cast-off and alerted Santangelo. Rubber-garbed and rubber-masked, sleeves taped around their wrists, they sped to the depot in a station wagon. The cylinder was leaking fast. They stretched a blanket under it to reduce friction and carried it in this manner to the rear of the station wagon.

Nuss, in his respirator, had the tug's engine purring when the car slid up to the wharfside. The partners lugged their malodorous burden aboard. Beyond sight of land, they tied two sticks of dynamite to it, connected them to a plunger by a couple of hundred feet of wire and set the poison afloat. For some time after the explosion nobody doffed his respirator.

Perry's messiest, if least hazardous cargo was entrusted to him one Christmas season. A Boston toy store had stockpiled 6000 cans of compressed artificial snow for decorating Christmas trees. They were, in fact, overcompressed, because every so often two or three would go bang, startling shoppers and splattering them with sticky foam. Implored by the manager to demolish the treacherous merchandise, Perry spent an entire day at sea, laboriously chopping open and emptying each can. He looked, when finished, like a man dug out of a snowdrift.

The disposal business is no business for slugabeds. Most days Perry leaves his home, a six-room Cape Codder outside of Boston, which he shares with his wife, Helen, and three children, ages, thirteen, nineteen and twenty-one, around six A.M., not to return until late at night. If no dumping expedition beckons, he usually takes a swing around the harbor past the railroad sidings to look over the latest deliveries. During a recent tour of inspection he counted three rusty, whale-sized tanks that had once contained tetraethyl lead, a virulently toxic substance—clearly a dynamite job. The deteriorating metal was impregnated with it and so had to be scrapped before it collapsed and released deadly fumes. There was a defective fifty-gallon drum of titanium tetrachloride—"tickle four," as chemists playfully refer to it—the main ingredient of smoke screens, and also dangerous to inhale. And there were ten barrels of laboratory sweepings—broken test tubes, old boxes and bottles—their original contents unknown.

With the unidentified waste Perry would exercise particular caution. "It always bothers me not knowing exactly what we're handling," he says. He learned to suppress idle curiosity early in the game, when a prying employee uncorked a half-empty phial. It exploded in his hands, burning them and scorching his hair.

Passing one of his scows, Perry paused to admire another of his little inventions. It consisted of an open drum with a triangular blade fixed to the bottom and long pipes jutting from the sides. To junk inflammable liquids at a minimum risk, the crew drops the containers on the point of the blade, slicing them in two. The pipes, extending beyond the scow, drain the liquid into the sea.

Perry takes keen pride in his accuracy as a marksman and a dynamiter. "No container ever got away from us," he says. It is a boast the United States Navy cannot make. Last summer twenty-five tons of metallic sodium, refuse from the development of the atomic-powered submarine Seawolf, were packed into twenty cylinders, each fitted with a charge of TNT, and dumped south of New York Harbor.

One charge failed to detonate and the cylinder rapidly drifted beyond rifle range. In two days it drifted almost 200 miles straight out into the Atlantic, a hideous hazard to shipping. While the Coast Guard tracked it, fighter planes were sent from Norfolk, Virginia, to strafe the runaway. It was a tough target, because the pilots could not fly lower than 1000 feet without danger of being blown out of the sky. But after several rounds of machine-gun fire, they perforated it and the wetted sodium exploded.

"That was a job," says Perry. "I'm sure glad didn't come our way."

Frequently, by the time he reaches home at night, the captain feels ready to fall asleep where he stands. But he can seldom count on uninterrupted slumber. The office stays open around the clock, seven days a week, with an employee by the phone to receive emergency calls and relay them to Perry.

"Some stuff," he notes, "gets so hot it can't wait till morning."

Yet he considers the present work load trifling compared to what the future is likely to bring. By way of preparation, he plans to establish a West Coast branch. He also expects to acquire a freighter of sufficient tonnage to pick up waste at half a dozen ports in a single trip and cargo it to the edge of the continental shelf. "They tell me," he states, "that the ocean's six or seven miles deep out there, and the mud on the bottom goes down at least two miles. I reckon our containers would stay put quite a while—say, a thousand years." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advertisement

The Picture of Health for February

by MAXINE DAVIS

When a rosy happy 6-month old baby is 22 inches long and weighs 24 pounds we say "It's all those vitamins!"

They help. But actually we mean that the whole science of nutrition is a major factor in our ever-lengthening lives. Yet, authorities say, "a significant segment" of our population suffers from malnutrition. This refers especially to people past middle age who never did eat properly and are set in their ways. Now their incomes have shrunk; they find meat, fruit, and vegetables more costly than starches. Their teeth trouble them, so they settle for soup and mush. With substandard nutrition they never enjoy the health and zest during these bonus years that they so easily could and should.

The young—who are ALWAYS hungry, naturally require more to eat than Grandfather. But of course everybody regardless of age needs diets which include all essential elements in correct balance and proportion. Ours is a big busy household, and I can't be certain-sure each member eats all he's supposed to at every meal.

So I have insurance: BEXEL vitamin-minerals. I dole them out every morning and personally see that each capsule goes down the hatch! I lean heavily on BEXEL. There's a member of the BEXEL family of vitamins designed for every age and size, from the children to Gramp.

The elderly require more protein, which the aged often find difficult to retain in their systems. But ill-fitting dentures are often responsible for pathetically inadequate diets and consequent frailty in older people. For it hurts to chew meat with dentures that slip around; that's why they make do with potatoes. Consequently ORA-FIX is a comfort and a means to health and vigor too. ORA-FIX holds dentures so firmly in place that it is possible to eat steak and fried chicken with gusto—even if they are a little tough! Afterwards ORA cleanses the teeth thoroughly and quickly—within twenty minutes if need be!

I tried to convince young Jane that those enormous caramel-nut messes she and her teenage friends consume as often as they can finance them will ruin their teeth in time—and make her pimples worse right now. No luck—until I discovered UTOL, an anesthetic antibiotic ointment. UTOL relieves the irritation and itching of acne but its great virtue to Jane is that when she applies it under her make-up it hides the "spots." So she doesn't sulk when I insist she buy her UTOL out of her own allowance. It's worth it to her!

Jane's spirits have bounced back like a tennis ball, with her acne off her mind. Her life is packed with school, hockey, dramatics, dances. But she struggles with a new problem. "I perspire as much now as in July. Nobody will like me!"

"Well," I tell her, "there's plenty of YODORA in the medicine cabinet. Go use it. YODORA's wonderful regardless of the temperature."

For, I explain, the bacteria responsible for the disagreeable odor of perspiration flourish just as prolifically in winter as in summer, if they get half a chance. The new YODORA, light, delicate, soothing, healing, contains an antibiotic that paralyzes those germs and keeps underarms dainty and fresh right around the clock.

© 1958 McKesson & Robbins

We'll Go on Trial at the Fair

(Continued from Page 33)

and there are those who say that this historic fact alone will make the Brussels Exposition. Still, even as the star performers of this show, we'll be on our mettle like the rest of them. Our national pavilion, as it happens, is just across the way from the pavilion of the Soviet Union. Already, as he picks his way across the muddy grounds, the visitor is irresistibly attracted by the two looming rival structures which will, undoubtedly, become the fair's prime objects of curiosity.

This is no trade fair, and no hawking is permitted; to have your order books around would be obscene. True expositions, as distinguished from commercial fairs, are ruled by solemn international agreement. A charter signed in 1928 by the governments of thirty-five nations—including Russia, but not the United States—lays down the ground rules. According to these rules, a "universal exposition" should be a stock-taking of our civilization. This ever-changing world, arrested in one quivering moment, should hold still for inspection, as it were, before proceeding on its headlong course.

Hence, Belgium's aim to make the Brussels fair "a balance sheet in the creation of a more human world." There is much gossip here of transcendental matters; and nice, round words, like "humanism," "progress" and "the pursuit of happiness," fill the moist Belgian air. Unfortunately, Belgium has picked the atom for a mascot. While Man himself serves as a general theme, the Atom—symbol of our age—will cast its eerie shadow on the fair. A weird Rube Goldberg fantasy called the "Atomium" will be to Brussels, 1958, what the Eiffel Tower was to the Paris Exposition of 1889, and the Trylon and Perisphere to the New York World's Fair of 1939. Raising itself to a height of 360 feet, this monstrous Christmas tree will represent the structure of a simple metal crystal, with nine enormous spheres acting as atoms. Escalators will move up and down inside the hollow branches, and there will be a restaurant in the top atom.

Brussels seems a good place to stage this kind of competition. It certainly is not for nothing that this is the fifth international exposition to be held here in seven decades—the last took place in 1935. A crossroads in the flow of goods and people, the Belgian capital sits in the hub of a highly developed, thickly settled region. Within a 200-mile radius lie the coal mines and the cotton mills of Northern France, the busy factories of Western Germany, the crowded shores of England. Some 135,000,000 people live and work within this compass. Keen traders, the inviting Belgians have no intention of suppressing their own commercial instincts for the duration of the fair.

As for ourselves, we are going into Brussels, 1958, with the diffidence of a party whose case is not yet proved. Most of the 200,000 visitors expected to throng our building on a busy day are likely to be total strangers whose mental image of America and our way of life, at best, is sketchy. They have known us first as liberators, then as the generous dispensers of dollar aid and finally as wide-eyed tourists. They have also seen our movies, they have read about McCarthy, about Little Rock, they have heard about "American materialism," and they are wondering where fancy ends and truth begins.

WET FEET

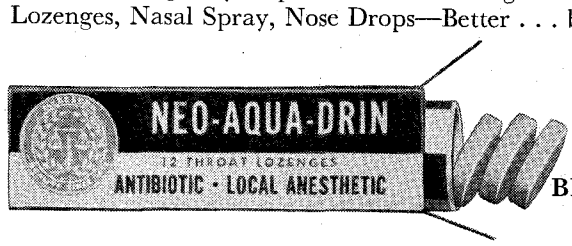
RAW THROAT

NEO-AQUA-DRIN

QUICK!

Soothes irritation—Gives longer protection

NEO-AQUA-DRIN Lozenges attack most throat germs quick . . . right where they can multiply to cause real harm—right in the danger zone! As these Lozenges fight germs, they bring soothing relief to raw, irritated throat membranes. Keep NEO-AQUA-DRIN Lozenges handy, in medicine chest, purse—pocket. Why is NEO-AQUA-DRIN better? The secret is a special balance of antibiotic protection with pain soothing ingredients. Each ingredient helps the other to give you protection with longer-lasting relief. NEO-AQUA-DRIN Lozenges, Nasal Spray, Nose Drops—Better . . . by McKesson.



BETTER . . . by McKESSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, then, for the first time since World War II, is our chance to put ourselves across—to tear down a whole web of misconceptions and show what we believe to be our real face. This, evidently, is no simple, one-way propaganda job; the opposition plies its trade across the street, and most of our customers will be comparison shoppers.

"We have divorced our thinking from a frontal conflict with the Russians," one of our planners said. "All we want, frankly, is the best pavilion and the most beautifully designed exhibit."

But to begin at the beginning. When our State Department, in the fall of 1954, received the Belgian invitation, it did not look at Brussels—more than three years off—as a matter of immediate concern. Handing the project, as a sideline, to one of its officials, it let things ride. It was not until July 31, 1956, that Congress was in a position to vote empowering legislation. And in October of that year Howard S. Cullman was sworn in as our commissioner general.

He seemed the right man for the job. A rich tobacco merchant who, for many years, had headed the efficient and politically clean Port of New York Authority, Cullman was probably best known as a successful Broadway angel. Among the 150 plays and musicals he had sponsored were hits like Life with Father, South Pacific, The King and I, and Teahouse of the August Moon. His flair for showmanship was bound to prove an asset, and his financial independence allowed him to turn down the $25,000-a-year remuneration provided for the job.

But there were only eighteen months to go when he stepped in. Most other nations had their feet well on the ground by then, and some, like Germany, had done a year's constructive planning. To make things worse, Congress was in an economy mood. While holding out hope for eventual approval of the $15,000,000 Cullman and his small, hand-picked team considered necessary, the legislators were unwilling to put more than $12,345,000 into the enterprise. That, even now, is all there is, and Cullman's inability to lay his hands on more has caused some painful cuts, particularly in the entertainment program.

Still, what the United States has on the ground by now needs no apologies. Like other major nations, we were assigned a six-and-a-half-acre site. It is roughly triangular, rising toward the rear to form a natural amphitheater. Leaving the narrow forward portion of the triangle free—part of it will be taken up by a reflecting pool—we are constructing in the rear a massive, circular pavilion.

Though no less "modern" than most of the other national pavilions, the structure is far from extreme; its restful and harmonious lines give it an almost classic air. The worst that can be said of it is that, with its flat, overhanging lid, and its Great Seal of the United States over the door, it looks like an American officer's cap. Its architect, Edward D. Stone—identified with such Manhattan landmarks as Radio City Music Hall and the Museum of Modern Art—likes to make people shudder by picturing the kind of thing he could have built if he had wanted to appear audacious. "Terrific, isn't it?" he will exclaim, with fitting modesty, as he clambers all over the enormous steel-and-plastic pile.

No open-span round structure of this size has ever been attempted; the floor, 340 feet across, would hold a couple of football fields. But the pavilion's most conspicuous feature is the "bicycle-wheel" roof; made of 2100 translucent plastic panels air-lifted in eight planeloads from New Hampshire, it is suspended from the rim by thin steel cables—a system borrowed from Rome's oval Colosseum, whose canvas top used to be strung in just this manner. An opening in the roof lets in sunshine and rain. And the illusion of the great outdoors is further heightened by a pool in the center of the floor, and eleven fine old willow trees which our builders have been careful to preserve. The outer skin of the pavilion is a transparent mesh; lighted from the inside, the heavy drum will be transformed into an airy apparition.

There is little doubt that the $5,000,000 edifice itself will be our No. 1 exhibit at the fair. Already, it is something of a legend. A British Sunday paper has forewarned its readers that "the American pavilion . . . will have the biggest dome in the world, housing a whole forest and a huge floating platform" and costing about $42,000,000!

However, this is but a shell to hold our national presentation, and while admitting that it is stunning, one might well ask, "But is it functional?" As almost all the impedimenta of our civilization are rectangular, a round pavilion may not be ideally suited for the display of this civilization—as anybody who has ever tried to fit rectangular furniture into round spaces will appreciate. But then, this is a Government project. Our designing team was hired when it was too late to change the structure; and, being stubborn individualists, they went ahead and squared the circle, constructing a rectangular world within the drum, and leaving foreign visitors with an impressive insight into our wonderfully democratic way of doing things.

The actual producers of the show—Peter G. Harnden Associates, a private firm of designers—were given a good deal to chew on. Cullman's team had solicited opinions on what our exhibit should be like from thirty prominent Americans. A conference held under the auspices of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology had further crystallized the issue. What almost everyone insisted on was modesty. "No bragging!" was the keynote. We should present ourselves as a "dynamic," "restless" people, saddled with problems just like everybody else, groping for the right answers and "committed to a constant search for an improved way of life." The theme of our show would be the "continuous American revolution."

To translate this philosophy into 120,000 square feet of three-dimensional exhibits was no small order. The end result, as visitors will see it at the fair, is, in the main, the work of two creative minds—industrial-design consultant James S. Plaut, our deputy commissioner general; and architect Bernard Rudofsky, associated with the Harnden workshop as top designer for the project. While it is impossible to say at this stage whether their presentation will go down as a success or a resounding failure, it is certain to create enough attention to make the exercise worth while.

The general mood of the exhibit will be one of tranquillity—a welcome calm designed to give the visitor relief from the aggressiveness of the fair as a whole; to grant him, after loud and garish miles, a respite. There will be a minimum of graphs, statistics, obtrusive photo murals and heroic slogans. Nor will we show off our wealth—no bronze, chrome, plate glass or rich marble. If we seduce, we shall seduce by understatement.

"The visitor," the working script predicts, "will recall the United States Pavilion as an experience rather than an exhibition."

Although 100 college students from back home will serve as guides during the fair, there is no prescribed itinerary. You are on your own, and you may start and finish where you like. Here then—with the proviso that some items are still tentative—is your sneak preview of our main exhibits.

Surveying the ground floor, you'll find it a strange wedlock between tradition and *avant-garde*. Side by side with such down-to-earth displays as twin exhibits on atomic energy and automation—the only hints of our industrial might—you will encounter abstract works of art and some engaging bits of whimsey. A surrealistic spread of objects, displayed under a giant ceiling map of the United States, delineates the "Face of America." Among the wrinkles there will be a bale of tumbleweed from the Southwest, a California gold nugget, "Hollywoodiana," cowboy accouterments, a row of rural mailboxes, American Indian artifacts, the model of a side-wheeler, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, an Idaho potato mounted like a jewel, strange butterflies and a live rattlesnake. "They'll taste the continent in a few samples," Rudofsky says. "We will present the unexpected, the things the movies don't show. Some of these objects will be seen for the first time in Europe."

Wherever possible, we shall imply rather than shout our message. A working model of the New York Stock Exchange, complete with ticker tape and a Big Board, will get across the public ownership of our corporations. An electronic scale model of Philadelphia, with buildings that turn turtle and drop out of sight to be replaced by a new city, will document American urbanism. Voting machines—placed in our pavilion on President Eisenhower's personal request—will illustrate the everyday mechanics of our democracy. And a pictorial show of the opening up of the American West will remind Europeans that we, too, have a past.

But it is on the balcony that the originality of the designers comes into its own. The stylized prototypes of some American houses—a Texas ranch, a Southern cabin, a New England cottage—lead up to "islands" showing, each in its own way, a facet of our domestic life. None of these units—an American kitchen, a sun deck, a living room, a children's playpen, and so forth—will try to be the "real thing," but will attempt to capture the elusive essence of an environment created by and for Americans. Appealing to the viewer's sense of beauty and imagination, these items may be brilliantly successful or fall completely flat. At any rate, no one can say that they are "exhibition clichés."

The one display most apt to make Americans feel suddenly at home and give the stranger an authentic feel of our daily life is a characteristic street—a "Streetscape"—complete with signposts, manholes, traffic lines, street lamps, a billboard, show windows and a functioning corner drugstore—where Europeans may have their first soda at the fountain.

So far, so good. The bombshell will be hidden in the leafy grounds where a small building will enshrine bits of Unfinished Business. Here, in a haunting black and white, we shall present such unsolved problems as Slum Clearance, the Dust Bowl, Civil Rights and Race Relations, along with progress made toward their ultimate solution. This, obviously, is the sector of the show most likely to blow up in our planners' faces, as visiting Americans themselves may not see eye to eye on all the answers. But, the designers ask, is there a better way of making friends than taking all the skeletons out of their closets and airing them for international inspection? And, quite conceivably, they'll win their point.

America will thus sink in. Whatever one may think of individual items, the freshness of the whole approach, the intellectual titillation provided by the show in its entirety, will keep the thing on a remarkably high level. And the sophisticated European audience is likely to appreciate the total absence of the direct sell. What else? Short films, playing on scattered screens, and the first movie-in-the-round shown outside the United States will add a visual touch of American life and scenery. Several teams of pretty girls will model American fashions. A restaurant will try to serve American corned-beef hash and apple pie. And, in a spacious theater, adorned in simple white and gold, a program of American plays, musicals, ballets and concerts—somewhat reduced for lack of funds—will uphold our cultural renown.

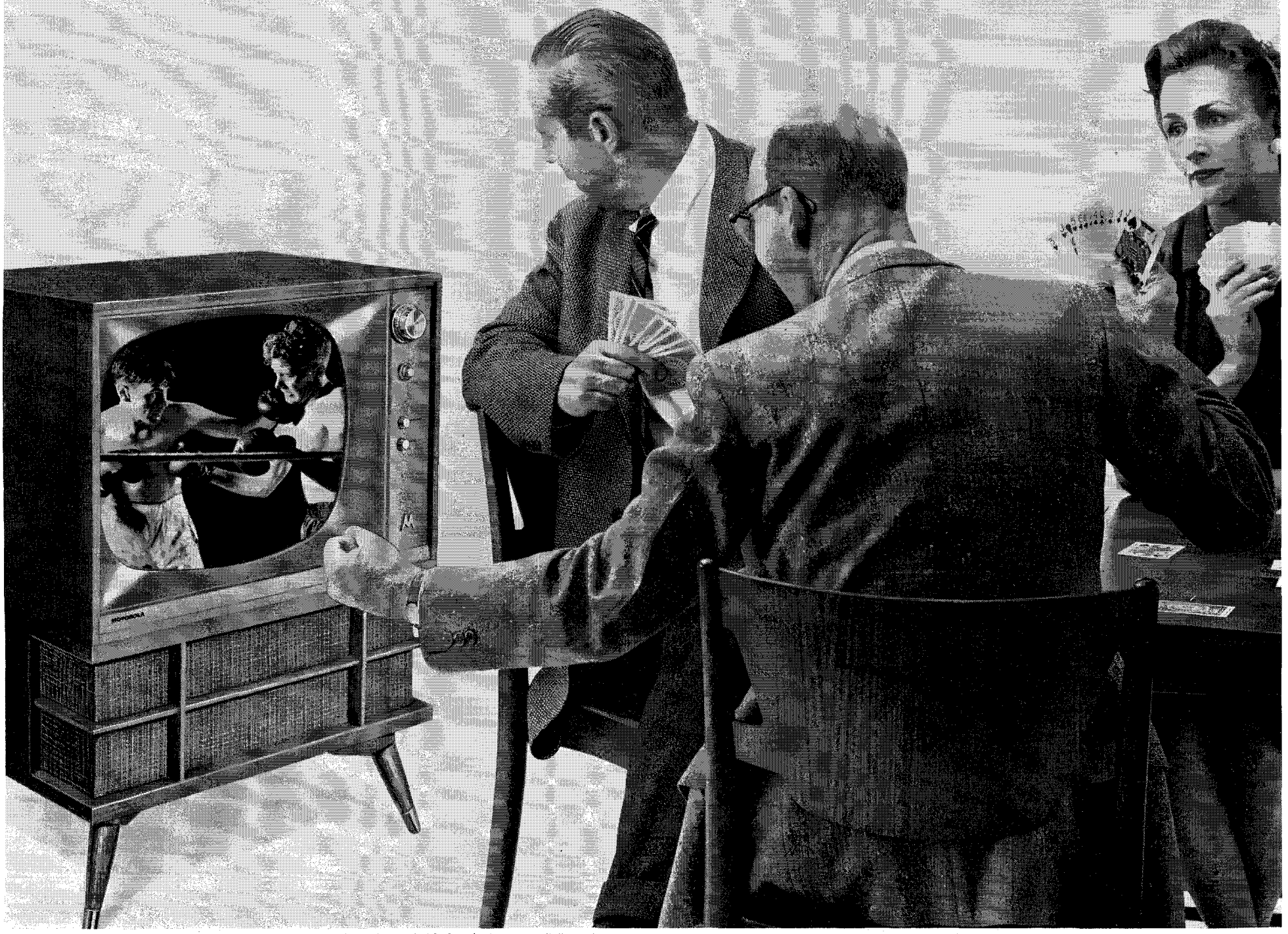
Although the total impact of our Brussels effort can't be assessed until the gates are open, the contrast between our formula of calculated modesty and the big Soviet noise (*Continued on Page 78*)

"Dear, I know how you hate to have me call during business hours. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More to enjoy



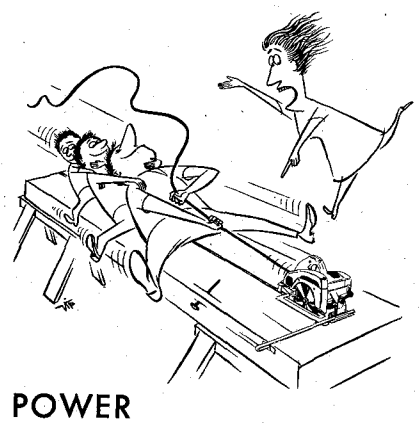
Welcome kibitzer: Motorola Model 21C8 Swivel TV. 21" over-all diagonal (263 sq. in. viewing area). UHF optional, extra. Mahogany or Blond Oak finish. Specifications subject to change without notice.

Grand slam picture! The Motorola TV getting all the play here has the brightest picture in TV. It swivels to face you. Has not one, but *three* big speakers. And it's the only TV protected by Tube Sentry—the little electronic marvel that's engineered to end 3 out of 4 service calls. All this for under $300! Once again—you get *More to enjoy* from Motorola, World's largest exclusive electronics manufacturer.

MOTOROLA

Motorola TV®

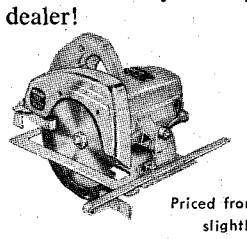
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



POWER
TO SPARE!

Cummins® MAXAW®

Extra power for every job with MAXAW—designed for professionals, priced for everyone! Exclusive True-Course Guide means straight cuts automatically; magic-pivot for deeper angle cuts with blade to spare, big-saw capacity. Get the full MAXAW story from your Cummins dealer!



Cummins MAXAW

Priced from $49.95 to $84.95 slightly higher in Canada.

Cummins Portable Electric Tools
5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee 17, Wis.
made by John Oster MANUFACTURING CO.
In Canada, 18 Hook Ave., Toronto, Ontario
© 1958 J.O.M.C.

AMERICA'S FINEST FOOD CONFECTIONS

Spudnuts®

Delicious goodness around the clock! Spudnuts, Spuddies, Spud-Over Fruit Pies and many other delicious, exclusive Spudnut pastries await your selection at nearly 400 Spudnut dealers, coast-to-coast, Alaska to Mexico. Take a dozen home—*soon!*

OWN YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

—and have it operating at a profit within thirty days! Many cities open for Spudnut Dealership—complete, continuing help—you need not be a baker! For a sound financial future, mail coupon today—full details!

CLIP and MAIL TODAY

Pelton's Spudnuts, Inc.
Franchise Division, Dept. 6-1
450 West 17th South
Salt Lake City, Utah
Please send complete Franchise information. I am interested in.....
Name of City
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

(*Continued from Page 76*) across the way is certain to have its effect. There will be nothing very subtle about the Russian pavilion. Ignoring a Belgian request to all foreign exhibitors to use no more than 70 per cent of their allotted acreage for construction, the Russians are covering nine tenths of theirs with a colossal glass-and-steel box—a kind of super-Parthenon designed to awe rather than please. Inside, you'll find, surrounded by the implements of "progress"—industrial, agricultural and plain cultural—a large statue of Lenin. As Russia's commissioner general for the fair happens to be assistant minister for machine-tool production, the Russians will be bulging with machine tools where we shall bulge with understatement.

Still, as this phase of the Cold War will be fought in plain view of 35,000,000 spectators, there is little point in our discounting the Russians in advance. They are, by all accounts, spending more money on their show than the United States, although the $50,000,000 mentioned in the press is probably exaggerated. And while such "live" exhibits as a coal mine and an oil well hardly sound exciting, the Russians may have some surprises up their sleeves—astral and otherwise. Their restaurant, where national dishes will be served, is likely to prove one of the sensations of the fair. And their essays in culture, which will include a presentation of the Bolshoi ballet, will make our own shortage of funds for the performing arts doubly regrettable.

As Belgium could invite only the nations with which she is on speaking terms, some governments, including those of mainland China and Eastern Germany, have not been asked. Others, though invited, have since bowed out for lack of interest or cash—notably India, Pakistan, South Africa, Australia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark and Greece. But what remains will be sufficiently "universal" to justify the label of the fair. The presence of Monaco, Liechtenstein and San Marino—the last just freed from twelve years of Communist rule—will prove that size is not a requisite of sovereignty. And the pavilions of seven international organizations, from the United Nations to the European Coal and Steel Community, will add their One-World touch.

Still, a brief stroll around the foreign section, reverberating with the din of last-minute construction work, and smelling of enthusiasm and fresh paint, reveals a frightening variety of states of mind. West Germany parades her eight rectangular pavilions in a clear, orderly, headstrong formation. The Netherlands, whose theme is Water—Friend and Enemy, is turning part of her establishment into the "sea." Morocco's closed-mouth and forbidding fortress makes you think of the wind in the high Atlas. Italy gently draws you into an Italian village, with a fine little *piazza* and *palazzo*. The Czechs are sheathing their three windowless pavilions with 7,000,000 diamond-shaped pieces of gilt glass. Great Britain, always a "nation of shopkeepers," uses a modest government pavilion as come-on for a huge, hangarlike showcase of British goods, erected by the Federation of British Industries. The Japanese, torn between old and new, crown their exquisite paper house with a futuristic metal lid. And the Brazilians can be found under a tricky fiber canopy that looks like a tarpaulin.

Our neighbor on the right, the sovereign state of Vatican City, is welcoming all sinners to a gleaming-white "City of God" from which a startlingly modern church raises a 180-foot belfry. The world Protestant churches have their own pavilion in another sector of the fair grounds. The French, as if they did not have enough problems at home, have had hard luck at Brussels. Having first run into burst sewers underneath their site, which made it difficult to sink foundations, they found that the design their architects came up with was so advanced that the building could not be constructed. Only when the original idea of pivoting the entire roof upon a single strut was compromised by the addition of two new supports would the pavilion stand up—a heavy blow to every Frenchman's love of abstract logic.

All of these handsome structures, the agreement says, must be razed when the fair is over, at the exhibitors' expense. Some European countries, with this sad end in mind, use prefabricated materials for their buildings, and have foreseen their re-erection at home—the Soviet pavilion, for example, will serve as an exhibition hall in Moscow. We, living all the way across the water, are less fortunate. Not only will our beautiful pavilion transform itself into a lumbering white elephant the day the show is over, but, having to depend largely on local labor and materials, we have to pay a Belgian tax on some of the transactions involved—an ugly $430,000 surprise to our planners. Although the matter has led to some pointed questions in the United States Senate, where the tax was referred to as a "holdup," there is little hope for Belgian leniency.

What everyone would like to know, at this point, is whether Belgium will relax its rule against serving liquor, other than beer, in public places. Without a sampling of French and Italian wines, a dash of vodka, Scotch or rye, many a visitor, it is feared, may drop dead from exhaustion prematurely.

But what about the Belgians as exhibitors? Reserving for themselves the spacious grounds of the annual Brussels trade fair—the foreign zone is, normally, a royal park—they will spread themselves over nearly one half of the 500-acre exposition grounds. There, at their ease, they will display their own civilization, with emphasis on its material and commercial aspects. However, the world's hosts do not intend to play dog-in-the-manger. In giving their own manufacturers a chance to show their wares, they are willing to grant foreign firms asylum on their sovereign grounds, and half a dozen large American concerns, unable to exhibit in the United States pavilion, will have pavilions of their own across the line. The lofty purpose of the exposition, of course, prevents the sale of goods displayed.

More of a blown-up country fair than a sophisticated exercise in self-portrayal, the Belgian show will have something for everyone. The sector given over to the country's famous diamond industry, for example, is almost certain to rank with the main attractions of the fair. There will be the inevitable midway, to be sure, and a gay and capricious folklore land, taking you back to the year 1900. A surprisingly large portion of the Belgian site is set aside for the displays of Belgium's African domain, especially the Belgian Congo. But it appears there will be no attempt—as in France's Algerian exhibit—to refute charges of colonialism.

By now, this country of 9,000,000 inhabitants is heavily committed to the exposition. Although the transformation of traffic-locked and cluttered Brussels into a modern capital had long been on the books, the fair has turned the long-term project into a $400,000,000 crash program. There seems to be no street here, at this writing, that is not being widened or at least torn up. New overpasses, underpasses, throughways are gradually emerging from the chaos. The city's shopkeepers anticipate fat profits, while the more sensitive look forward to the fair as one looks forward to an earthquake, and talk of going on a nice, long trip. The one question to which the Belgians, so far, have given little thought is where to billet the invading army. Hotel space in this city of 1,300,000 is woefully inadequate, and visitors may have to fan out over the surrounding country, bivouac on ships in nearby ports or use the Brussels-Paris helicopter service for commuting.

Will it be worth the trouble? It is one thing to talk about a rattlesnake, and quite another thing to hear it rattle. To judge a fair, you want the noise, the smells, the fireworks and, above all, the crowds. This much is sure: the Brussels Exposition, a peaceful contest among fifty nations, will give the jaded traveler a new sense of affinity with a bewildered, striving, basically inoffensive species: Man. As such, the first world's fair since World War II will warrant the enormous effort made to give it diversity and punch. And, if it does turn out to be the last, it will at least be worthy of its famous predecessors. THE END

"Still, he has done a lot to humanize the bank."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Always Steals the Show

(Continued from Page 20)

moneymaker. One theory is that Miss Kelly's marriage to Prince Rainier, which, by amazing coincidence, came off just as the movie came out, had the better script. In the Prisoner, playing a Catholic cardinal tortured into a false confession by the Communists, Guinness not only showed Americans he could master a strong dramatic role but made some money for Columbia Pictures, which released the film in the United States.

The Bridge on the River Kwai is his first chance to try his luck with the American audience in the traditional Hollywood spectacular. The picture was shot in the jungles of Ceylon, in Technicolor and CinemaScope, at a cost that started out to be $2,200,000 and ended up closer to $3,000,000. Its producer was Sam Spiegel, its director David Lean. Besides Guinness, it has in its international cast America's William Holden, England's Jack Hawkins, and Japan's Sessue Hayakawa.

This is the first team, and someone on it will have fans wherever movies are exhibited. The odd thing is that so much of the responsibility for recapturing this investment, plus a profit, rests on the frail-looking shoulders of an extremely shy Englishman who could walk down any street in America without being recognized. It happens daily in England.

In no way does Alec Guinness resemble the conventional movie star. Guinness is of average height, a slightly bald man of bland coloration, with a few freckles and a small mezzanine at the belt line. He dresses conservatively, and his carriage is that of a distressed householder on his way to discuss a disputed milk bill. "He looks unmemorable," said Kenneth Tynan, dramatic critic for the London Sunday Observer, in a puzzled little book he wrote about Guinness.

How can a man so unstriking stimulate the evangelical affection Guinness receives on both sides of the Atlantic? "Versatility," the word most often used in connection with him, does not explain it. There are other actors of range and scope who remain relatively obscure. It might be worth while to rummage for clues in his biography.

Alec Guinness was born in April, 1914, in London. He was an only child, and his parents separated when he was eighteen months old. He was eight years old when he last saw his father, and has only a cloudy memory of him. What annoys him most is to be mistaken for a scion of the ancient family that makes Guinness stout. It happens frequently. Indeed, there seems to be a fairly general belief that brewery money paid his way backstage, and that his career is only the hobby of a talented rich man with time on his hands.

"Nothing could be farther from the truth!" he told me rather sharply. "I have no connection with the family and no inherited wealth. My father was able to put aside a small educational fund for me, but I've had to support myself ever since leaving school."

He spent most of his childhood in what we would call boarding schools. He did not make friends easily and was not good at team sports. He blamed himself for this, and at an early age developed an intense dislike of his own personality and face. It survives in vestige today.

This state of mind could be unhealthy in a growing boy. Alec might have turned out to be one of those disagreeably sensitive brats who trail after divorced mothers from one residential hotel to another, wallowing in self-pity. What saved him seems to have been a streak of plain British bullheadedness; this trait also survives today.

Failing at football, young Alec went out for track, and while he set no records, he was a good sprinter, and he enjoyed it. Looking back now, he thinks he probably had more friends than he realized at the time. No doubt he was a misfit, but probably not as a result of what child psychologists today call "personality defects." Strongly individualistic even then, his adult intelligence and artistic tastes would have made him the odd boy in any group.

Guinness thinks he was about twelve when he first thought of being an actor. It began as boyish play-acting and dressing in costume. "One tried to escape from oneself in any way possible," he told me. This frequent use of the impersonal pronoun in speaking of himself is at first disconcerting to an interviewer. He says he is no longer shy, but it's a struggle to make him say "I."

By the time he left school, at seventeen, the stage had become an obsession. He went to the theater often and sat brooding in the cheapest seats. He knew not a soul in show business and had no idea of how to begin an acting career.

The money from his educational trust was almost gone. An adult friend got him a job with an advertising agency, where his writing talent might be useful. He started as a junior copywriter—actually, an apprentice—at a pound a week, a little under five dollars at that time. Thanks to depression prices, that sum, added to the dribble that remained from his school fund, kept him alive.

It even allowed sixpence a week for the theater. "I saw every show in London," he recalls. "I saw everything Gielgud ever did. It was during that period that I saw the greatest single performance of my life—Ernest Milton as Hamlet."

The San Francisco-born Milton was then at the peak of his powers. His Hamlet so moved Alec that the boy stumbled home, went to bed and remained there twenty-four hours, unwilling to let the exaltation slip away. Eventually it did, leaving him to face the realities of his own existence and the anticlimax of having to get out of bed.

He probably had everything an advertising man needs, except a desire to be one. His pay was raised to twenty-five and then to thirty shillings a week—not bad, but not good either. On the strength of this new wealth, he enrolled for one lesson a week in a London dramatic school. He was then nineteen, a gaunt, underfed youth, pale and wispy, and more self-distrustful than ever. It took great nerve to walk in and gulp, "I want to be an actor."

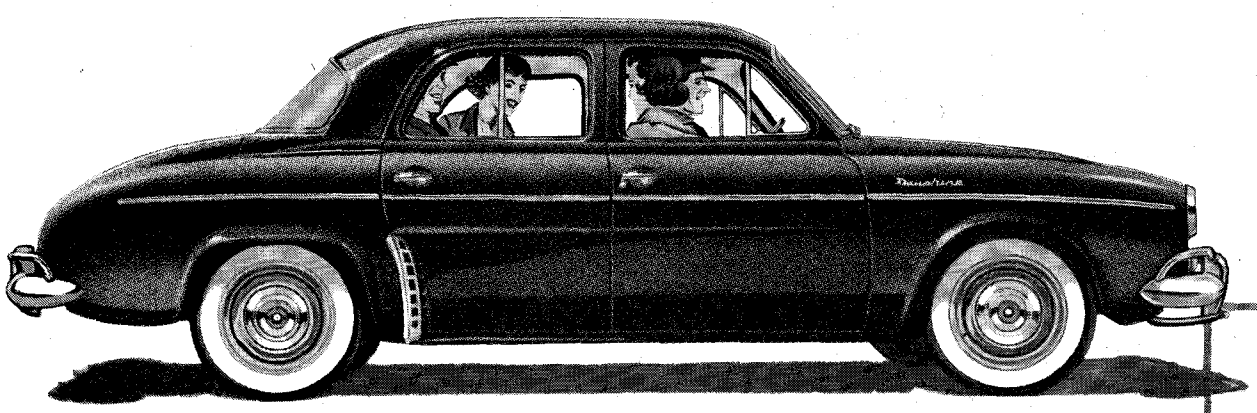
His reception was heart-warming. He was treated kindly, even deferentially. He rubbed shoulders with professionals, and heard for the first time the intoxicating backstage vernacular. His teacher praised his work generously.

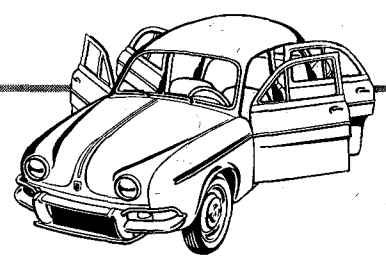
For six weeks he lived in a rosy dream. He woke up with brutal suddenness, when the director called him in and advised him to give it up. "You'll never make an actor," he was told, when they pulled the rug out from under him.

Not until much later did he learn that they had mistaken him for one of the well-heeled brewing heirs. The decision that he had no talent followed instantaneously upon the discovery that he had no money.

If there was a single critical turning point in Alec Guinness' career, this was it. He suffered from malnutrition of both body and spirit, and from the normal adolescent myopia that sees trouble double.

4-passenger, 4-door...over 40 miles per gallon!





la Dauphine by RENAULT

Paris-styled . . . family-sized . . . and a dream to drive . . . the sensational Renault Dauphine has taken America by storm! Thousands of new owners acclaim it the finest *low-cost* way to beat today's high cost of driving.

They've discovered the Dauphine's roomy 4-passenger comfort, 4 convenient doors, easy ride . . . and the quick, nimble response only a rear-engine car can offer. *Plus*—up to 43 miles on just *one* gallon of gas!

Discover the Dauphine yourself—it will be a thrilling new motoring experience. And, it can be yours fully equipped for just $1645 F.O.B., N.Y.C.

The "French-Touch" inside and out! Elegant appointments, safety-designed construction, amazing visibility, superb steering control and safety-swift braking! Automatic clutch – slightly extra.

PARTS & SERVICE EVERYWHERE YOU GO!

Over 400 authorized dealers from coast to coast

RENAULT, INC.

425 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

In Canada: 1427 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This, remember, was the sensitive youth who had gone to bed for twenty-four hours after seeing a moving performance of Hamlet.

To the slings and arrows of his own outrageous fortune, he reacted by applying to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for a scholarship. Told there were none left, he went to the Fay Compton school, then one of the best in London. There, in a single audition, he won a scholarship that paid his full tuition for a year. But nothing for living expenses! Nevertheless, that day the advertising business lost a lad of promise.

Guinness quit his job to go to school, living in a tiny attic on one meal a day. His fellow students brought him sandwiches, and adult friends had him out for occasional meals. When his shoes wore through, he padded them with paper and continued to walk the several miles daily between his attic and the all-day school sessions.

And he loved it! At the annual school show, a year later, he won first prize. One of the judges was his idol, John Gielgud, then, as now, considered by most critics to be the greatest living Shakespearean actor—he was knighted in 1953 by Queen Elizabeth for his accomplishments.

Out of school, but also out of money, Guinness applied for work at every theater. He got a small part in a play called Libel!. He sat at a courtroom table in a junior counsel's wig and said not a word. But he was onstage. He was acting!

When Libel! closed he got a job in Queer Cargo, playing a Chinese cook, a French pirate and a British sailor. These were small parts, but critics praised his skill at make-up. That probably started the cycle that won him the name of "master of disguise," a phase that ended in 1949 when he made the film Kind Hearts and Coronets, in which he played ten parts. Since then, success seems to have made it easier for him to endure his own face and personality.

When Queer Cargo closed, he got up nerve enough to send his name in to Gielgud, in his dressing room at Wyndham's Theater. To his amazement, the great actor not only saw him but remembered him.

"You're the lad who won the prize," he said, with a warm smile. "Now, what can we do for you?"

"I've got to have work," Guinness said.

"I'll have a job for you soon," Gielgud replied, "but you're far too thin! You haven't been eating, have you?"

Guinness admitted it. Gielgud continued talking, winningly and without condescension. It was an experience calculated to inspire the most diffident youth. As he talked, Gielgud laid twenty pounds on the table.

"Take that and eat," he commanded.

Guinness thanked him and stumbled out—without the money. He was so grateful for Gielgud's interest, so heartened by his encouragement and so sure of a job under his sponsorship, that he would have starved rather than touch the money.

Gielgud referred him to several jobs. He got none of them. He's not sure how he lived until Gielgud opened in Hamlet at the New Theater that fall of 1934. Sure enough, he remembered. He gave Guinness the small part of Osric.

To support one of the greatest of all actors in one of the greatest of all roles was, for a lad of twenty, a heady business. This Hamlet ran for 155 performances, and, next to Gielgud himself, the actor most singled out for mention by the critics was Guinness. Few supporting players have ever had such notices in the history of the London stage.

Guinness remained with Gielgud two years, learning and maturing. In 1936 he went to the Old Vic, where Gielgud's leading rival for domination of the London theater, Tyrone Guthrie, was directing. A year later he was back with Gielgud at the Queen's Theater, but in 1938 he returned to the Old Vic and toured the Continent with it. He worked so hard—and so successfully—at supporting roles that he was hardly aware that his long apprenticeship was over. Returning to England, he played leads and tried directing and producing. Then came the war. Guinness enlisted in the Royal Navy in 1941 and served as an ordinary seaman on a coastal tanker.

"It was very dull," he recalls. "I suppose I had a lot of miseries, but looking back, I don't remember them. It now seems to me to have been a quiet, pleasant time, with some very fine friendships."

The quietness ended when he was picked for officer's training. Sent to Boston to command his first ship, a brand-new landing craft, he found it only half finished. A play called Flare Path was then going the rounds of Broadway, looking for a producer. It was pretty candidly pro-British, and when Guinness was offered the lead, the Admiralty gave him a temporary leave and its heartiest blessing.

Flare Path closed in three weeks, and Lieutenant Guinness was back at sea in time to share in the Sicily invasion. He earned a modest place in history when, through a mix-up in orders, he arrived thirty minutes ahead of the main assault force. The first Allied fighting man ashore in Sicily was Guinness.

"We came in so hard that it took three weeks to refloat us," he recalls. "There were a few Italians lurking about in pillboxes, brandishing rifles. But they looked the other way and we landed quite unopposed."

He finished the war in the Adriatic, supplying Yugoslav partisans. They were a quick-triggered bunch, and several times he had to bring his ship in under the hot fire of his own allies.

Demobilized, he made his first movie, Great Expectations, in 1946-47. It did well in England and on the American art circuit. He made five more films, winning a popularity that rather stunned him. He appeared briefly on Broadway in The Cocktail Party, before making The Lavender Hill Mob in 1951.

After it came out, the public demanded more. Other comedies followed, but he still kept veering toward the dramatic stage, like a compass needle seeking the north. In 1952 he went to the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, Ontario, for his first Canadian appearance and first time in the role of Richard III. By then, Hollywood was beginning to beckon, with its hands full of United States dollars.

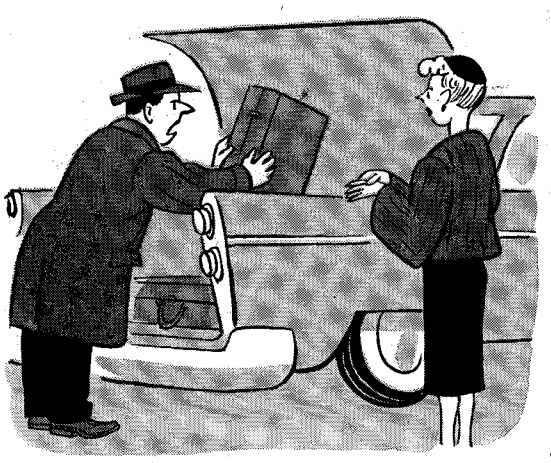
Unlike many British actors, Guinness liked Hollywood. This may have been because Hollywood liked him. Often naïve in its preoccupation with color, wide screens, publicity and sex, Hollywood honestly worships talent. There you'll find the warmest Guinness fans of all.

"In every generation there are a few entertainers who can walk out on any stage in the world and instantly have the audience in the palms of their hands, whether those people can understand their language or not. There's no name for this quality. Call it magic," says James Cagney, who has his share of whatever it is.

He goes on, "John Barrymore was one of these universal personalities. So was Charles Chaplin. So is Maurice Chevalier. So is Cantinflas, the great Mexican comedian. Everyone will have his own 'magic' list, but you'll have to put Alec Guinness on too."

This is one explanation for the Guinness vogue. (*Continued on Page 82*)

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



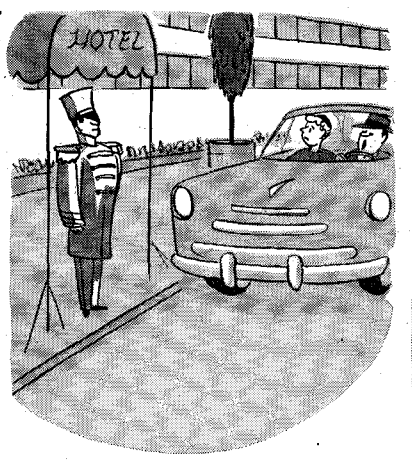
"And please try to remember their names. This convention is important to me."

"If you can't do it any other way, try association. Break the name up in parts. Suppose a fellow's name is Hillman. What do you think of?"

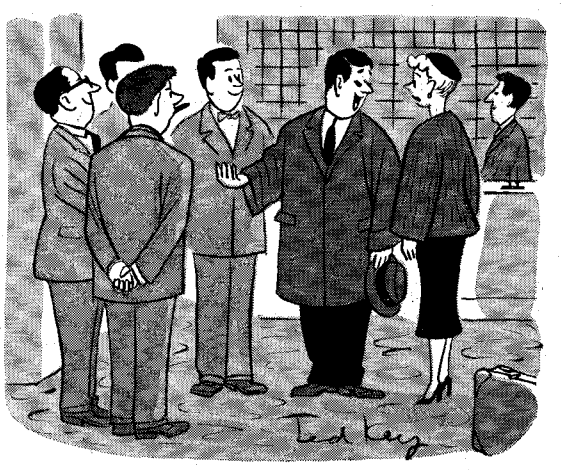
"A hill? A man?"

"Right. Now suppose a guy's name is Nielson. What do you think of?"

"Kneel. Somebody kneeling. And a son. Kneel. Son."



"Perfect. Well, here we are. Now don't panic."



"Honey, Stanislavs Orczewski, Nicolas Klanefrekis, Thurlow Grefunolunk and . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This one was only a test (atomic detonation in Nevada).

Big reason for better roads

"It has been determined as a matter of Federal policy," reports the President's Advisory Committee on a National Highway Program, "that at least 70 million people would have to be evacuated from target areas in case of threatened or actual enemy attack. No urban area in the country today has highway facilities equal to this task."

But such highways are coming. We are at work now, building our 41,000-mile National System of Interstate and Defense Highways.

This tremendous network of no-stop freeways offers other vital defense benefits, too. Obviously, it will speed the movement of men and materiel. But more importantly, it will encourage the decentralization of our industries. Already more and more plants are following these fine new roads out of congested cities, out into the wide countryside just minutes away by swift, safe freeways.

WHAT EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW

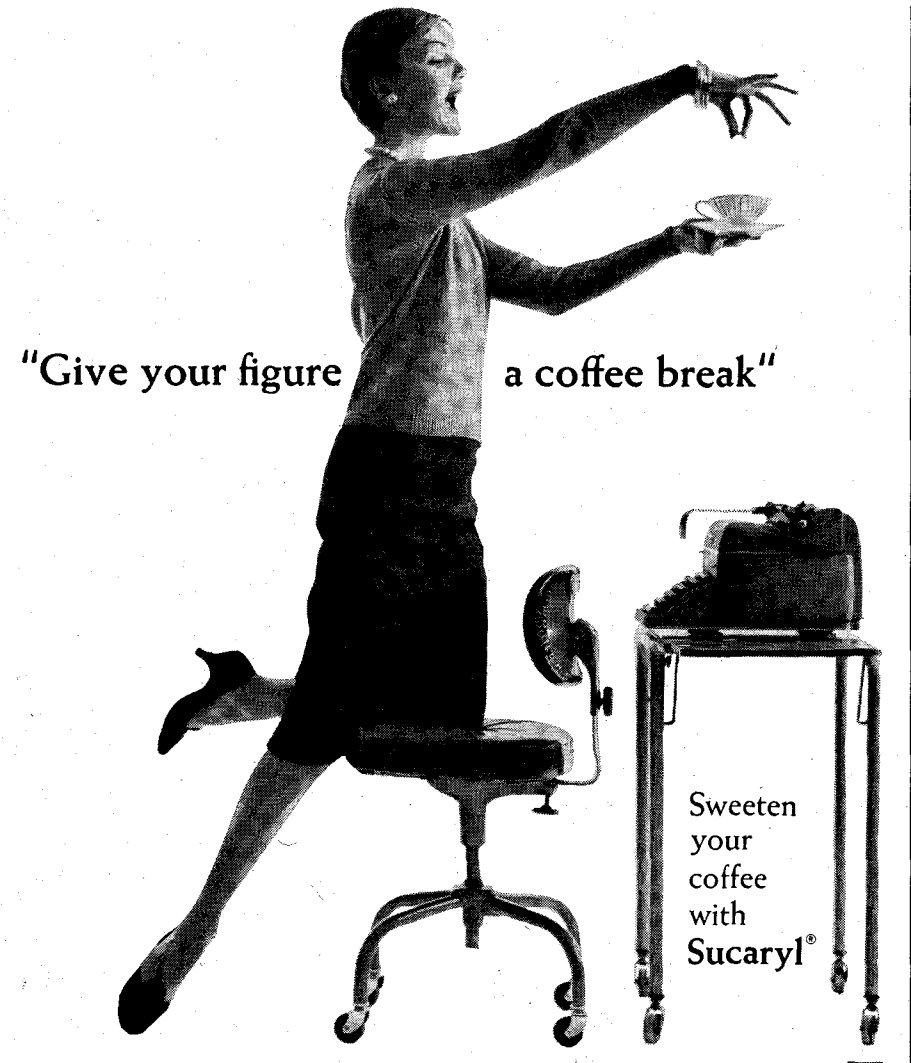
Don't allow the Interstate-Defense Highway Program to bog down. Find out how it will serve you, how much it will cost, how long it will take to finish. Send today for a free copy of an informative booklet, "The Road Ahead." Write Dept. 12P, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You save all sugar's calories, and you can't taste the difference!

®Sucaryl *Non-Caloric Sweetener, Abbott . . . on sale at drug stores everywhere*

(*Continued from Page 80*) "Guinness," says one Hollywood director, "is so unashamedly an intellectual! That's a switch, and it appeals to our snob instincts. Or," he added thoughtfully, "maybe it's just because he's such a fine actor. Don't quote me, but that's getting to be something of a switch too."

Another Hollywood expert credits Guinness' diction for at least part of his success with Yank audiences. "He's one of the few English actors we can all understand," he says. "We have done some awful things to the mother tongue, but so have the British. We wouldn't even be speaking the same language now, except for radio and motion pictures. What Guinness speaks is English as it should be spoken."

More than twenty years have passed since Sir John Gielgud, then plain Mr. Gielgud, went to Fay Compton's to judge its annual accumulation of hopefuls.

"This boy with the gaunt face and figure came on in a pantomime part. He did not have a line to speak, but there was never any question in our minds as to the winner," he told me.

"A bit later, he came to me for help, but he refused my money. Unusual, wasn't it? Well, Alec is an unusual person, with a rare gift for being sad and funny at the same time. Like all of us, he wants to be a tragedian, and he'll never be happy until he does Hamlet to please himself as well as everyone else. Of course no one is ever satisfied with his own Hamlet, and Alec will worry. He worries dreadfully! Success has been a great burden to him. I wish he could be as sure as I am that, whatever he does, he'll do it well."

To Sir John, incidentally, Guinness owes more than his start. It was in the Gielgud company that he played in The School for Scandal. Also in the play was a talented young English girl by the name of Merula Salaman, with enormous eyes and a confident serenity of spirit that Guinness had always lacked. Guinness married her as soon as he could afford a wife.

His friends give her credit for the kind of help that all actors need, but which few of them get. Merula had confidence in Alec Guinness when he had none in himself, which was a good deal of the time before the war.

The Guinnesses have one son, Matthew, now sixteen. They live in the country, in Sussex, in a home hardly big enough for a star, by Hollywood standards. Star? Guinness considers this term rather too unconservative, although he does admit to certain alterations in his station in life.

"One is conscious of a change, but one never knows whether it's for better or for worse," he says, skidding cautiously off into the third person again as he views, direly, the future.

Beyond wanting to do a Broadway play—if he can find one, and as soon as he fulfills three or four film commitments—he has no idea where he goes from here. He once played Hamlet, in a modern-dress flop that still bothers him.

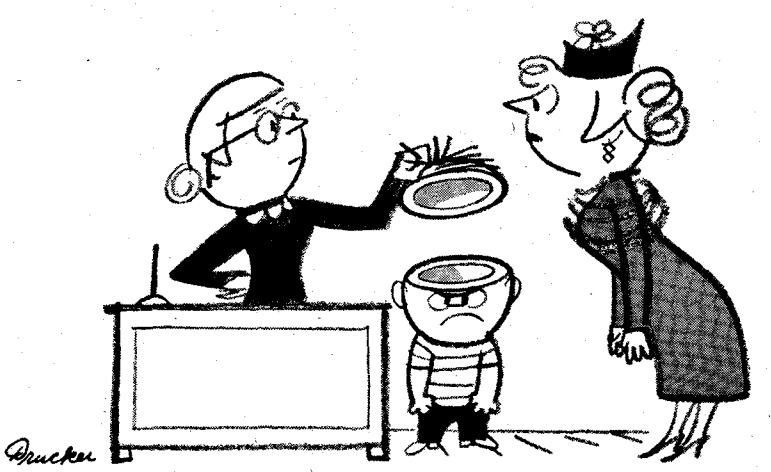
He will probably do Hamlet again, and certainly the public will demand more of those lovable thieves and murderers. Whatever he does, you can be sure of one thing—he'll worry.

If The Bridge on the River Kwai makes money, he can write his own ticket in Hollywood. It probably will, because Alec Guinness attracts such a wide audience—everyone from the intellectuals who like art films to people who are only killing time. Hollywood has been looking for someone like him for a long time.

THE END

Of all the luck! My stomach's so upset! I'll just die if I can't make that dance tonight!
Now look, honey— you take Pepto-Bismol. Hospital tests prove it relieves upsets. It's wonderful for indigestion or nausea.

Pepto-Bismol works where soda, seltzers and "tummy-aids" fail!
For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.
TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL®...AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!



The Perfect Squelch

Tommy's mother made no secret of the fact that she expected her little darling to make the highest marks in the first grade. "With a mind like his ——" she constantly added. The neighbors said nothing, for they knew Tommy as a spoiled young smart aleck who was bound to give any teacher a headache.

Sure enough, Tommy's teacher promoted him to second grade at the end of the term with a bare passing mark of 70. Report card in hand, Tommy's mother sped to the principal's office and insisted that he summon Tommy's teacher. Irately, she asked the teacher:

"Why did you promote my Tommy with only a seventy?"

"Because," the teacher said, "we are not permitted to flunk them in the first grade."

Monica A. McCool

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Doctors are Made (Continued from Page 25)

other fellow's efforts without yawning or losing patience. Thus he finds his way hours or days later to a safe common ground, substantially of his own making and nicely affirmed by unanimous vote. Berry is good at this.

For example, one of his greatest successes as Harvard's medical dean occurred last year when he obtained the formal incorporation of the Medical School and its seven private teaching hospitals as the Harvard Medical Center. People accustomed to thinking of the medical centers in their own states may not regard this as much of an accomplishment unless they realize that Harvard Medical Center includes 1950 top-grade physicians and 2400 hospital beds in some of the world's best-known hospitals. These include Massachusetts General, Peter Bent Brigham and Children's, each with a history, mind and destiny of its own. (The teaching and research programs also extend into two outstanding public hospitals, Boston Psychopathic and Boston City.) Simply to get seven private hospitals to pull together to raise $58,000,000 in the next ten years for support of the faculty, library and teaching program took about 100 committee meetings and thousands of hours of high-minded, literate talk.

President of Harvard Medical Center? George Berry.

He is a bland, baggy sort of man, fifty-eight years old, with iron-gray hair, gold-rimmed glasses, ample nose and heavy lips. His intimates say he rarely loses his temper. Only occasionally does he pull at a lock of hair over his ear—a sure sign he's inwardly troubled. When he finds the committee going especially sticky he may leave the room on other business, to sweep back in at a later time with a broad smile and a vigorous stride. The man is sure-footed in getting to the bottom of any situation and equally resourceful in coming out on top.

This is a singular feat, considering the Olympian medical heights his Back Bay Boston institution has achieved. The Medical School's 1100 faculty members and 525 medical students come from everywhere and go everywhere, long ago having proved that good minds are not the exclusive resource of Boston culture. On the other hand, it doesn't seem to hurt them any to wind up at Harvard. When a vacancy opens up on the faculty, its committees may take as much as two or three years to figure out who would be best to fill it. When the summons to Harvard is issued, it's a rare doctor who would turn it down. Once there, he stays on at considerable risk of financial hardship, for Boston practice yields the lowest average medical income of any large city in the United States.

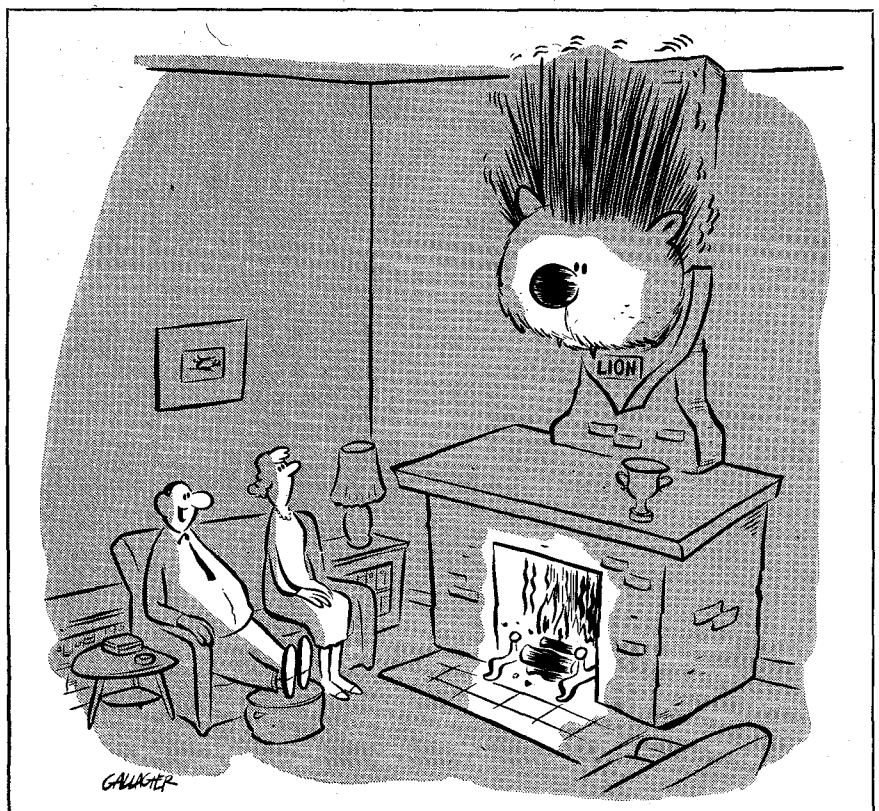
Berry was associate dean of the University of Rochester School of Medicine when he was summoned to Boston in 1949 by James Bryant Conant, then Harvard's president. Conant assured Berry that, "Harvard furnishes an excellent vantage point from which to make a contribution to American medical education."

Berry took Conant at his word, but he has had to survive an effort or two to put the dean in his janitorial place. To take a mild example, when Berry first arrived, he dashed off an article about fund raising and submitted it to the Harvard Medical Alumni Bulletin for publication in the next issue. The editor, a younger surgeon, rejected the piece. Berry remonstrated, and the surgeon asked him, "Who is editor, you or I?" "You," Berry gracefully conceded. After that, they got along fine, and Berry got a few things into the Bulletin too.

Berry also has had to turn down proffered university presidencies and more lucrative deanships than his own. He received one bid of $75,000 a year, about three times his Harvard salary.

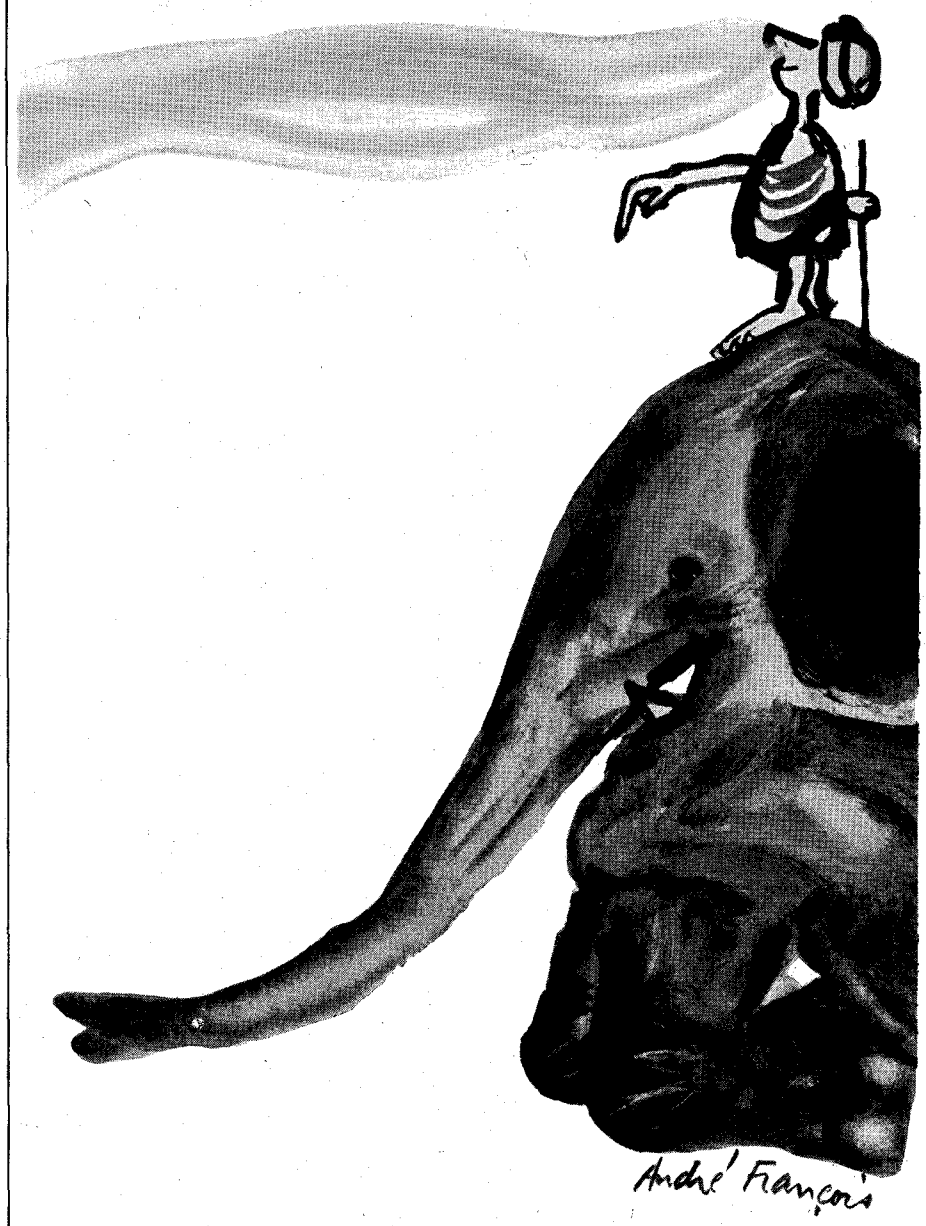
As to the kind of doctors we want, Berry knows the answer. He knows we want a doctor who's a good physician and also a good human being, interested in us as people as well as something on which he can practice his techniques. Harvard is far from being the only medical school producing physicians with good hearts as well as good heads, but experts on medical affairs say it does better than most.

Somewhere this 175-year-old medical school found (*Continued on Page 85*)



"Seems to be drawing nicely."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Traffic stops...

tension drops...everything's

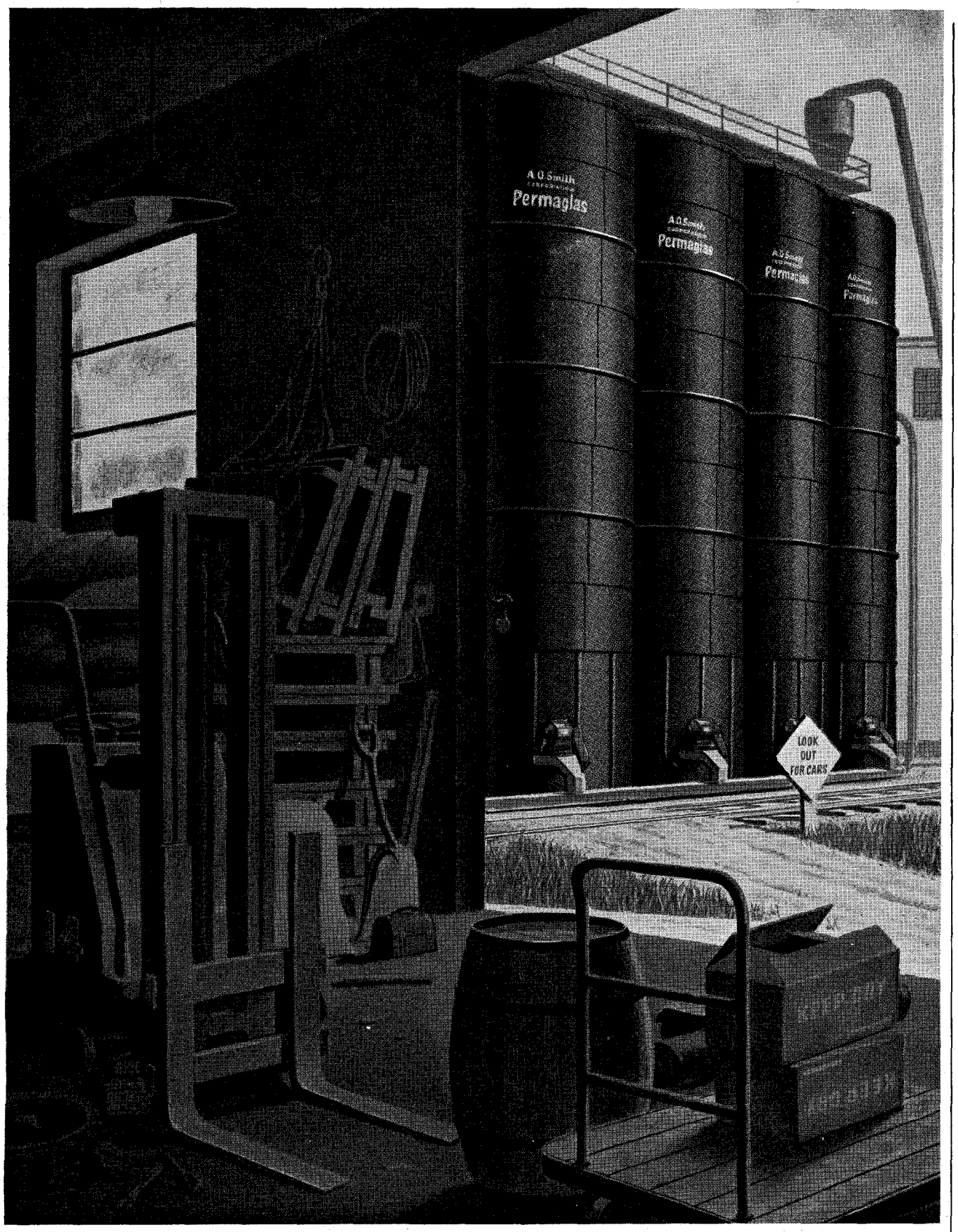
tops...life seems to take on an added glow for the man who smokes a Dutch Masters. Reward yourself with this tastefully mild, richly satisfying cigar. Seven luxury shapes from 2 for only 25¢ to 25¢ each.

Dutch Masters®

The Fine Cigar

Copr. 1958, Consolidated Cigar Sales Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Yesterday's materials-handling heroes...

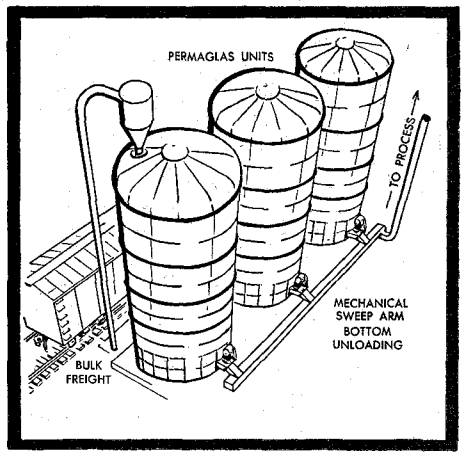
retired for the duration of progress

Permaglas® MECHANIZED BULK STORAGE UNITS are retiring bags, bins, barrels, shovels, hand trucks, fork trucks and other remnants of slow and costly bulk materials-handling. Result: Processors can produce far more economically.

Born of A. O. Smith research, these structures of steel, glass-protected inside and out, actually turn storage into a profitable production tool. They safely handle all kinds of bulk materials — from wood chips to wheat flour, from sugar to soda ash. Their mechanized sweep-arm bottom unloaders can feed process lines with automatic efficiency, saving up to 67% on materials-handling time alone.

HOW WE WORK STEEL TO MAKE STEEL WORK FOR YOU

How industry saves with Permaglas mechanized storage



● Schematic drawing shows a typical installation of *Permaglas* mechanized bulk storage units. No more costly, space-wasting warehousing. No more bag-handling or in-plant trucking. Bulk materials are conveyed direct from freight cars and trucks — top-loaded into the units. Flow from storage to production is equally efficient, with special-design mechanized bottom unloaders feeding the process lines.

Tough materials tamed

Permaglas mechanized storage has proved to be especially valuable for hard-to-handle materials — flaky, pulverized or granular . . . hygroscopic, contaminable, edible or non-edible. A new kind of glass, fused to steel inside and out, guards against corrosion and abrasion . . . promotes easy cleaning.

Among the companies now using *Permaglas* mechanized storage units, you'll find such famous names as Quaker Oats, Swift, Procter & Gamble, Carnation, Bakelite, Weyerhaeuser, Kroehler, Merck and scores of others. These unique structures are more than paying their way in the production of candy to chemicals, pulp to plywood, beer to biscuits, feed to fertilizers.

● **Write for free literature. See how modern manufacturing and processing plants profit with *Permaglas* mechanized bulk storage units.**

Through research A.O. Smith *... a better way*

A.O.Smith
CORPORATION
MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

...where creative skill with steel serves you through better products and processes for home, farm, industry and government.

A. O. Smith International S. A.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 83*) the spark and the force to supply the country with more professors (doctors who teach other doctors) and more certified specialists (qualified in their specialty by training, experience and examination) than does any other medical school. A recent Ford Foundation survey of the source of all full-time teachers in the nation's medical schools found Harvard leading the list. It is the alma mater of fifteen per cent of these teachers. Johns Hopkins is second with nine per cent. These two, with five other schools, produce 54 per cent of the full-time medical-school teachers. Dollar-wise, Harvard and its teaching hospitals have the country's largest medical-research program.

But these are effects rather than causes. What, then, really makes this school great? There is certainly something here beyond mere snob tradition. Persons much given to standing on their dignity, it has been discovered, often have little else to support them. The Harvard reputation is built on solider foundations.

I asked my family physician in Washington, D.C., what was so wonderful about his medical school, Harvard. A 1935 graduate, he replied, "The thing I remember at Harvard is that we were encouraged to ask questions of the professors. There was an unwritten rule that you didn't have to believe them if they didn't give you a satisfactory answer." Impressively, when I put the question to a senior student, Class of '57, he made the same point in almost the same words. This seems to be a place where the man who rests on his laurels is in danger of being run over.

Granted, such heady stimulation of the learning process imposes severe strains on the professors. The medical-school Class of 1956 took over the Harvard College undergraduate custom of standing and applauding when a professor's lecture performance appealed, and of hissing or stalking out silently when he was, as they viewed it, wasting their precious time. "Not always well received, the hisses were not always well given," commented one observing '56 graduate.

Yet one of the most frequent comments you hear from medical-faculty members is, "It's a privilege to teach these students." This may be better understood by further examining the composition of the student body. Harvard is one of those fortunate medical schools that have twelve applicants for each student admitted. Actually, the rejection rate is not so brutal as it sounds; ten of the eleven remaining are accepted at other medical schools.

Each year, from October to January, the faculty's admissions committee—Berry is a member—picks the class of 115 for the following September. The candidate must be of high intelligence, as indicated by college grades and a medical-aptitude test. "Brains," remarks Berry, "are a dime a dozen here." One Harvard medical class had forty-six college valedictorians in it.

With the possible exception of football stars, whose method of seeking higher education leaves some doubt in the committee's collective mind, it is prejudiced against no one. For instance, it keeps an enthusiastic eye out for qualified Negro students, male or female.

On the other hand, the committee is discriminating about moral character. Either a committee member or an alumnus representative interviews all qualified applicants, the dean himself seeing very few of them. The committee pores over personal references and launches inquiries among persons who must know the candidate, but who do not appear on his list. Experience has shown that letters from the banker or clergyman friend back home may not be objective; some even do harm. Teachers are more critical. The committee looks for signs of courage in adverse circumstances and the man's willingness to stand up for what he believes.

Least of all does the committee concern itself with the man's or his family's ability to pay for this most expensive of all professional educations—it costs the student a $2500-a-year minimum and costs the school more than three times that. Whether the candidate can pay the $1000-a-year tuition is a question that doesn't even come up until he's accepted. From that time on, it's medical-school policy here to see that the student doesn't drop out for lack of money. More than half of each class receive scholarships or loans. Thus, it was possible for Anthony P. Monaco, the son of an Italian barber in Philadelphia, to graduate No. 1 in the 1956 class that took so much pleasure in deflating professorial ego.

Naturally, the dean doesn't escape the hypercritical eye of these bright young men in their early twenties. Some exuberant students, with their heads full of the names of exotic diseases such as beriberi, cry, "Bury Berry!" Their main complaint seems to be that they don't see enough of their great dean; perhaps another way of saying he doesn't throw enough beer parties to suit them—only one, at Christmastime.

Day-to-day problems are handled by one of three assistant deans or by the registrar, who until this past summer was Miss Dorothy Murphy. She had served three deans and was fondly known as "dean of men." Her new position is in the Medical Alumni office. Most students also have a favorite professor whose counsel they seek. Those summoned to the dean's own office are usually in trouble.

Perhaps they've fallen in love or, if already married, have become a father—a good way to fall behind in their work. When they're in danger of becoming one of the 3.8 per cent who fail to graduate, Berry talks to them. On one rare occasion, he had to wash out two students caught cheating. If you can't trust a man as a student, how could you be sure of him as a doctor?

Berry and his faculty advisers continually ponder what to do about the phenomenon that has put so many specialists in our lives. The most perplexing thing about medical education is its complexity. Medical science advances so rapidly that it's impossible to get all the knowledge and skills his patients will need into any one doctor's head.

The ancient meaning of curriculum was "race track," Berry points out. And that's what Harvard's four-year medical course is. For many years it has been recognized that the course contains enough information for several four-year educations in medicine. Thus the medical faculty implements its policy of forcing the student to think for himself, leaving him to pick and choose what seems interesting and important to him.

On registration day, Berry assures the student there's almost no chance of flunking out; therefore, he should feel free to compare notes and experiences with the next man. No grades or frequent class rankings are posted, in contrast to the custom at many schools. The idea at Harvard is to measure up to your ideal self, which may be harder than competing with the other fellow.

The pressure is tremendous and mounts each succeeding year. At graduation, the once-chipper, now-anxious student only hopes he has done nothing to offend the dean, who controls whether the graduate will get a good hospital internship appointment for his fifth and possibly sixth year of training.

The Harvard medical race track is divided, as most are, into pre-clinical and clinical halves—the pre-cynical and cynical years, as some wag has called them. In the first two years the student studies the normal human being and the diseases that attack him. In the last two years he moves from the classroom and laboratory to the hospital clinics and wards, where he follows one professor after another around, seeing patients. Presently he is allowed to examine and treat patients himself, under supervision. He also may do clinical research if he wishes.

Among all the brilliant professors, in their long white coats, each student tends to seek his own ideal doctor and to imitate him. And as each man swaps ideas and observations with his classmates, he finds all are encountering many of the same experiences—the first dumb mistake, the first diagnosis missed by the professor and made by the student, the chagrin of having the patient treat you as a student, and the eventual triumph of having him call you "my doctor."

Several medical schools, including Harvard, are experimenting with their curriculums nowadays, in an effort to streamline the learning process and make the amount of information a little less burdensome. Take anatomy. Authorities interested in teaching doctors something about psychosomatic illness—the psychological side of disease—deplore the fact that medical education for 1000 years has started with the gruesome study of a cadaver's anatomy. Is this, they ask, the way to teach respect for living human beings and their feelings? There's some point to cadaver dissection, of course. Students learn not only the marvelous complexity of the human organism but that Death is their great adversary from now on.

As early as 1922, however, Harvard offset the deadhouse approach by introducing the parallel study of normal human behavior in the first year. By 1944 the student was getting something about the mind and its ills in every one of his four years.

Berry corrects one common misconception. The medical-school aim is not to produce a competent practitioner in four years, but simply to give the graduate a good basic medical education; he is expected to add to it all his life. For practical training, the Harvard graduate who chooses general practice, as an increasing number now do, goes on to a two-year hospital internship instead of the usual one year. If he wishes to specialize, he's in for three to six more years of hospital training in his specialty. Internal medicine and general surgery are the most popular specialties.

In surveying the total situation, the impression Berry leaves is that all the arguments you hear about the general practitioner vs. the specialist aren't half so important as whether the doctor, whichever he is, is trained to do what's best for you. Also, all the talk about whether there is or isn't a doctor shortage is perhaps misleading. The truth is, there are too many inferior doctors and not enough good ones.

Then there's this dull stuff called money. There's no question that medical schools need new sources of funds for teaching, as contrasted to research. Tuition paid by students covers only 18 per cent of the costs of educating them, taking the national average. In short, every doctor's education today is largely subsidized by somebody else.

One mildly disenchanted kibitzer told me that, as far as he could see, all medical deans do is make speeches and raise money. If this were true—and it isn't—it would still be a man-sized job. Harvard Medical School now spends $6,000,000 a year—the total is $40,000,000 if you count the budgets of its affiliated hospitals.

The money must be dug up in a dozen places—anonymous endowments; gifts from wealthy persons who'd like to see their family name on a building, scholarship or professorship; philanthropic foundations; loyal alumni; community

"How about a Times? Or shall we keep going till we find a Wall Street Journal?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP • SKILMANSHIP •

West of the Law (Continued from Page 43)

back door of Mrs. Beebe's eating house. He kicked the door open and stood framed there, a fearsome, still figure of tragedy, the pale girl drooped across his arms.

"Take her," he said harshly to Mrs. Beebe.

"What is it? What ails her?" Mrs. Beebe cried.

"She's murdered," Bednigo said. His eyes flicked to Potter Nourse. "Maury shot her."

"No!" It was almost a scream. "Oh, no, no!" Potter Nourse covered her eyes.

"Lay her on the bed," Mrs. Beebe directed, and Bednigo obeyed.

Mrs. Beebe bent over the girl, felt her wrist, listened for a heartbeat. Potter Nourse stood stiffly by, her beautiful face white and frightened.

"She's not dead," Mrs. Beebe said. "Leave her to the women."

"Yes," Bednigo said. "Leave her to the women." He turned stiffly like an automaton. "Men have other work to do."

"Bednigo!" cried Potter. "Bednigo! He couldn't! Not shoot a woman!"

His eyes were shallow, expressionless, frightening. "I'll be speaking with him," he said softly. "Tonight I'll be speaking with him. Would you send a last message?"

As he stepped out into the garish night, a distant whistle sounded to the eastward and he stopped to listen. Icily he looked at his watch and calculated the time. Then he joined the mob at the Big Tent and shouldered his way through it to the sidewalk. Maury had backed away, pistols threatening, and stood now just outside the barricade. The throng of men, muttering, shuffled their feet in indecision. They had no stomach for lead.

Bednigo set foot upon the sidewalk which Maury had indicated as the dead line, and he looked up at his enemy. Maury stood easily, face grave, sardonic.

"Will you come down to me, Maury?" Bednigo asked.

"Claypool," Maury said, and for once his voice had the ring of sincerity, "I did not mean to shoot Miss Rennie."

Bednigo disregarded this disclaimer. "You will not come down?"

"No," Maury answered, "I'll not come down." His sardonic grin widened. "Tonight," he said, "I have responsibilities."

He vaulted the barricade and disappeared from sight. He did have responsibilities, which he was vain enough to believe he could handle. The volatile mob was a danger, but he despised it. He and his thugs, he was certain, could quell any such boiling up of chaos, but no chances must be taken. He was an intelligent man, and he knew that the lawlessness of Julesburg or other towns of its ilk could not endure much longer. Order would come, and this howling mob might be the first symptom of a movement that would bring the law to town. Let it come in a week or a month. By that time he would have made his play for the hundreds of thousands of dollars which were on their way. Only let that arrive, let his planning succeed, and he would be on his way over the Canadian border with riches to suffice for a lifetime.

Bednigo walked to where General Casement exhorted the workmen.

"General," he said, "hold these men together. Keep them in savage mood."

Casement could scarcely contain himself. He railed at the mob for cowardice, but they would not follow him.

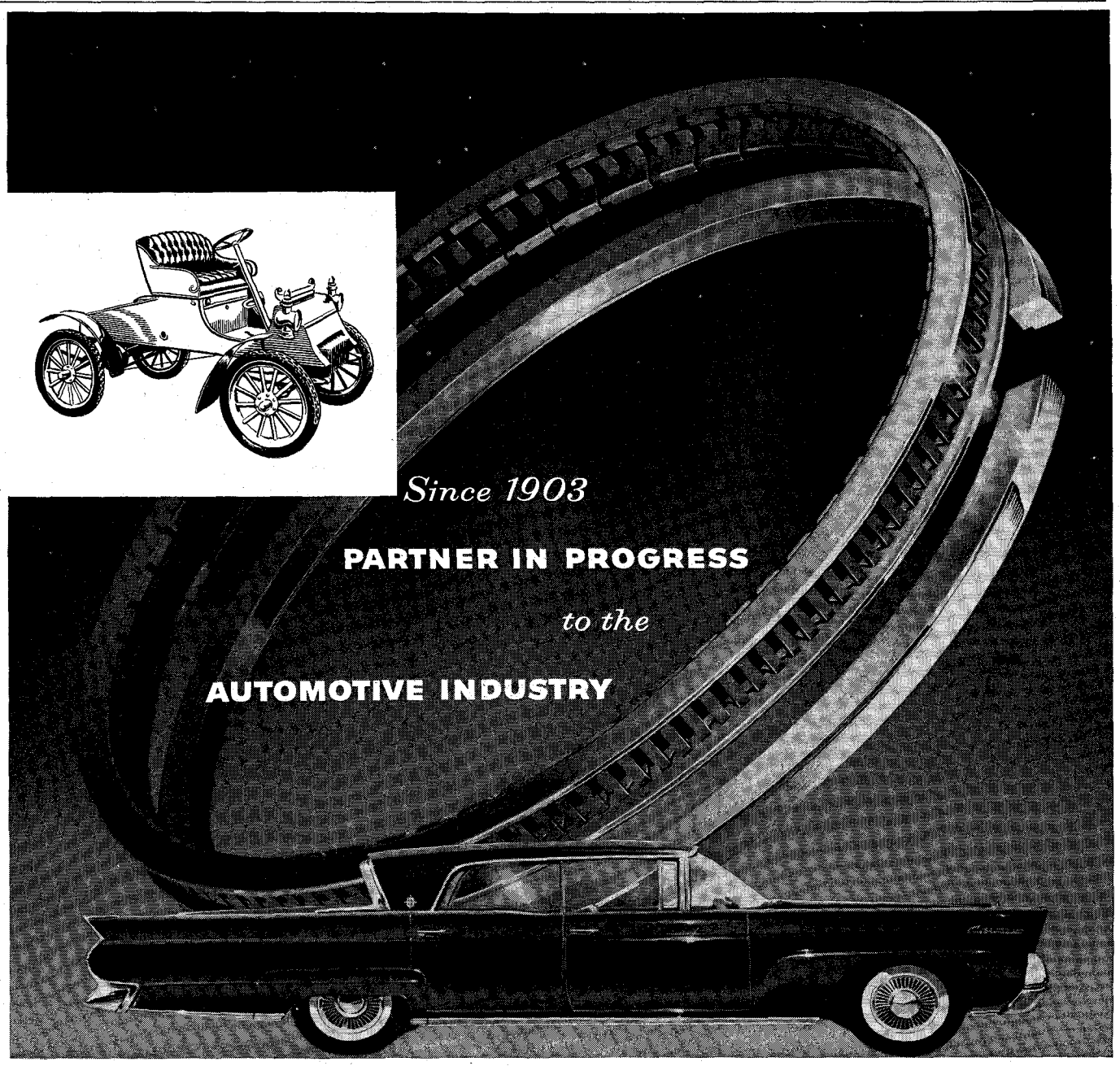
"Hold them together," Bednigo urged. "Keep the men inside occupied. For half an hour—for twenty minutes."

He turned away, cut through the mass of shirted men to the railroad yards, where he paced up and down the rudimentary platform. As he strode back and forth, there was no outward sign of haste or urgency. But about his steady step there was a hint of inexorability, as if there were no need to hasten on the inevitable.

Again the locomotive whistle sounded, not so distant now. Presently there was a glow and then a glare of a headlight as a short train puffed up to the platform and stopped. From the cars alighted half a hundred men in faded blue uniforms, each carrying an army-issue musket. Of the fifty, there was not one who had not been a soldier—either of North or South—accustomed to discipline, accustomed to the rattle of gunfire. Volunteers all, they were, culled from the track layers by Jack Casement and Bednigo Claypool. There was instant discipline. They formed a marching column and Bednigo began issuing curt orders.

The little army debouched upon the street unnoticed either by mob or by the defenders of the Big Tent. They deployed in a solid line, concealed by the rioters, only a few of whom became aware of their presence until Bednigo gave the command to fire over the heads of the huddle. The volley crashed. In sudden panic the mob parted, scuttled out of the way, leaving an open space between the ex-soldiers and the ruffians besieged inside the Big Tent.

"Soldiers! Soldiers!" cried the mob, and voices inside the Big Tent could be heard taking up the cry. Of all things, this was the most unexpected. Maury,



CONTINENTAL MARK III—one of the many great motor cars equipped with Perfect Circle piston rings

Much history has been written since the early days when Perfect Circle began making parts to put horsepower into the "horseless carriage". Year after year, we have been privileged to take an active part in the development of the wonderful vehicle that is today's automobile.

Because they are specifically engineered to meet the exacting demands of modern high-compression engines, Perfect Circle piston rings are preferred by more engine manufacturers for original equipment and for replacement service than any other brand.

When the time comes to overhaul *your* car, do as the manufacturers do! Specify Perfect Circles. PC 2-in-1 Chrome piston rings more than *double* the life of cylinders, pistons and rings, assure thousands of extra miles of sustained power with lasting oil economy. Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Ind. The Perfect Circle Co., Ltd., 888 Don Mills Rd., Don Mills, Ont.

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sure in his influence with the powers in Washington, had never dreamed that disciplined infantry might be used in the service of the railroad—not with the Secretary of the Interior on his side!

Casement, as was his right, assumed command. There was no compassion in the big man that night, only rage and the dominant urge to get a job done at any cost. Weeks of frustration had chafed him, irritated him to a point of savagery.

"Present arms!" he roared. "Take aim!"

Before he could complete the command, Bednigo intervened. "No, general. Parley first," he said urgently.

"Stand aside," Casement said. He raised an arm and dropped it to his side as he bellowed the word, "Fire!"

The face of the Big Tent was ripped and gashed by the storm of lead. Cries, screams arose from within. Casement was inexorable. He gave orders to reload and then to fire. A second volley ripped its way into the besieged building. Jack Casement, who had for months been flouted and frustrated by organized rascaldom, was not a man to be merciful when severity was a certain cure.

"Charge!" he bellowed, and the fifty rushed the gambling hell.

There was no defense. Frightened, bleeding men leaped from windows, jammed exits in panic flight. They were dealt with by musket butts. The battle, if battle it could be called, was over. Those ruffians who remained scattered in flight, pursued not only by Bednigo's volunteers but by the unleashed mob. In half an hour, gin mills, minor gambling houses and houses of pleasure were wrecked and sacked and their denizens dispersed, lucky to escape without bodily harm.

The duration of actual fighting had been brief—incredibly brief—but in that brief space of time Julesburg had been purged as by fire; the backbone of lawlessness had been broken; the unwholesome power of organized ruffianry was prostrate, never to rise again.

Bednigo was among the first to enter the shambles of the Big Tent; his was now a personal search. The night's work had been well done—too well done, perhaps. For the remaining hours of darkness shrouded a man hunt not pleasant to witness. Men who had been robbed, threatened, abused, none of them gentle or patient men, sought and found their revenge. Sometimes prisoners were taken and brought to Casement, but for the most part the intention was to exterminate.

Bednigo picked his way among the wreckage, stooping over bodies, searching for a face he hoped he would not find among the dead or wounded. He wanted Wesley Maury alive and unharmed. He was not content until he had scrutinized every face and satisfied himself that neither Skinner nor Maury was there. Cringing behind the long bar, he found a waiter all but dead from terror. Him he hauled out for questioning.

"Where," Bednigo demanded, "is Maury?"

"Gone," stuttered the man. "Skedaddled. Him and Skinner."

"Which way?"

"Back way," the man said. "Right after the first volley."

"Deserted their friends and ran," Bednigo said.

"Left us holdin' the bag!" said the bartender savagely.

"How many with him?"

"Maybe half a dozen of the head ones."

Bednigo did not rush out aimlessly in pursuit. That would be waste of effort. His attitude of mind did not insist upon immediate action or haphazard dashing about in frenzied search. He seemed grimly content with what had happened—almost as if enough had been accomplished for the night.

Jack Casement, heated pistols in his hands, leaned against the bar.

"Hurt?" he asked Bednigo.

"Not touched," Bednigo said.

"Then what you loafing for?"

"Nothing more to be done here."

"We didn't get Skinner or Maury."

"For which," Bednigo said, "I give thanks."

"Eh? What's that?"

"Maury," Bednigo said without emphasis, "is mine."

"But they've got away."

"No," Bednigo said, and sighed as if his patience had been strained by the demands of a child. "They won't get away," he said. "There isn't enough distance for that. I'll catch up with them, general. Never fear. Soon or late, I'll catch up with them."

Casement peered at the younger man and drew in his breath. In that instant Bednigo appalled even him. There was present a cold, deadly implacability, a chill intention that made his face a mask and his eyes shallow pools of hard, glittering jade. He reached out a hamlike hand and rested it upon Bednigo's shoulder and his harsh voice was unexpectedly soft.

"Boy," he asked, "how is she?"

"Alive," Bednigo said crisply, without emotion. "Still alive."

"We'll get a doctor from Omaha."

Bednigo's eyes turned full upon his friend, and Casement flinched from their gaze.

"Yes," Bednigo said. "Get everything. But Hepsie will live."

"Not badly hurt?"

"Sore wounded," he replied.

"Then," Casement asked, "how do you know she will live?"

Again Bednigo's icy eyes looked into Casement's. "Because," he said, "a man like him couldn't kill a girl like her."

It was a statement of fact, not of mere hope. A man like Maury could not kill a girl like Hepsie. God would not tolerate it. Bednigo harbored no doubt. He knew Hepsie would live and not die.

So he did not join in the hunting down and harrying of that dreadful night, but went to Mrs. Beebe's place, and, without asking leave of anyone, passed into Hepsie's bedroom and sat there, crouched and silent, clinging to her slender, white hand. He sat there only briefly. Once he bent forward and pressed his face against Hepsie's knees. Either there had come an instant of consciousness or some instinct stirred within her. For one of her hands stirred and rested upon Bednigo's hair.

He remained very still for an instant. Then he stood up. "Rest well, Hepsie," he said softly. "I'll be back when I've paid the score."

Bednigo walked across the now all but silent town, through that loneliest period of the night which comes just before the breaking of dawn. He stopped at his lodging long enough to replenish the ammunition for his revolver and to pick up his rifle. Thence he walked directly to the cabin occupied by Potter Nourse. It was dark and still. Noiselessly, Bednigo walked around it, skirting the small corral in the rear where Potter kept her horse. The handsome animal stirred restlessly. Bednigo returned to the front of the house and rapped softly on the door.

There was movement within. Potter's low voice asked, "Who's there?"

"Claypool," Bednigo answered.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Open the door," he said.

There was hesitation; then she unlocked the door and he could see the outline of her body just over the threshold.

"What do you want with me?" she asked.

"I want Maury," he said shortly.

"He is not here," she told him.

"I'll wait," he said, and pushed his way past her into the little parlor. "We'll not have a light," he told her. "The pistol," he added, "is not necessary. Put it down."

"I'll keep it," she replied. "I tell you Wesley Maury is not here."

"No," he answered patiently. There was no trace of bucolic speech now. He spoke carefully, almost pedantically. "He went away in a hurry. He didn't foresee what happened. You couldn't have foreseen. No plans could have been made."

There was now the faintest glow of dawn. He could see Potter more distinctly as she stood with her back against the wall, her features indistinguishable.

"Why don't you sit?" he asked. "It may be a long wait. He had to desert everything—even you. Are you his wife, Potter? Not that it's important."

She made no reply, but did seat herself on the sofa, rigid, waiting.

"He'll have to come back," Bednigo said. "He'll not know how badly things turned out for him, and it will be necessary for him to know. He left without money—not stopping even to clean out the safe in the Big Tent. And, of course, there is you."

No stranger call did young man ever make upon young woman. On his part, it might have been an ordinary social visit if one judged by voice and manner. The only thing that made Potter different from a normal hostess was the pistol in her fist.

"I'll wake the girl to make breakfast," she said.

"Why, no, Potter. I'd rather you stayed in this room. It would be better if you gave me the gun." His chuckle was not in the least humorous. "When he comes," he said, "it would be unhandy to have a pretty girl shoot me in the back." He arose and walked toward her. "Which," he said, "of course, you would do."

He reached down and took the revolver as if not at all surprised that she should surrender it.

"When Maury finds how complete it is," he said, "he'll make for his friends the Sioux and the Crows and cross the Canadian border. Even his friend the Secretary of the Interior won't be able to help him now. Will you enjoy sharing an outlaw's life, Potter?" He paused and frowned slightly. "I suppose you might make your way to Europe or South America, if you had plenty of money."

He seated himself again and crossed his legs. "But, of course, there'll be plenty of cash—banked in the East in your name. That's why he must have you with him. You've been his brains, haven't you, ever since both of you worked for Jeff Davis?"

"If it hadn't been for you!" she said bitterly. "From the first day I saw you, I've had a presentiment."

"There's much to be said," he answered quietly, "for the doctrine of predestination. . . . He won't have gone far, Potter. He may even have ideas about making a raid when the payroll money comes. He's a daring man. We may expect him this morning before the town wakes up. To spy out the land."

He could hear a stirring in the kitchen and the Indian girl thrust her head through the door. She showed no surprise at seeing a man there with her mistress.

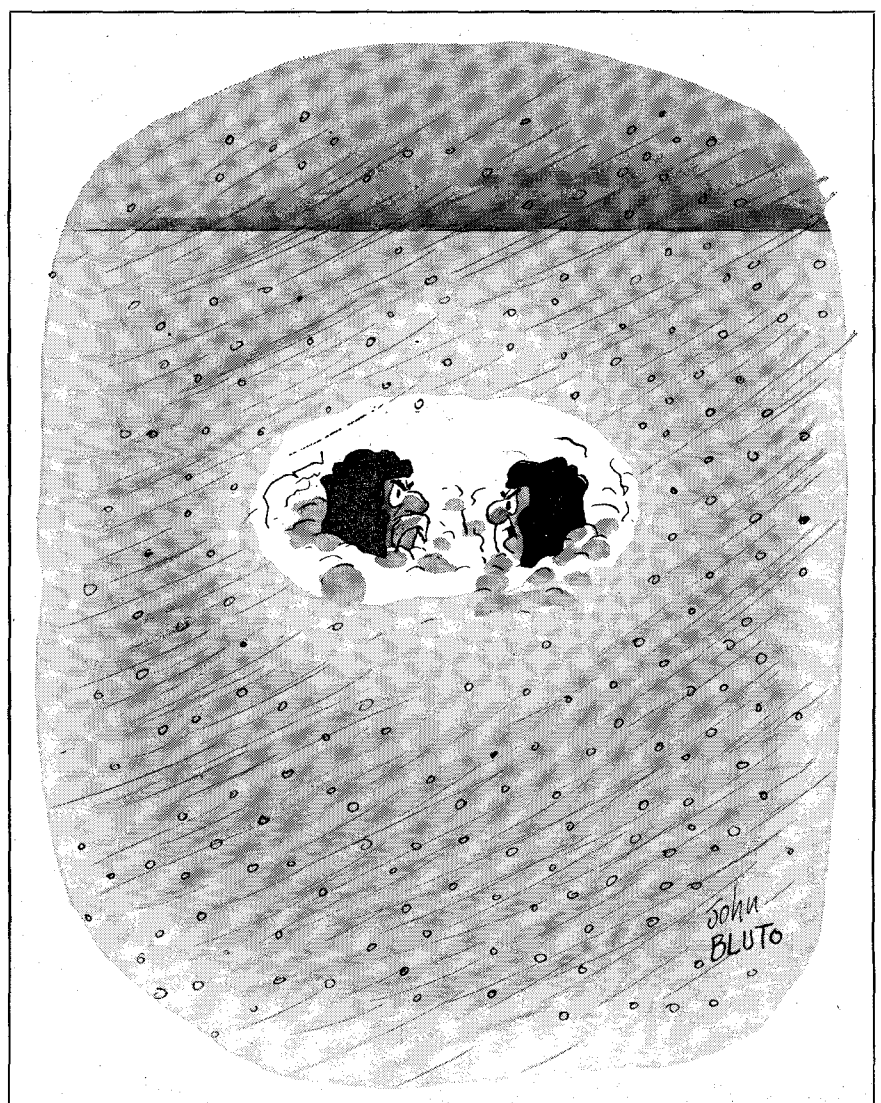
"Breakfast for two," Potter ordered curtly.

"Food!" Bednigo said. "People would prepare a meal even if they saw Gabriel poised to blow the final trumpet."

"Your last meal," Potter said, "if you don't clear out! He'll not come alone!"

"So long as he comes," Bednigo said, "he's welcome to fetch an army."

(*Continued on Page 90*)



". . . I trust we've heard the last of the winter of '88 . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

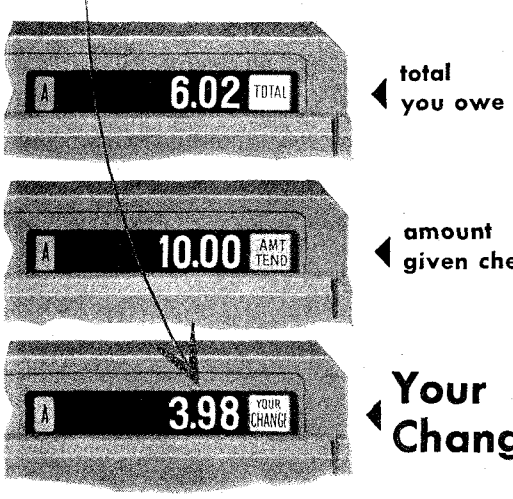
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRAND CENTRAL MARKET

'WORLD'S LARGEST SELF-SERVICE MARKET UNDER ONE ROOF."

9 Departments.

"With these *National* registers your change is always figured right!"



total you owe

amount given checker

Your Change

Store owners must see this new register to appreciate its advantages. Call your nearest National office for a demonstration today!

"*National* Change Computing Registers save us $80,000 a year . . . return 100% annually on our investment."

GRAND CENTRAL MARKETS, INC., *Salt Lake City, Utah*

"With our National Change Computation Registers mistakes in figuring change are eliminated, and there is no excuse for cash shortages.

"Our customers are pleased with the new check-out system because it eliminates mistakes and disputes in figuring change, and speeds customer service.

"National Change Computation Registers pay for themselves each year with savings of over $80,000. Also they give us the fastest, most accurate check-out operation.

"Grand Central operates six supermarkets, five self-service drug stores, and seven bakeries.

"We plan to place National Change Computation Registers in all future markets."

M Warshaw

Pres. Grand Central Markets,
Pres. Grand Central Drugs,
Pres. New England Bakeries,
Past Pres. Utah Retail Grocers Assn.

National

CASH REGISTERS
ACCOUNTING
NCR PAPER

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

989 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 88*) The aroma of coffee wafted through the door and then the crackling of frying eggs. There was a rattle of dishes, and presently the Indian girl's face appeared again. "You come," she said.

Bednigo followed Potter into the tiny dining room, where they sat at the table with its red-checked tablecloth. Potter poured coffee and served ham and eggs from the platter.

"You've planned it cozily," Bednigo said. "Nothing, nobody, can touch you. I suppose you'll go East and become a lovely Southern lady who somehow has preserved her fortune from the ravages of war. You finagled it so that no matter which way the cat jumped, you would have a full bottle of cream."

"Yes," she answered, "so I shall."

"A practical girl," he said. "It's not exactly justice for you to live happily ever after."

"Perhaps not altogether happily."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because," she said in an unemotional, matter-of-fact voice, "I love the man."

Neither of them spoke for a time, and then it was she who broke the silence. "I hope Hepsie recovers," she said.

"She will recover," Bednigo said.

"We might have been friends," Potter said regretfully.

It was daylight now. The low growth surrounding the little house gleamed like a vast display of jewels as dewdrops reflected the rays of the rising sun.

"Good growin' weather," Bednigo observed. And then through the half-opened window came the sound of a whistle, and the tune it lilted was reveille.

"Might better sound taps," Bednigo said, and got to his feet. He was all New England now. "I calc'late," he said, "company's come."

He stepped quickly into the parlor to pick up his rifle. In a holster on his thigh was his own Navy Colt's. In his coat pocket was Potter's smaller pistol. As he passed through the dining room he did not so much as glance at the girl, but strode on through the kitchen and, pausing an instant to reconnoiter, stepped out of the kitchen door and, with war-learned woodscraft, vanished instantly in the low growth at the rear of the house.

With the skill of a guerrilla, he circled until he saw two mounted men, only their heads and the heads of their horses visible above the bushes. They were Skinner and Maury. Evidently they awaited a reply to their signal and were disturbed because it did not come.

Bednigo raised his rifle and fired. Not at Skinner, not at Maury, but at Maury's horse. The animal reared and crashed sidewise to the ground as its rider rolled free. Skinner spurred his mount and galloped to a distance, where he, too, dismounted.

Bednigo reloaded his piece and though Skinner's nag was nearly a hundred yards away, he did not miss with his second bullet. Both his enemies were afoot. He might, instead of the horses, have killed both men. He would have had slight compunction about disposing of Skinner, with whom he had no blood feud, but Maury he could not, would not, kill from ambush. It was his cold, deadly intention that Maury should see death coming and know who it was that brought it.

A shot cracked from the house and a bullet spatted into a tree at Bednigo's side. So the girl had a second shooting iron and he was between two fires. He rolled into a small depression and lay still.

Potter Nourse boldly appeared on her front stoop and her voice sounded in warning. "It's Bednigo Claypool!"

"Get inside!" Maury shouted in reply.

Bednigo pressed against the ground in his little hollow, heard movement, cracklings as his enemies stirred. There was a murmur of voices and then more stirrings. Their plan of battle became evident. They had separated, one going to right and one to left. Bednigo's acute ears deduced that it was Skinner who went to the right because of the noisiness of his progress. Maury was a skilled skulker and his movement would be soundless. Bednigo, no mean woodsman himself, began to edge along to meet Skinner. Again Potter Nourse fired from the house, but this time her bullet was far astray. Bednigo was thankful for the tangle of underbrush which surrounded Potter's cabin, leaving only the roadway open to her door and the small yard. In the direction of town were the path and the clearing, but on both sides and the rear was a jumble of rocks and underbrush. There was plenty of cover.

Bednigo, concealed by boulders and junipers, lay still. He could hear Skinner's cautious but clumsy movements directly in front of him. No sound betrayed Maury's location. To Bednigo, Skinner was merely an annoying threat. He had no hatred for the knife thrower such as he felt for Maury, but nevertheless the man must be disposed of before full attention could be given to Maury. He left his rifle lying on the ground and wormed around the rock. No Indian could have moved more noiselessly than he as he flitted from cover to cover until he was between the two men. He lifted his head to reconnoiter. Skinner, bent double, was there, not thirty feet away. In his right hand the fleshy man held his throwing knife; in his left hand he gripped a pistol as he inched along, his attention concentrated upon the terrain to his right, unaware of Bednigo directly to his rear.

Skinner knelt behind a clump of junipers and Bednigo crept toward him patiently. It was an ancient device, but it served—Bednigo lifted a stone the size of an egg and tossed it down the slope. Skinner arose from his knees to a crouch and began to snake his way toward the spot where the stone had fallen. His change of direction brought him nearer, nearer to the cover behind which Bednigo crouched. He passed not six feet away. Bednigo stood up, knees bent for the spring.

It would have been an easy thing to shoot Skinner in the back, but Bednigo felt some compunction at an unnecessary killing. His arm rose and fell and the butt of his Navy Colt's thudded behind Skinner's ear. Bednigo did not wait to examine his victim; he knew it was unnecessary. Skinner lay still.

Bednigo dropped to the ground and crept in the direction where Maury must be lurking. He came to the edge of the clearing and saw the cabin and Potter Nourse standing on the little stoop, watchful. She called Maury's name, and even the tenseness of the moment did not rob her voice of its music.

"I can't see him!" she called. "Maybe he has gone!"

"No," Maury replied from his concealment, "he wouldn't go!"

"Right, Maury!" Bednigo said. "I wouldn't go! It's you and me now! I've disposed of Skinner!"

Potter lifted her arm and fired at Bednigo's voice.

"Face up to it, Maury," Bednigo said. "It might as well be now. You'll never know another comfortable moment. You've got one chance, Maury—to kill me here." His voice was level, emotionless. "I'll give you a fair deal, man. You wouldn't have Miss Nourse think you were afraid to face up to me."

Maury replied, after a pause. "The world's overcrowded while you're in it," he said. And then, "This was bound to come, Claypool. It was written in the book. How shall we play it?"

"I will count to three," Bednigo said. "You will step out and walk toward me."

Maury laughed brittlely. "And give you a target!" he exclaimed.

"You can trust me, Maury. I can't trust you. The instant you step out, I will do the same. After that, you may begin shooting when you like."

Potter Nourse cried out from the stoop, "No! No! Don't trust him! He'll shoot you down!"

"Why, no, girl," Maury replied. "Mr. Claypool is a man of honor!" His voice was ironical. . . . "Very good. Start your count. I'll be coming toward you."

Bednigo counted. "One . . . two . . . three." At the final word, Maury stepped into the clearing, tall, slender, gracefully erect—a dandy of the frontier. His right hand, holding his weapon, swung easily at his side. On the instant, good as his word, Bednigo slouched out of cover. The two men faced each other across the fifty feet of cleared space, and then, pace for pace, they shortened the distance between them. Once more, deterred by no scruples, Potter Nourse fired from where she stood, but the bullet whizzed by harmlessly. Bednigo did not turn his head. His business was with Maury alone.

The distance between the two men lessened; fifty feet became forty; forty feet became thirty. They stared into each other's eyes unblinkingly. Only a few feet separated them, and it was Maury who could endure it no longer. His shoulder twitched, his arm flicked upward. There were two shots that sounded almost as one. Maury stopped in his tracks. His revolver dropped from his hand, but he stood an instant before he fell. He clutched at the brown grass and then lay still. By the flick of the eye, Bednigo had been quicker than he. Potter Nourse fired again.

Bednigo turned toward her. "Stop it!" he said sharply. And then, "Bear witness. It was in fair fight."

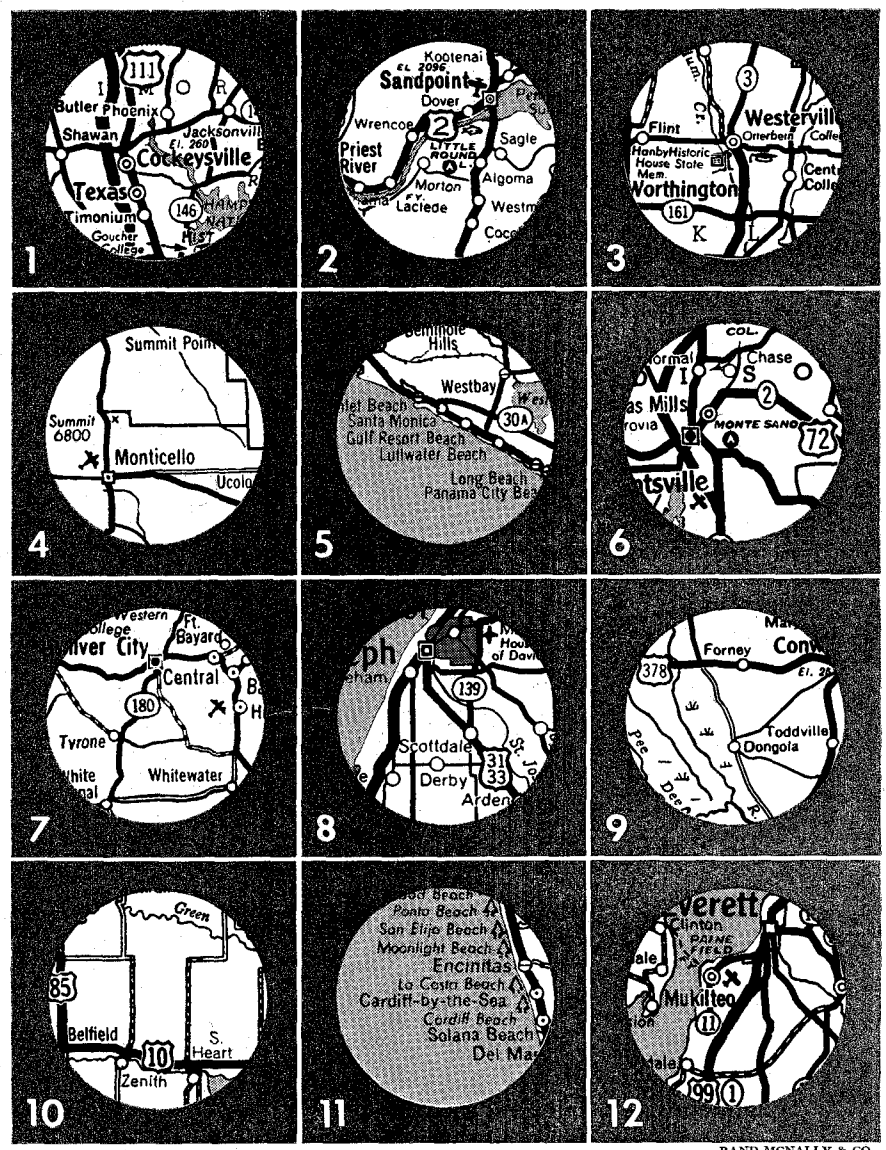
He did not walk to his prone enemy, did not glance toward him. He had no need. Nevertheless he stood as if pondering before he spoke again to Potter.

"Gather up what pieces you can," he said. "Come to the office. There will be a pass waiting for you to Omaha." He turned away, but stopped and spoke over his shoulder. "It's not justice," he said, "but most likely you'll live out a rich and happy life."

Then he strode away into town, down the street to Mrs. Beebe's restaurant, and, unbidden, into Hepsie's bedroom. He sat beside the bed and reached for her hand. Her eyes opened and she smiled up at him. Her brows arched in question.

"All accounts," he said, "are squared."

(*Continued on Page 92*)



RAND McNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 93*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

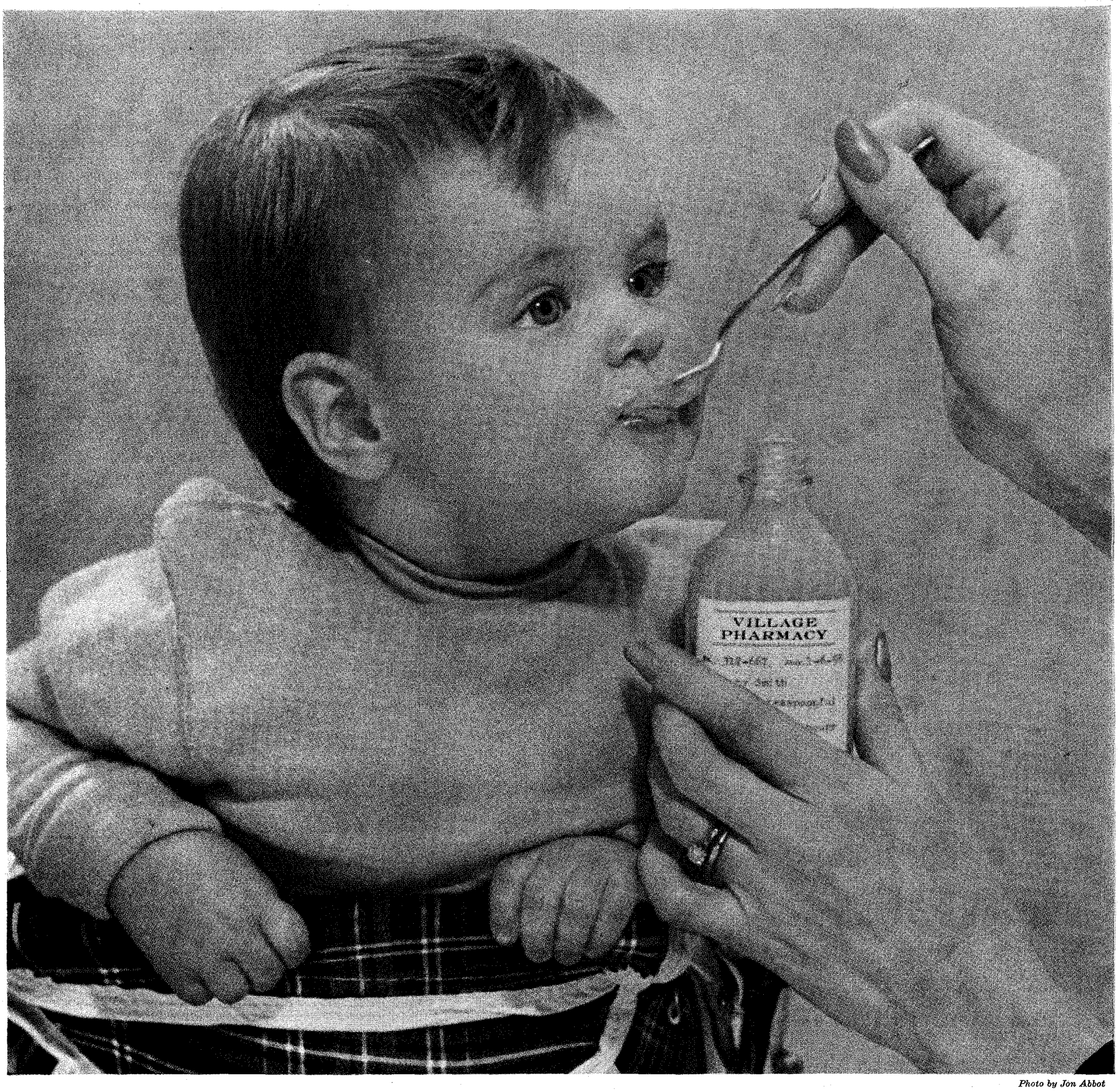


Photo by Jon Abbot

"The best medicine in the world!"

The best medicine in the world, as your doctor or pharmacist might tell you, is the one which will help you get well in the quickest, safest way. It is Cyanamid's aim, through its Lederle Division, to make the best medicines in the world. In our search for perfection we are constantly developing new drugs and pharmaceuticals—and improving those in use. Our first broad-spectrum antibiotic, which conquered a wide range of diseases, was the result of over five years of research and testing. Not satisfied, Cyanamid developed another equally effective antibiotic having other advantages. And continuing research has brought forth still further improvements which give faster action and speedier recovery from many illnesses! Here is an example of how Cyanamid research places better medicines in your doctor's hands, helping him to give your family and your community better health protection.

CYANAMID

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 90*)

The sun rose upon a quiet Julesburg. The Big Tent was a shambles, never to be reopened; dance-hall girls and their openly professional sisters cowered in their warrens, apprehensive of their future; working men awakened where they had lain down to sleep, cold, stiff, with aching heads and chastened hearts. Jack Casement and Bednigo collected them and herded them to the station, where they milled about cheerlessly until Bednigo procured hot coffee in huge boilers, and food. Casement spoke with them in language they understood, but did not resent.

"Well, men," he said jeeringly, "you've had your picnic! And what did it get you? Smart ye are, with the intelligence God gave geese! Railroad property ye would have burned and destroyed—and who would have been harmed by it but yourselves? The offscourings of the earth you are, and should be run out of the country. But I take pity on ye. For last night's caper I do not discharge ye one and all, nor turn you adrift in this wilderness. Out of the kindness of my heart, I let you go back to work. When the whistle of the engine toots, you will scrabble aboard the cars and be hauled to the end of the tracks. And there ye will grade the right of way and ye will lay the ties and ye will spike the rails. And God help ye if ye do not do twice the work each day that you have been doing the past month." He grinned down at them like some great, purring jungle cat. "And tomorrow or the day after it, ye will have your pay, for the cash is on its way. Now climb aboard and be on your way lest I come down among you."

So unpredictable are the mass reactions of humanity that these sore and aching men, instead of resenting, applauded. They raised a cheer for General Jack and climbed aboard the cars that had brought them last night to Julesburg.

Then Casement, making himself, in effect, mayor of the town, ordained something like martial law; and Bednigo's fifty ex-soldiers, retaining the uniforms they had no right to wear, patrolled the streets to enforce it. There was decorum. Half the dispensers of whisky were afraid to open their doors, and those who were so bold as to reopen dispensed their wares sparingly and with circumspection.

Bednigo saw to it that the telegraph wires were restored, and sent a message to General Dodge in Washington. "Julesburg clean," it said, with no amplifying words or phrases. In due time, an answer came. "Good work. Where are the ruffians?" Bednigo responded with the third wire in the exchange. "Asleep on the hill," he told the general succinctly.

From that date the Union Pacific Railroad pushed westward with a speed never before achieved. In spite of Cheyenne raids, in spite of a plague of grasshoppers and the political maneuverings of the Central Pacific and Brigham Young, the rails seemed to unreel themselves as they raced toward Ogden. Dodge arrived to take charge and fought the folly of the two railroads' grasping for subsidies and paralleling each other's lines. Already he had selected Promontory Point as the logical and economical meeting place, and Durant fought him at every turn. It was not reason or logic or the interests of the public that motivated Durant, but thirty thousand dollars a mile in Government grants for every mile the rails reached westward.

Dodge labored day and night; Jack Casement and Bednigo performed prodigies. Dodge doubled the crews of engineering parties west of Salt Lake, to speed locations; to grade with more than possible speed. Sawmills keened from the Black Hills to the Uintah Mountains; tie makers hewed and chopped and sawed, and every mountain stream carried its argosy of logs. An army of three thousand graders gouged at sidehills, and three hundred tracklayers spiked rails to ties. It was Herculean effort, forging ahead now with the irresistible power of an avalanche. Nothing could stop it now—not the plotting of Durant, nor of Huntington, nor of the Secretary of the Interior.

In this battle of giants, on the final day of Johnson's term as President of the United States, Browning authorized the issuance of one million four hundred thousand dollars in bonds to the Central Pacific to extend its rails to Ogden and so seize that rich territory. But Dodge appealed to Grant on the first day of his presidency, and an order was issued prohibiting the issue of bonds to either company until after a congressional investigation.

When the division point reached Cheyenne and the camp followers lighted upon it like a horde of locusts, the surviving gamblers and ruffians of Julesburg tried again to assert themselves, but Dodge put his foot down and they vanished.

Mrs. Beebe and Hepsie had again uprooted their restaurant and moved it toward the setting sun. Hepsie was walking about before this last removal, and daily she grew stronger. Bednigo and Casement came to town very seldom now. Twenty-four hours a day they were spending at the end of track, pushing, pushing, pushing. When Bednigo did come to Cheyenne, he ate always at Mrs. Beebe's and spent the evening in the kitchen with the older woman and Hepsie and Rory. The boy, from the hour Bednigo had carried Hepsie, bleeding and unconscious, to her bed, had crouched as near to her as he was permitted, praying for her recovery. When Bednigo was there, Rory sat by, staring at him with worshiping but somehow accusing eyes. His stare made Bednigo uncomfortable.

"Why do you look at me so?" Bednigo asked as they walked together down the street.

"Whin she was like to die," Rory said, "ye knelt at the bedside. Ye was sore afraid. Terrified ye were, Mr. Claypool, at the thought av losin' her. But since she mends, ye come but seldom. Aye, and ye never kneel. Have ye withdrawn from her, sorr, and why have ye done so?"

Bednigo slapped the boy gently. "Rory," he said with a grin, "the face of Cupid is not freckled."

Rory looked up into Bednigo's eyes anxiously and then smiled a broad, understanding Hibernian smile. "She would mend the quicker, sorr, did ye but speak the good worrd to her."

Bednigo found Dodge's door open and stood on the threshold until the general saw him and motioned him to enter. "Sit down, Bednigo," he said. "We're nearing the end."

"Yes, sir."

"I've just returned from a conference with Huntington. He has agreed to Promontory Point as the place of joining the rails."

"A victory."

"But not possible without the backing of Grant and Sherman."

"Powerful friends," said Bednigo, "are useful."

"All friends," said Dodge, "are useful. Bednigo, since first we met in Laramie I've had my doubts about you."

"So I have noticed. Why, sir?"

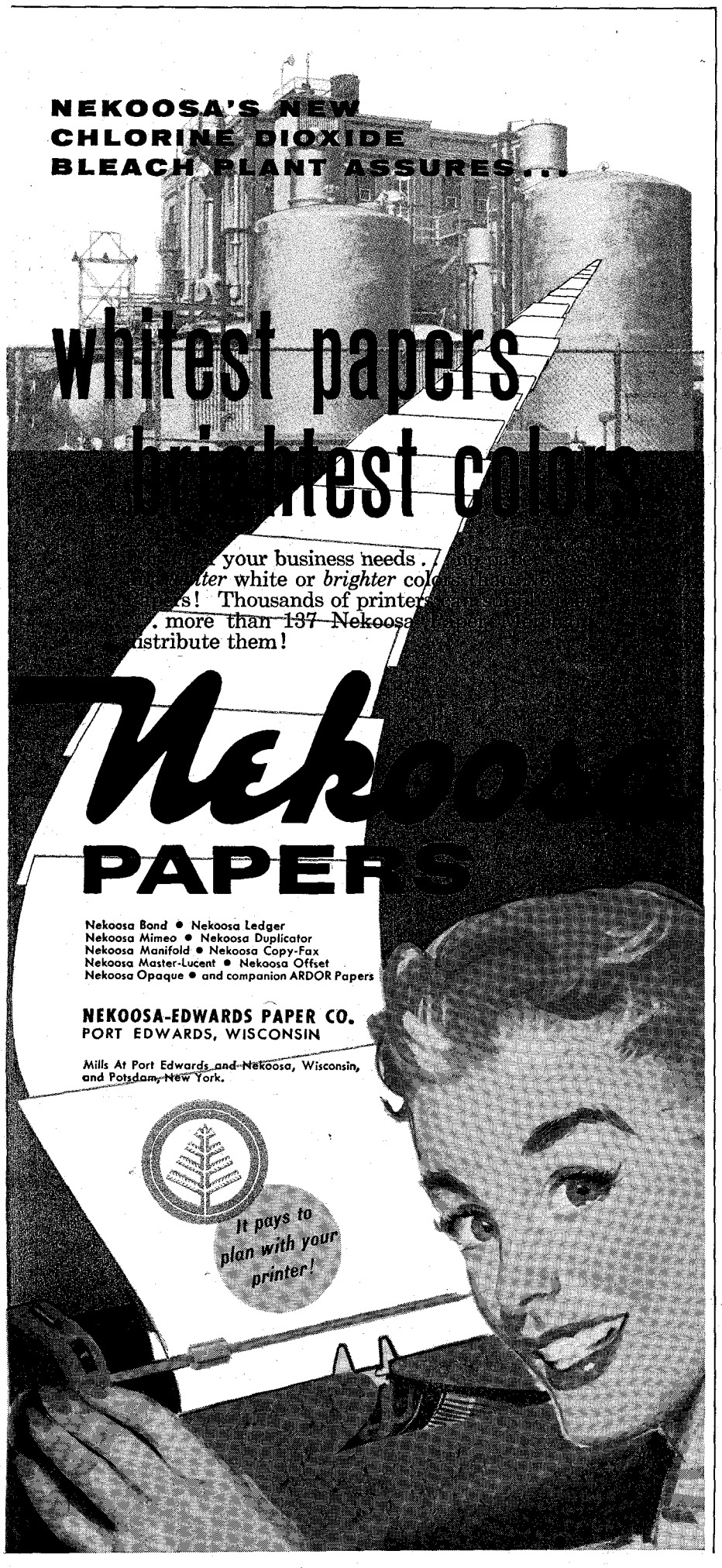
"You," Dodge told him, "were too shrewd, too adroit. I'm a plain, direct man. You made me uneasy."

"Yet you gave me work to do."

Gravity

By Louise McNeill

When I was coasting on
the hill
One winter morning long
ago,
I went so fast the earth was
still
And all the clouds were
whirling so,
I left the earth and took
the air
And might be, still be,
rising there
Had not a woodpile and a
tree
Come falling up and met
with me.


NEKOOSA'S NEW
CHLORINE DIOXIDE
BLEACH PLANT ASSURES...
whitest papers
your business needs
more than 137 Nekoosa
PAPERS
Nekoosa Bond • Nekoosa Ledger
Nekoosa Mimeo • Nekoosa Duplicator
Nekoosa Manifold • Nekoosa Copy-Fax
Nekoosa Master-Lucent • Nekoosa Offset
Nekoosa Opaque • and companion ARDOR Papers
NEKOOSA-EDWARDS PAPER CO.
PORT EDWARDS, WISCONSIN
Mills At Port Edwards and Nekoosa, Wisconsin,
and Potsdam, New York.
It pays to plan with your printer!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sometimes against my better judgment." The general smiled a reluctant smile, but it was a friendly smile. "I'll never understand you, Bednigo."

"Maybe, sir, I do not always understand myself."

"Understand you or not," Dodge said, "I've reached a conclusion."

"Yes, sir. Am I to be told what it is?"

"Soon we will have finished this job. Whether I shall stay with this road or go elsewhere I do not know. I prefer building to operating. If I remain or if I go, Bednigo, will you stay with me?"

"To puzzle you, sir?" Bednigo asked with twinkling eyes.

"In my life," Dodge answered, "I have not met with such efficient loyalty as yours, my boy—and yet ——"

"If," said Bednigo gravely, "you care to risk it, I shall be glad to stay with you, sir, wherever you go."

On the ninth of April in the year 1869 the rails of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific were but five-score feet apart. The point was in a little valley on Promontory Point. Between the rival crews this day was no enmity, no rivalry, but the friendliness that comes from sharing accomplishment. On the next morning there was tenseness, a stirring like that of a disturbed ant heap. An engine from the west puffed to the gap between the rails to face an engine from the east at its side of the gap. Passengers on the one side were Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, Crocker, giants from San Francisco; on the other side were Durant, Dillon, Seymour, Duff, Grenville Dodge. And for audience at this great event, in watchful circle, were soldiers, Mormon bishops, Chinese, Irish from Boston, Mexicans from south of the border, Negroes from the former Confederate states, Indians from the mountains and Jewish traders in search of the promised land.

Jack Casement presided. The last spike in a railroad traversing a continent, uniting Atlantic and Pacific, was about to be driven. President Stanford, of the Central Pacific, held out his hand for the golden spike to which was attached a telegraph wire, and the hammer blow that joined the rails and ended the Herculean task was flashed across the continent to be heard in the capital of the nation. And, simultaneously a telegram clicked its way to the White House.

"General U. S. Grant," it said, "President of the United States, Washington, D. C. Sir: We have the honor to report the last rail laid and the last spike driven. The Pacific railroad is finished."

Hepsie Rennie had been there to witness, and Mrs. Beebe, and Rory. Bednigo did not join the important citizens who went to Leland Stanford's sumptuous private car for champagne and luncheon, but sought out the women, who had come equipped with lunch boxes and would ride back on the train that night. Hepsie wore the famous ostrich plumes and the shapeless dress, and her hair was pulled back from her face and fastened in a knot at the nape of her neck. They sat waiting for him on the bank of the right of way. Bednigo strode to the spot purposefully.

"Hepsie," he said, "I would have a word with you."

She got up slowly and accompanied him a little way off. "Of your hat," he said, "I am proud. But it is my wish that you never wear it again. What I have to say to you I would rather say to you as I saw you one night when you showed yourself to me as you are. From this time forward, Hepsie, I prefer that always you show yourself to me as you are. But—were you really as you seem, thin, homely, without beautiful face or desirable body, I would still be saying to you what is in my mind and in my heart. I want you for my wife. What have you to say to that?"

It was a strange proposal of marriage. Hepsie looked sharply up into his face, not heavy now, but eager in its restrained New England way.

"Is that the end of what you have to say to me?" she asked.

Bednigo was puzzled. For an instant he stood mute. Then he comprehended. "Is it not enough," he demanded, "that I spend a lifetime showing that I love you? Must I say the words?"

"They are words," Hepsie said softly, "that a woman dotes to hear."

"I'm loving you," Bednigo said.

She raised her face to his, and in spite of knotted hair, it was in that instant a lovely, transfigured face. Awkwardly, careless of who might see, Bednigo took her into his arms.

He did not hear even when a small boy, watching, raised his voice in a glad shout. "Hooray!" yelled Rory. "Hooray!"

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 90

1. Md.	2. Ida.	3. Ohio
4. Utah	5. Fla.	6. Ala.
7. N.M.	8. Mich.	9. S.C.
10. N.D.	11. Calif.	12. Wash.

"I learned the truth about Quality Dry Cleaning from two little pieces of cloth"

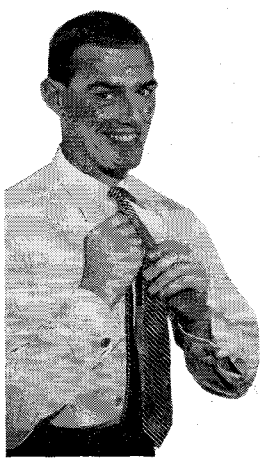
They proved that repeated SANITONE® Dry Cleanings do not wear out my family's clothes

Two identical fabric swatches, one Sanitone Dry Cleaned 50 times and the other untouched, were presented to me by my Sanitone Dry Cleaner. Imagine my surprise and delight when I couldn't tell which one had been subjected to repeated dry cleanings. The color was the same, their feel the same and there was not the slightest indication of wear. Now, I'll never have any fear sending all of our clothes, even my most delicate fabrics, to our Sanitone Dry Cleaner, often.

Why don't you safeguard your family's clothes by taking them to your local Sanitone Cleaner. See the Twin-Swatch Test yourself to be completely assured that Sanitone Dry Cleaners everywhere will give you highest quality dry cleaning with maximum safety.

First in Dry Cleaning — Approved — SANITONE — Service

Make a "Necktie Test" of Quality Sanitone Dry Cleaning!



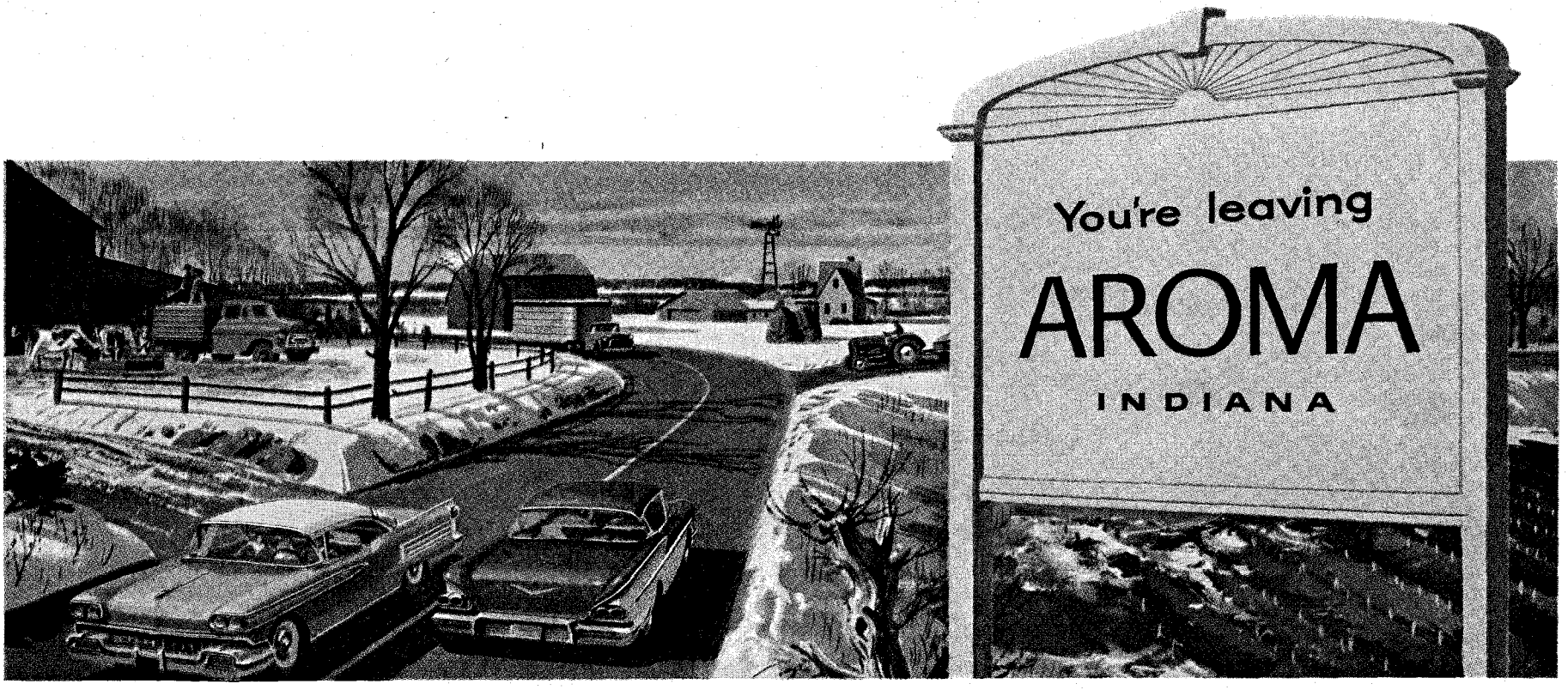
Your Sanitone Dry Cleaner is eager to show you that Sanitone Dry Cleaning is the best you can buy! That's why he is offering you a February special on necktie cleaning. Let him clean one batch of neckties for you. Their crisp freshness and beauty will show how Sanitone Dry Cleaning will beautify and prolong the life of *any* garment you entrust to the expert care of your Sanitone Dry Cleaner.

Look for "Sanitone Approved Service" under "Cleaners" in the classified pages of your telephone directory. There you will find listed the Sanitone Dry Cleaner of your town. If you cannot locate one, please write directly to us.

Sanitone Dry Cleaning Service

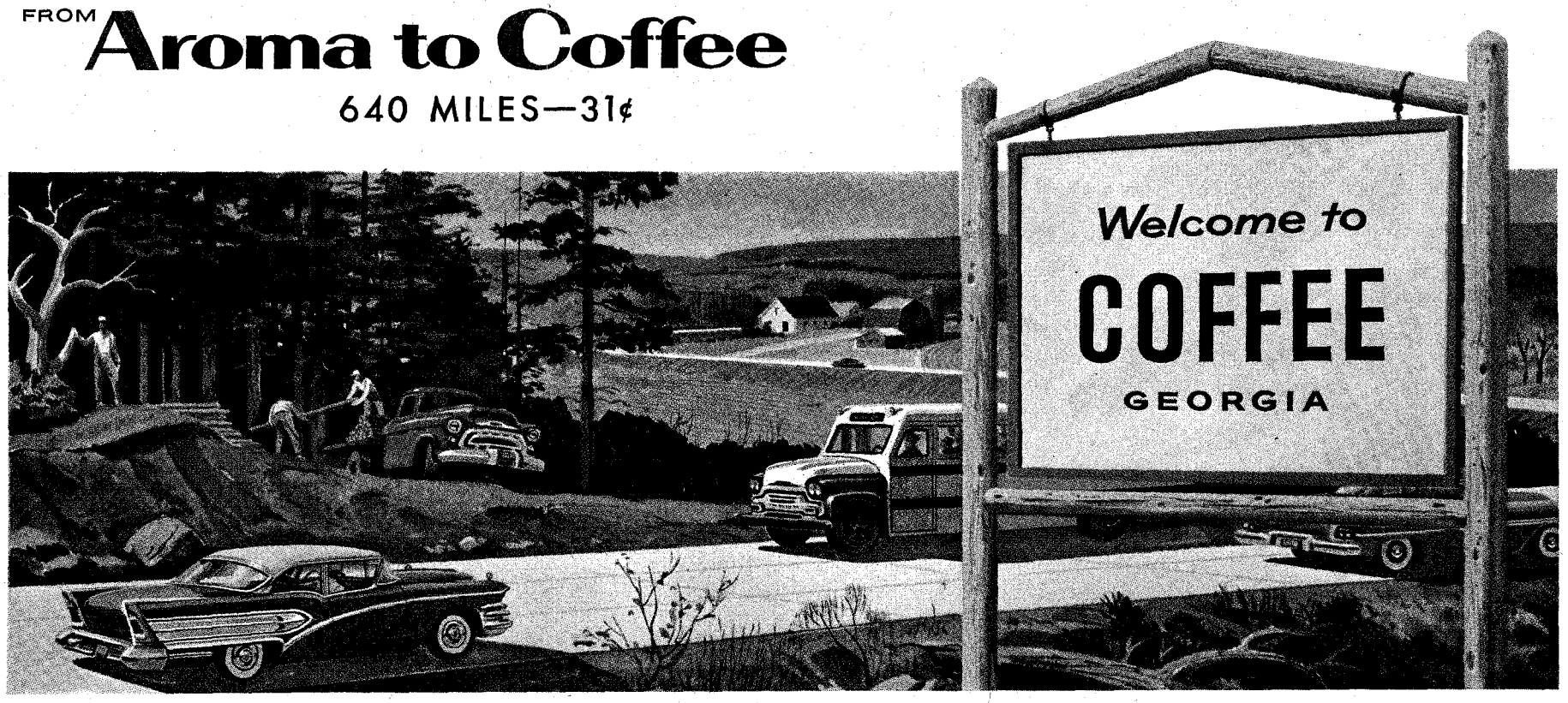
A Division of Emery Industries, Inc., Carew Tower, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FROM **Aroma to Coffee**

640 MILES—31¢



CHANGE OIL AND FILTER, TOO!

For less than 1/20th of a cent a mile, a new AC Oil Filter keeps oil clean, protects your engine!

It's a fact . . . in the next 12 months, if you're an average driver, you'll travel over 15 times the distance from Aroma to Coffee for a total of 10,000 miles! The engine of your car will have to endure all driving extremes from hot to cold . . . crawling to cruising to climbing. All of these conditions can affect its performance and efficiency.

Your engine is the most vital unit of your car! That's why it's so important to give it the low-cost added protection of a new AC Oil Filter at least twice each year. An AC Oil Filter cleans all of the oil in the engine every 30 seconds at normal speeds . . . protects the precision parts from possible damage by dirt, dust, grit and bits of metal as small as 1/100,000th of an inch.

The next time you change the oil in your engine — change to a new AC Oil Filter, too! Your nearby AC Dealer will tell you how little it costs, how much it does for your engine.

AC ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO every week on ABC-TV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rough Road Home (Continued from Page 39)

chimney even a fraction of an inch. I said I would see to this being done properly, and how much did he charge? Three-fifty an hour, he said, and two-fifty for his helper. I heard a faint cry of pain from my checkbook, but I stoically ignored it. "Very well," I said.

The sink and the stove were in, and the plumbers were now in the process of ripping out the old furnace, and the electrician was putting in a few scattered floor plugs, of which the house so far was innocent, and some wall switches. This turned out to be trickier than expected, because the studs, we were impressed to find, were slabs of logs often as wide as fourteen inches, with only a couple of inches separating their rough edges, to which the bark still clung. Finding a passageway for the wires, and persuading the wires to proceed along the passageway, consumed a lot of very expensive time. But it's necessary, I kept telling myself; it's capital investment, isn't it?

Then came the telephone man to connect up the phone again, and he was aghast to learn that I had been paying full amount since November through April, the entire $2.75 required monthly from subscribers to our ten-party line. I should have paid only half, he said, since the phone was disconnected, though not removed. I must be sure to ask for a refund. He repeated this several times.

"People up here are so honest!" I exclaimed enthusiastically. "Don't you think it's wonderful how honest people up here are?"

Longin didn't say anything. He rarely shared my enthusiasms about people, and I put this down to his bitter experiences with the Germans.

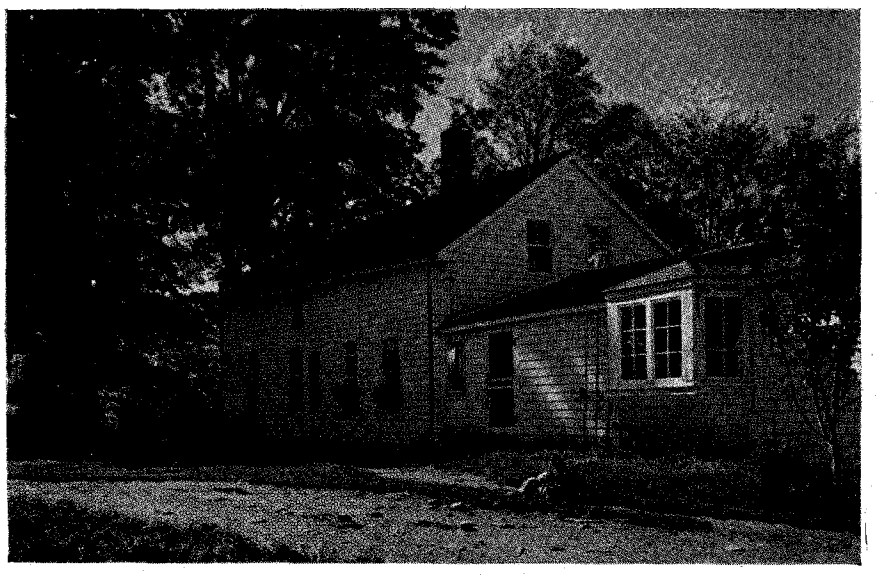
Perhaps it would be in order at this point to explain how Longin came to be an honorary member of our family. He had seen his family wiped out, one by one, as Russia and Germany grappled with each other across his native Poland, and finally, in 1941, when he was seventeen, he was one of the many thousands from his country who were seized by the Germans, packed ruthlessly into cattle cars, and shipped off to Germany as slave laborers.

"They took away our leather shoes," he told me once, "and our woolen coats, if we had any, and gave us wooden shoes to wear, and rags, and marched us through the streets, and the Germans stood on either side and laughed at us as we passed. 'Clomp! clomp! clomp! like horses!' they shouted. 'Look—Poles are like animals!' they said. They say now it was all Hitler. I never saw Hitler, but those Germans lining the streets, they threw things at us, and laughed at us, and some of them spat."

That was just the beginning. It must have seemed several lifetimes to him before it was, at last, 1945 and the American troops swept in. Longin managed to avoid the stagnation of a DP camp, and attached himself informally to the unit which had liberated him, and in due time he found himself a member of Bob's household, in a luxurious house requisitioned, according to the rough justice of the time, from the family of the leading Nazi of the community. By the time the boys and I joined Bob overseas in '46, Bob regarded Longin fondly as a younger brother, and when we were all to return to the States in '47, it was unthinkable to leave him behind. So we wrote a few letters to senators, urged our New Jersey friends to do the same; Bob jogged the memory of the State Department, and bought Longin a third-class ticket to New York on the Ernie Pyle.

Longin stayed with us and took care of Mike the year we were at Fort Knox. When we moved to Fort Leavenworth and Mike had to be with mother, he felt it was time to strike out on his own, and he enlisted in the paratroops. By now he was a sergeant with some forty-two jumps to his credit, and I suppose juggling cupboards and windows around in our little house in the peaceful Vermont countryside seemed to him a far simpler project than it did to me.

This is the way the Vermont farmhouse looked in 1951 when Melissa moved in, newly widowed. The house was holding up, but the woodshed-garage (right) was ramshackle.



The farmhouse today. The woodshed has become a workroom (center) and the garage has been fitted with a bay window and converted into a bedroom for Melissa.

What with carpenters, plumbers, masons, Mr. Potwin and a fire-insurance man, one day there were seventeen people, besides ourselves, churning through the place, and I wondered if we had lost forever the peace and quiet of the country. And the next day it was absolutely quiet. Not a soul showed up. About ten in the morning, when we were finally convinced that nobody was coming, we sat down to fix coffee and a snack of several sandwiches and to warm up our hands because we had started to paint the outside of the house and it was so cold we had to wear gloves.

"It's funny nobody came," I said. "Is it some kind of local holiday, do you suppose?"

When the plumbers and carpenters and masons turned up the next day, I tried to be tactful. "What happened yesterday?" I said casually.

"Nothing much. Too cold." Then, seeing my puzzled look, they said, "You didn't expect us, did you? Gosh, it was May first! You know, first day of fishing season!"

Whoever had painted the house yellow had been very extravagant and had given it a lavish one-coat job on all four sides. But whoever had painted the house previously to that had done a typical Vermont frugality job, three sides only, no paint wasted on the fourth side, the one away from the road. This, then, was the side needing paint the most urgently, and this was where we started, covering the thin, tired yellow with bright new white. But not even Longin, mighty worker that he was, could finish the house in the few days remaining to him, and inevitably it was the last day of his leave.

I drove him to White River Junction, and he said he was very sorry that he had not had time to finish painting all the high parts. Maybe he could get another leave. And if he couldn't, his three-year enlistment would be up in November. And in the meantime if the pump should break I was to ask the plumber to look at the packing. And the instruction sheet for the hot-water heater was pinned to the post next to it. And ——

"Will you quit worrying about us?" I said. "After all, you are jumping out of airplanes. Good-by, good luck, and thanks for everything."

I had left the lights on in the kitchen and my little house looked warm and welcoming as I drove up over the hill. It was only the light that had made it look warm.

I turned on a burner and extended my hands over its reddening coils. There must be some way to shut off the living room from the rest of the house, I thought, otherwise even with the fireplace there it will be cold. Board up that open archway, and put a door in, over near the wall at the foot of the stairs. Better keep our big dining table, maybe we'll have company sometime. I better paint the ceilings, too, they look frightful from all the smoke from those stoves.

And the hall, what a dirty beige. . . . Maybe a cool, sophisticated gray? A good, strong, alive-looking green would do for the living room. Not too much yellow in it, use what Longin calls a green green. The bathroom, though, that's worst of all. Lavender and black! Can't do anything about that floor, though. Longin says to leave it alone; any time it's going to fall through to the cellar and have to be replaced, so don't go putting down new linoleum.

I spent most of my time the next day feeding wood to the little black stove and fixing coffee and drinking it. It seemed rude to sit down in a clammy cold house and drink coffee when men were working in the damp, cold basement. I asked the plumbers if they didn't want coffee, and, looking rather startled, they accepted. And then, by the time they had left and I fixed my supper, I realized I was running out of wood small enough to get into the stove.

I picked up the ax, and I began making ineffective swipes at a chunk of wood. The shed door creaked open and a tall, lean boy of about fourteen walked in.

"Mother thought maybe you needed some kindling," he announced, and removed the ax from my astonished hand.

Half an hour later he had created an impressive heap of wood. Then he leaned against the wall in the kitchen and chatted for a while. I learned that he was the older Best boy, and he was going to high school, and there was a younger sister and a still-younger brother, and I was very happy to learn this, because I had been afraid there would be no children near for mine to play with.

Oh, there were lots of children in this neighborhood, he assured me. There were two in the house half a mile up this way, and there were six in the house half a mile down the other way.

And then he made motions to go, and I wondered if I ought not . . . after all, it was a lot of work . . . but how much?

I said awkwardly, because I wasn't sure I was doing the right thing, "Thanks an awful lot. Please take this," and I groped in my pocket for my wallet.

"Oh, no; no, thanks!" And he bolted out the door as if mortally offended.

Obviously, I ought not.

The next time I saw Vivian Best, I thanked her for sending her son, because I had needed that wood very much, I said.

She gave me her serene, clear-eyed look, a direct-in-the-eyes look. "Melissa," she said without further preamble, "don't offer my children money for being neighborly."

I flushed. "I'm sorry," I said. "I just didn't know what was expected. I'm not used to neighborliness."

It was something I had to get used to, like the climate. It was new to me, this neighborliness from strangers. It seemed to me then—and it still does—that I was dropped down between two of the nicest families that exist anywhere.

I met Ellison Alfonse one afternoon not long after Longin left. It was my intention to put some flowers along the west side of the house, toward the or-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chard, and Longin had somehow found the time to spade up a strip about six feet wide, and I had planted there some iris and peonies I had brought from mother's garden. The weeds found all this delightfully amusing and were showing me what weeds can do, given twenty years' head start. I was walking along, pulling at something fiendish called witch grass, when a slender, dark-eyed woman and two of the prettiest little girls I had ever seen came around the corner of the house.

Ellison introduced herself and her daughters and she excused her visit—as if it needed any excuse—on the ground that she was the local correspondent for the weekly paper in Windsor, and she wondered if I minded her putting it in her column that I had moved there? We talked for some time, and all the while I continued to weed, and Ellison weeded right along with me. By the time she left we had won a round against the weeds, and I had a crick in my back and I presume she did, too, and I could only think that this was one of the loveliest women I had ever met.

As for the Bests, I had scarcely recovered from the wood-chopping incident when I was overwhelmed by Lesson No. 2, neighborliness, country style. I had ordered a bureau from New York, and it had arrived in Windsor via Railway Express, but that was as far as Railway Express cared to be responsible for it. We lived, it seemed, beyond the delivery zone. Come get it yourself if you want it.

I asked the carpenter to bring it, and he did. That evening the Bests, all of them, came up over the hill, and it took only one glance for me, trained to such nuances by years of receiving Mike-offended neighbors, to know I had done something wrong. I had offended them somehow.

After Clifford commented that it was a nice spring evening and I agreed that it was, and Vivian said it was time we had some warm weather and I agreed it certainly was time, Clifford came to the point. "Melissa," he said bluntly, "I understand that you had something down to the village that you needed brought up."

"A bureau," I said, groping in the dark.

"And you had that fellow that works here bring it in his truck."

"Why, yes ——"

"I got a truck," Clifford said. "And I could just as well have brought that bureau for you. You might just as well know right off what kind of neighbors you got. When I got something that you need and you don't have, if you don't borrow it, I'm going to be offended."

Such neighbors did take getting used to, but you can get used to almost anything, if you put your mind to it, and we rapidly got used to the Bests. In fact, we got used to them so thoroughly that we have borrowed constantly and continually and almost without shame, ever since. A can of gasoline for the tractor, a sack of grain for the cows. Mower, tedder, rake, hay baler. The harrow that works better than ours on wet soil because you can change the angle of the disks. Corn planter, harvester, chopper and blower. Meat grinder when making sausage, knives and saws and how-to-do-it diagram when cutting up the pig. Once we even borrowed their barn, but that's a story for the next chapter.

I drove to New Jersey for Christopher's first communion, and decided to bring Kitty back with me. It was only three weeks until the end of school, and then my brother Bruce could bring Pat and Chris to the farm.

"How come Kitty can go?" they wailed.

"Because she's only three," I said, not telling them that Kitty was simply exhausting their grandmother. She was harder to take care of than Mike.

Kitty was a little girl born grown up. "Don't you think it's time to clear the table?" Kitty would say, when the grown-ups tarried over coffee. "Do you really prefer making cakes this way?" she would ask my mother. "My mother uses a mix." And even from another room would come Kitty's voice talking incessantly with her imaginary friends. "Sally, don't take all the cookies! Do you want to be a gimme pig? You'll get a gilded conscience if you're greedy." Wherever Kitty was, it sounded like a crowd.

As we drove off, Kitty asked, "Mamma, how soon will I get over being three?"

Upon arrival in Vermont the very pregnant cat promptly had kittens on Kitty's bed. Kitty named them Bootsie, Popco, Tico, Loco, and Calico; and then because I believed every child should have a dog, we acquired a collie pup and Kitty named him Butch. It seemed as if my life had reached the apex of its complications.

But not quite. As the days passed, I realized I was not suffering from shock, as I had thought, but I was pregnant. And with the realization came understanding, of why I had been unable to accept the finality, the it's-all-over of which the priest had spoken, of why everyone else's grief had seemed to me almost theatrical, of why I had felt, so often and so strangely, Bob's presence. How could I feel alone, still to bear his child?

When I told the children, they screamed with joy. They danced about on the lawn like wild Indians, and whooped and hollered.

"You realize you'll have to help," I said to my sons. "I'll need you to help in the garden. I won't be able to do everything by myself."

They promised seriously that they would help in every way possible. I said, well then, start by stopping the crows from eating the corn sprouts. It was maddening and disheartening to look at the rows of corn, where I had toiled so painfully to plant the kernels, and to see that as fast as the green shoots showed, the crows had come along for hors d'oeuvres.

"Didn't you use crow repellent?" little David Best asked me. "You put it on the seed before you plant. The crows don't like the corn, then."

"Too late," I said gloomily. "I'll remember to do it next year."

Every day the rows looked more and more ragged. We were nearly in despair, and I had about decided not to count on any corn in the freezer at all, when Lloyd and David Best, one pleasant evening, came strolling up over the hill. Lloyd had his gun over his shoulder and a dead crow dangling from his hand.

We all gathered around to admire the crow. It was a large bird, seen close up, and with a powerful beak, a triumph of functional design.

"I brought him for you," Lloyd said shyly. "I'll put him up, if you like."

He took a pole about six feet long and planted it firmly in the middle of our corn patch. Then he tied the crow to the pole, using a generous length of string, so the corpse would flap and swing and look very, very dead.

"You'll not have trouble with crows now," David said.

He was right. The crows avoided our garden like sudden death, and the boys and I agreed, as we gazed fondly on the crow from well to windward, that never had we received a nicer housewarming present.

The weeds, however, could not be discouraged. They loved everything about the garden, its location, its soil, the rain, and they were enchanted by our inexperience. We waited until they were of good pulling size, and then we pulled, scattering ripened seeds as we worked.

I weeded as long as my strength held out, and I forced the children to labor along with me, and often they were in tears, and I would tongue-lash them to further efforts, and it was frightful.

David and Marilyn Best often came to play, and they would find us out in the vegetable garden, one big, unhappy snarling family.

"Don't you want to eat this winter?" I'd demand savagely. "Then keep at it—work!"

"We are working!" the boys would bawl.

Once in a while my maternal heart would melt, and I'd think, poor fatherless children, to have to work so hard, I'll go easy on them when they get home. Unfortunately, whenever I felt these attacks of leniency, it always happened that the children would come bounding zestfully up over the hill from Bests', bursting to report on their good times. "Gee, mother, did we have fun! David was weeding corn and we helped. Gee, I bet we worked two hours!"

Work, I discovered, becomes toil or drudgery only when performed at home.

I sent away to a mail-order house for a gadget called a wheel hoe. In the catalogue it looked like a marvelous idea, just what we needed. All we would have to do is shove it along, and there would be our garden, soil all crumbly, plants joyously freed from weeds. That was the trouble. We had to shove it along. Whatever was needed for this, shoulders or muscles or red blood, I didn't have. I couldn't get the darned thing to move more than a foot or two when I felt as if I were committing infanticide.

"Let me!" Pat said, his manhood challenged. Whang! he hung up on a rock and impaled himself on a handle.

"Let me!" Chris said, and whang! he hung up on another rock and rapped his teeth on the crossbrace.

"Never mind," I said, bright and cheerful as all get-out. "This wheel hoe is probably a marvelous idea, but not yet. For us, I mean. Our soil has to have several million tons of rocks chucked out first. Then it will work fine."

"Never ——" Pat was still fighting for breath. "I mean—David—every spring David—rocks in his garden ——"

"He means more rocks keep coming," Chris explained. "David says they clear them all out and plant their garden and the next year there they are again, not the same ones, of course, but more anyway. He says you have to get the rocks out every year. I think," Chris added vaguely, testing his mouth for blood, "they come from the middle of the earth."

"What a comforting thought," I said. "Listen. Here's a picture of a gadget that runs with a motor. Garden tractor, it says. All you have to do is steer it. The motor is as strong as two and three-quarter horses."

So we sent off for a garden tractor and some extras, such as a harrow and a cultivator, and this cost us not much more than groceries for two months. But what ho, I thought with several qualms in the budget, penny-wise let us by all means be. Anyway, what we sow we must reap.

The garden tractor came, via freight. A postal card announced its arrival in Windsor, and I drove around to see what size vehicle I would need to bring this purchase home. The man said I could easily fit my shipment into my car, and so I could. The garden tractor arrived in fourteen separate pieces. All I needed now was several years' apprenticeship to a capable auto mechanic and I would be all set.

I dumped the smaller of the pieces out on the grass, and the boys and I stared dolefully at our purchase.

"I know what those things are," Kitty said helpfully. "Those are tires for the wheels."

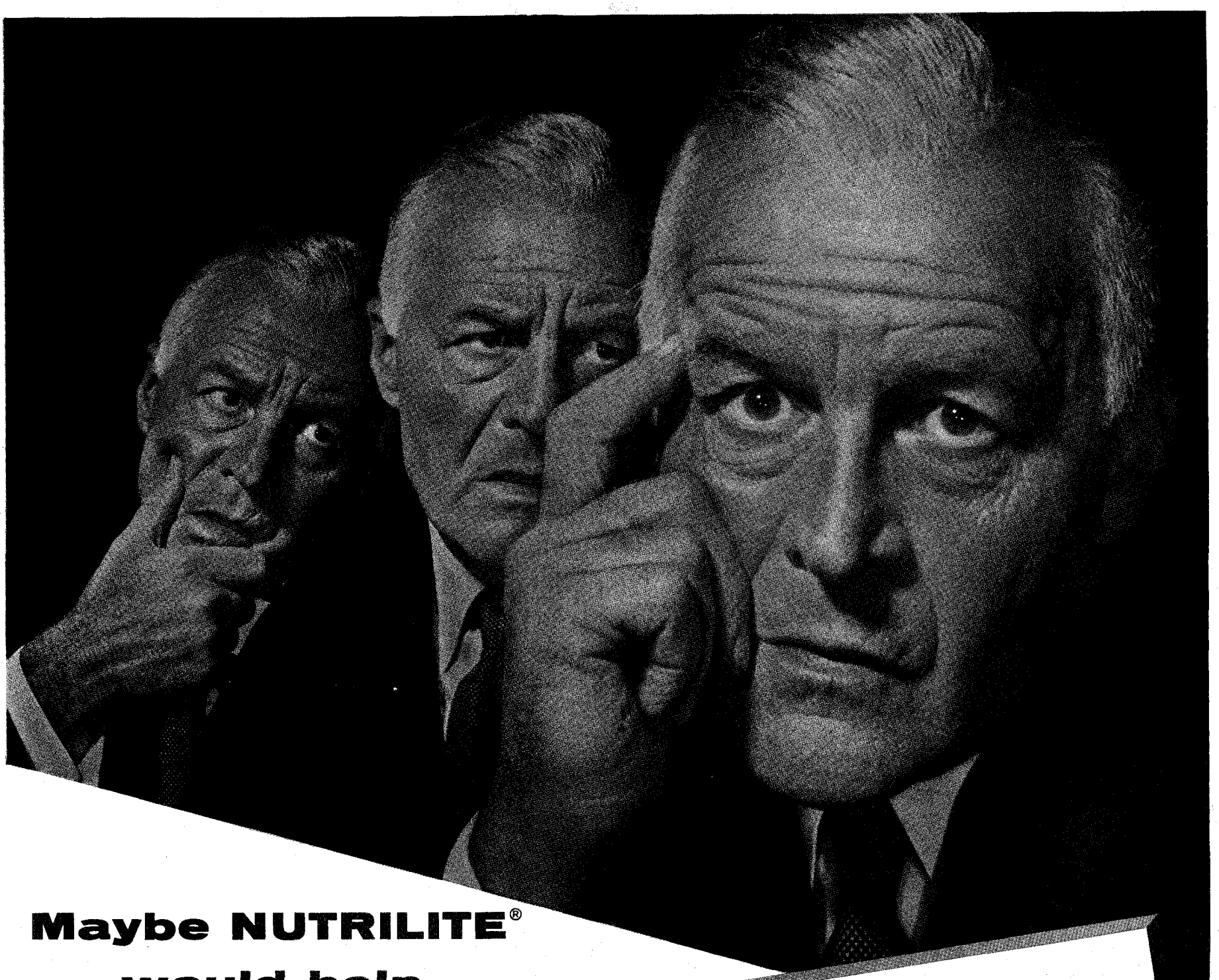
"A genius," sneered Pat.

"Hush," I said. "Let's not be bitter. We have been misled, that's all. The catalogue didn't (*Continued on Page 100*)

"He's six lengths behind the other horses, the jockey is whispering in his ear—now they're both laughing!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Maybe NUTRILITE® would help...

As your responsibilities increase, there is a change in the pattern of your life — a change brought on by temperament, habit and pressures. In adjusting to such a change, diet is often the most seriously affected. It is the one personal responsibility common to all that demands specific attention if good nutrition is to be maintained. Most of us do not know when or if our diets are deficient. Many supplement the foods they eat with NUTRILITE to assure adequate amounts of those vitamins and minerals long recognized to be absolutely necessary for proper nutrition. Examine the NUTRILITE label. Compare *potencies*. Compare for *completeness*. Compare for such *exclusive* ingredients as the NUTRILITE Concentrate, a *natural* ingredient. Only complete satisfaction can account for continued acceptance and growth. NUTRILITE is one of the most widely used vitamin-mineral food supplements in the world today.

Get the "FACTS . . . about Vitamins, Minerals and Nutrilite Food Supplement." For this free booklet and the name of your nearest Distributor of Nutrilite, write Mytinger & Casselberry, Inc., 1717 Santa Fe Avenue, Long Beach, California.

For Local NUTRILITE Service Consult the Yellow Pages

See "VITAMINS" or "FOOD SUPPLEMENTS"

NUTRILITE®

Food Supplement

CONTENTS 93 CAPSULES—186 TABLETS

This package contains multiple vitamin capsules and mineral tablets for use as a dietary food supplement to fortify or supplement the diet.

SEE OUTER CONTAINER OR INNER LID FOR INFORMATION

BUENA PARK, CALIFORNIA

SUGGESTED USE: One capsule and two tablets three times daily. Three capsules and six tablets supply the following amounts and proportions of minimum daily adult requirements:

VITAMIN A	25,000 USP UNITS	625%	CALCIUM	950 MG.	125%
VITAMIN B_1	20 MG.	2000%	IODINE	0.4 MG.	400%
VITAMIN B_2	10 MG.	500%	IRON	20 MG.	200%
VITAMIN C	200 MG.	666%	PHOSPHORUS	562 MG.	75%
VITAMIN D	1,500 USP UNITS	375%	COPPER	2 MG.	**
VITAMIN B_6	4 MG.	**	MAGNESIUM	35 MG.	**
VITAMIN B_{12}	5 MICROGRAMS	**	NIACINAMIDE	25 MG.	**
VITAMIN K	1 MG.	**	POTASSIUM	125 MG.	**
FOLIC ACID	1 MG.	**	BORON	0.4 MG.	*
VITAMIN E	10 INT. UNITS	*	CALCIUM PANTOTHENATE	8 MG.	*
BIOTIN	20 MICROGRAMS	*	COBALT	0.2 MG.	*
INOSITOL	20 MG.	*	FLUORINE	0.2 MG.	*
LEMON BIOFLAVONOID COMPLEX	1 MG.	*	MANGANESE	2 MG.	*
PARA-AMINOBENZOIC ACID	20 MG.	*	MOLYBDENUM	0.04 MG.	*
			NICKEL	0.2 MG.	*
			ZINC	2 MG.	*

* NEED IN HUMAN NUTRITION NOT ESTABLISHED.
** DAILY REQUIREMENT NOT ESTABLISHED.

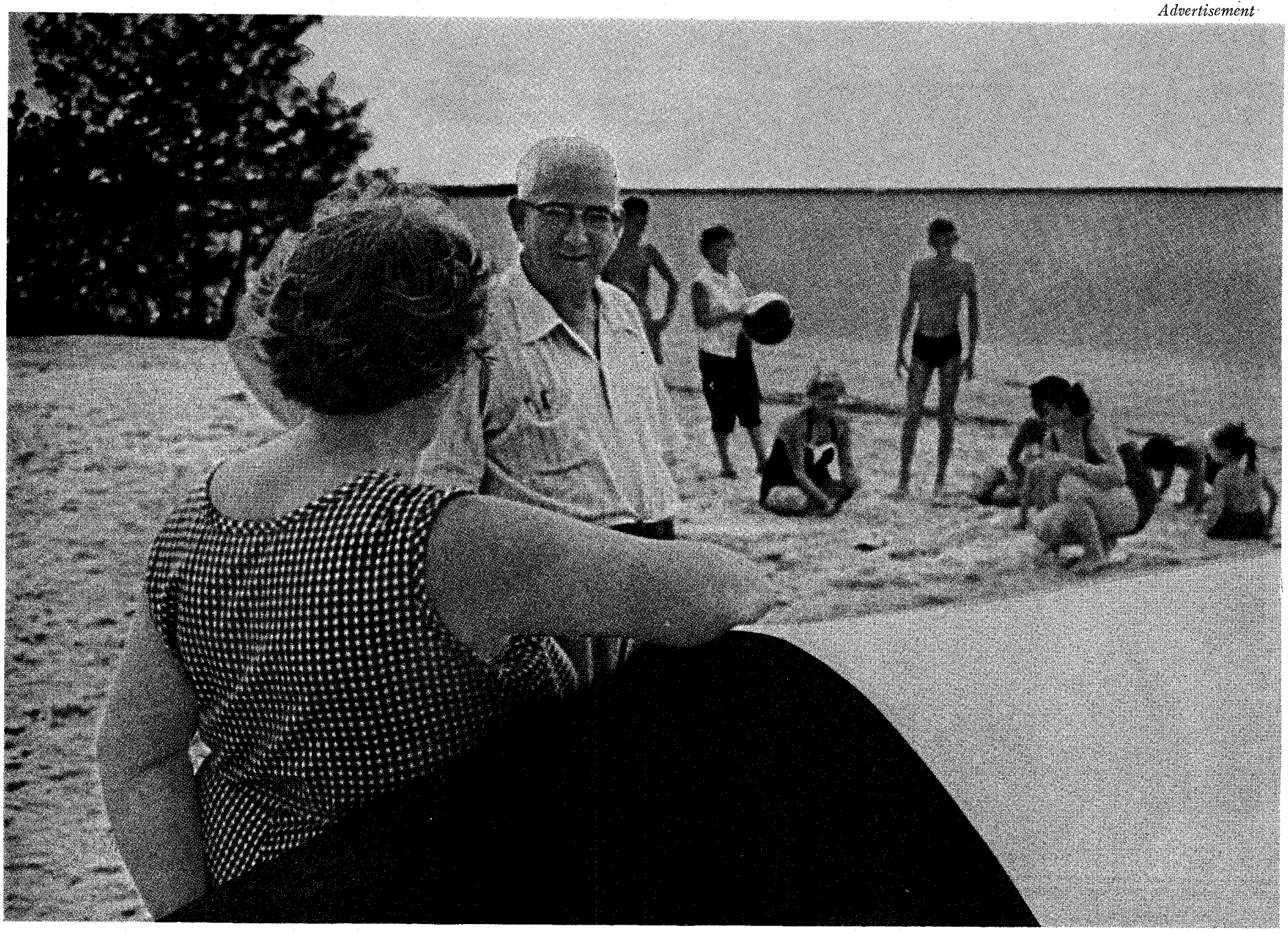
MANUFACTURED BY NUTRILITE PRODUCTS, INC., BUENA PARK, CALIFORNIA

INGREDIENTS: Thiamine Mononitrate, Ascorbic Acid, Vitamin A Acetate and Palmitate, Activated Ergosterol, Riboflavin, Pyridoxine Hydrochloride, Menadione, d-Alpha Tocopherol Acetate, Inositol, Folic Acid, Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex, Vitamin B_{12}, Para-aminobenzoic Acid, Biotin, Calcium Pantothenate, Niacinamide, Potassium Iodide, Bone Meal, Tricalcium Phosphate, Dicalcium Phosphate, Potassium Borate, Potassium Phosphate, Iron Gluconate, Copper Gluconate, Magnesium Phosphate, Molybdenum Trioxide, Nickel Sulfate, Manganese Citrate Soluble, Cobalt Sulfate, Zinc Sulfate, and Nutrilite Concentrate (an extract obtained by a chemical and mechanical process of concentrating alfalfa, watercress, and parsley, combined with selected yeasts and specially processed). The tablets contain standard excipients, coating, and Citric and Phosphoric Acids as buffers: color is added to the Gelatin capsules.

The **NUTRILITE* CONCENTRATE** is a concentrated extract of specially-grown alfalfa, watercress, and parsley, combined with selected yeasts and processed by methods known only to Nutrilite Products, Inc. and obtainable only in its products.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A $10 BILL AND A LITTLE FORESIGHT LETS YOU SHARE IN FLORIDA'S FUTURE

As a vacation resort, sportsman's and gardener's paradise or place to retire, the climate of the sun coast attracts young and old. Now the way is open to acquire a Port Charlotte homesite you can build on, sell or hold for the future. For $10 Down and $10 a Month.

By FREDERICK B. CLARKE

The experts can spell out any number of reasons why people from all over are plunking down their dollars to become landowners on Florida's sunny shores.

They'll state that Florida's year 'round climate, ideal for vacations or retirement, is bringing folks in at a rate that virtually guarantees rising land values. They'll cite Florida's industrial expansion as another reason why property here has attracted so many buyers. Or they'll say they're following the lead of the big money men who put their dollars into real property in this prosperous, growing community.

There is truth in all these explanations but they don't tell the whole story.

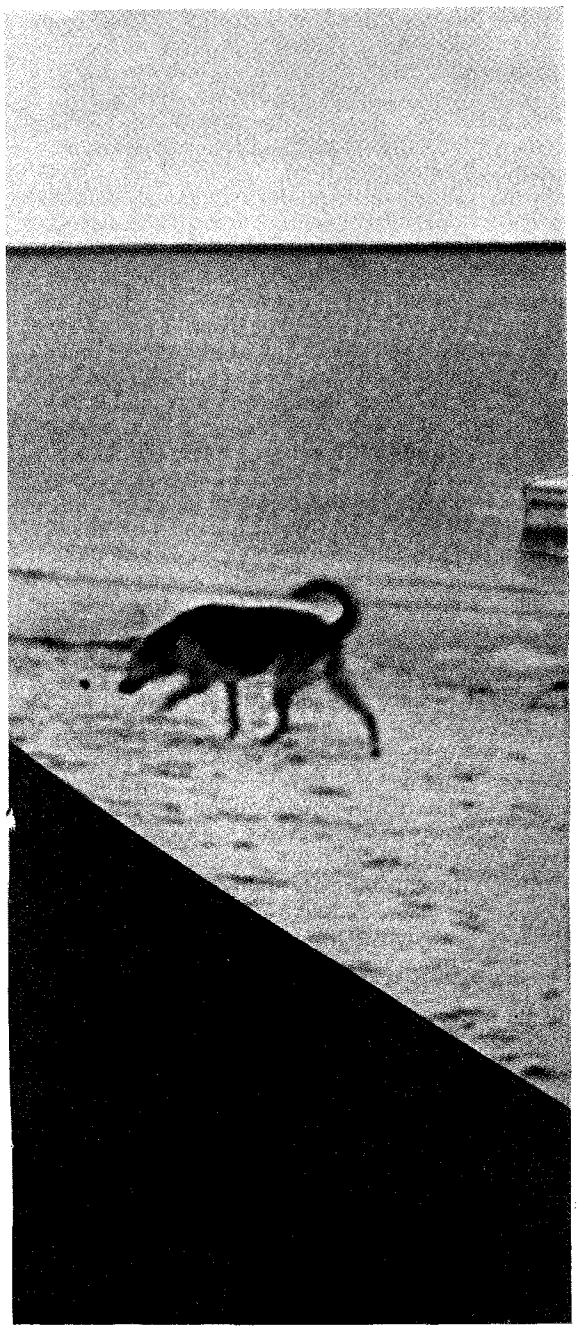
Because what's really paved the way for so many buyers to latch on to property in the sunshine state is an unusual example of combined effort by a big property owner and a big developer, both leaders in their fields.

The property owner ranks among Florida's largest and is the General Development Corporation. They have acquired what many authorities believe to be one of the choicest large tracts available on Florida's Southwest Coast at Port Charlotte. This has been divided into individual lots priced so each one is an unusual value. The troublesome, costly red tape that too often goes with land ownership has been eliminated and Port Charlotte property is easy for anyone to buy.

The company selected to develop the property is the largest developer and builder in Florida and probably in the United States—the Mackle Company. The communities already created by the Mackles—Westwood Lake, Key Biscayne, Pompano Beach Highlands and others have won nation-wide attention from builders and community planners. The Mackle brothers have been described as the first to bring to the business of property development the kind of efficiency practised by an industrialist or manufacturer of mass-produced goods.

The details of this opportunity for property ownership and the unusual terms of the money-back guarantee are all covered on the page at the right.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Three brothers who became Florida's largest builders and developers by "giving the other fellow more than he expects," outline the Mackle Plan

Elliott, Robert and Frank Mackle have their own formula for success. As they put it, "We make a point of giving the other fellow more than he expects. We satisfy him and he tells others. That way, we sell in such tremendous volume, we can afford to sell at lower prices."

As a result, the Mackles have satisfied more people with the values they've offered—and have built more communities—than any other developer or builder in Florida.

From their experience in helping people from all parts of the country to select and purchase Florida property, the three brothers developed the Mackle Plan.

1. The Mackle Plan makes it easy for you to finance the ownership of property, which in the estimation of Florida's most experienced developers, offers the best promise for increase in land values.

2. The Mackle Plan gives you the benefit of lower prices made possible through their large-scale operation in the field, so you make more if you re-sell when property values rise.

3. The Mackle Plan makes certain your property conforms to Federal, State and local regulations avoiding delays, disappointments and extra expense.

4. The Mackle Plan is the best assurance of the soundness of your investment because the Mackle Company enables you to buy your homesite in a planned community of homes, shopping centers, parks, churches, and schools.

Enjoying a picnic lunch on the beach are Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rogers and a young neighbor friend. "It sure was a smart move for us to choose Port Charlotte for our retirement home," says Mr. Rogers. "The Mackle Plan was a great help in selecting the right place to settle down."

Everybody enjoys life at Port Charlotte! Pictured below is the family of Jack Cummins. All agree that the outdoor life—annual average temperature 71°—is ideal for health and contentment. More than 150 families have built and are occupying attractive homes here.

$10 deposit and $10 a month buys a choice Port Charlotte lot at today's favorable price. Sale price is only $795*

This is high, dry land ideal for year 'round living with an average annual temperature of 71 degrees. When you've completed your purchase here, you have a king-size lot—80 x 125—a full 10,000 square feet. You have a private bathing beach (see picture at left), a fishing pier, dedicated parks . . . in fact, Florida living at its best. And one section is ready for living now. Roads and electricity are already in. So are motels, shopping facilities—with additional construction going up fast.

Get your lot now. You don't have to dig into savings—or face any big down payment. You pay only $10 down and $10 a month (which includes 5% interest). No assessments, no extra charges. All prices subject to increase after May 1, 1958.

Imagine—just by setting aside $10 a month, you can make an investment in America—you can own land in a prosperous, growing part of your country.

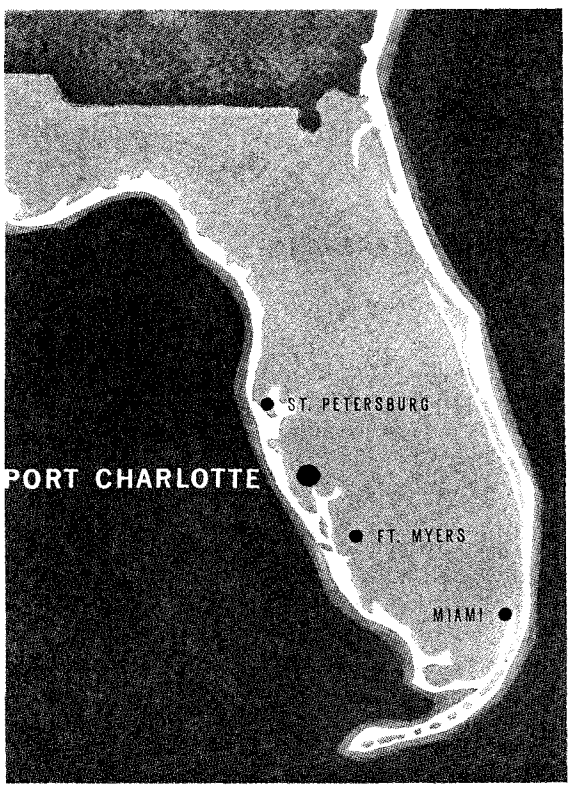
The important thing is to secure your property by mailing in your $10 now. "First come, first served"—so don't delay. When your deposit arrives, you'll be sent a contract and a map showing the exact location of your property.

30-day money-back guarantee. You take no risk because you have thirty full days to make sure you want to go ahead. Your deposit will be refunded without question if you so much as request it.

Just be sure you buy your property now. Then each time you read in your newspaper about Florida's growth and prosperity, you'll be glad you had the foresight to make this important step. So clip the coupon now and take advantage of the Mackle Plan.

***Waterfront and corner lots at additional cost.**

Copyright 1958 by the General Development Corp.



'ort Charlotte brings you Florida living at its best. Over 0 miles of picture-book waterfront; unsurpassed fishing, oating, bathing. 14 miles on U.S. 41, the Southwest 'oast's main highway. 2 miles away is Punta Gorda, a ıriving community with churches, schools, shopping enters and medical facilities.

THE MACKLE COMPANY INC. · HALF A CENTURY OF SOUTHERN BUILDING ·

Inquire about the Port Charlotte Division at Florida State Chamber of Commerce Jacksonville, Florida

Chamber of Commerce Miami, Florida

Chamber of Commerce Punta Gorda, Florida

Port Charlotte Division **Dept. M31**
General Development Corp.
P. O. Box 465
Miami 45, Florida

Please reserve . . . . . (fill in number desired) lots (each 80 x 125 ft.) as described in this advertisement. I enclose $10 payment on each. Rush map showing location. My deposit will be returned promptly and without question if I notify you within 30 days.

(Please print—giving name exactly as you want it on purchase contract)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** ____ **STATE** _____

TELEPHONE NUMBER _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life's so bright when lips feel right

"Take me with you" says 'Chap Stick' to youngsters on the go. "I'm fun to use in my new swivel case that turns up as you need it."

And Mothers, your children *do* need 'Chap Stick'. Its daily use keeps young lips soothed and smooth. Its tried-and-trusted formula works wonders for lips that are weather-rough, cracked or sore. 'Chap Stick' is specially medicated, antiseptic, and so convenient for the pocket. It's America's leading lip balm and outsells all others combined.

Remember, there's a Personalized 'Chap Stick', individually marked for each member of your family.

Turns up in a jiffy

Only 35¢ No U. S. Tax

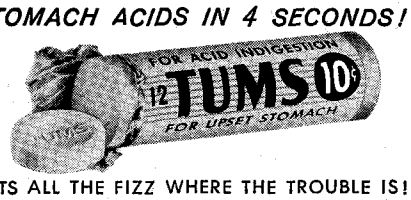
A pleasure to use and carry with you.

'Chap Stick' is also available in Canada

Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

UPSET stomach?

GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!



PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

MONEY . . .
In Your Free Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
294 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

FALSE TEETH
That Loosen Need Not Embarrass

Many wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wobbled at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the **alkaline** (non-acid) powder, on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at drug counters everywhere.

Dissolves Corns

Amazing GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover dissolves corns fast! Throbbing pain vanishes. Why suffer? Ask for GETS-IT today. 39¢.

(*Continued from Page 96*) say a word, I could swear, about this do-it-yourself assembly job."

David Best had appeared at Chris' side, cocked a bright eye at our fragmented tractor, and disappeared. Shortly he reappeared, accompanied by his father, mother, brother and sister. We womenfolk had a most pleasant social time, sitting about on the lawn, exchanging items of local news, and admiring the menfolk reconstructing the garden tractor.

"Let me know how it works out," Vivian said. "I've always thought I'd like one for my vegetable garden."

We tried it out the next day. Two and three quarters horses, we found, were too much for either a pregnant woman or an eight-year-old boy. I couldn't steer the contraption, and demolished a row of spinach, and Patrick couldn't stop it, and went screeching on out of the garden, hanging on to the monster for dear life, with Chris and me shrieking directions how to turn off the power.

We decided we would park the goldurned thing in the garage until the boys were older, unless, of course, the Bests cared to borrow it—be sure to mention we have something for them to borrow. Meanwhile, back to coolie labor.

By now the plumbers had finished their tasks and presented their bill. It took only one shocked glance at the total, which was precisely double the estimate, to convince me that something was drastically wrong somewhere. I thought I could now pinpoint the trouble: My brain.

I had been most sympathetic, I recalled, and had nodded my head just like a donkey when the boss plumber had said good heavens, no, he wouldn't want to sign a contract for such and such an amount—you never knew what you would run into in these old houses. In order to protect himself he'd have to set the amount awfully high.

For the benefit of others, let me give a little advice based on my brief course in House Repairs, How Not to Lose Your Shirt in Process Thereof:

1. Get a contract, no matter how staggering the total thereon. You might as well know ahead of time how much of a jolt this is going to be. You'll find out sooner or later, and it might as well be sooner, when you still have the strength to scream. Any job can be dragged out almost indefinitely, if you are paying by the hour.

2. It is obvious that you should not serve coffee, no matter how cold the day, when you are paying the workmen by the hour. Naturally they think money means nothing to you, and naturally—and who can blame them?—they feel money is better off where it is appreciated, i.e., in their pockets. Never waste a workman's time, and be most particular not to allow your sons to ask the carpenters to make arrows for them, not even for the purpose of shooting crows in the corn.

3. Do not pay the bill until the work is finished. It is six years later as I write this, and the ink well-nigh faded on the check, but there is still no grill over the cold-air intake in the floor of our bedroom, and every now and then a child or a kitten or something else small falls into it. We try to keep it covered with the wastebasket or a floor lamp, but such things have a way of being moved, and thunk!—screams—"First aid!"

4. In all matters try to put yourself in the other fellow's shoes. It's a case of, if I were a fox, how would I run? The fox is the carpenter/plumber/mason/painter, and he is firmly convinced—and nothing will unconvince him but bankruptcy proceedings on your part—that nobody moves to the country but millionaires in disguise. (Perhaps nobody else ought to.)

By the middle of the summer I no longer was convinced everyone was as honest as the day is long, and the days were very, very long. The tomato vines, sprawling on the wet ground because I had not had energy to prop them up on anything, were bearing tomatoes that rotted before they ripened, and the only way to prevent this was to pick them green and ripen them up on boards. The beans took over where the peas left off. The cat and her kittens refused to become house-trained, and all through the house, things were collapsing.

I suppose it was because the roof was becoming waterlogged with all the rain. The frugality of the previous owners had resulted not only in the three-sided paint job, but also in a two-faced roofing job, several years back, in which asphalt shingles had been used only on the surface visible from the road. The surface facing the orchard, and therefore likely to be seen only by the owners of the house, had been covered with rolled roofing, which had sprung innumerable leaks.

And through these leaks in every rain, water had seeped, staining the bedroom ceilings and adding what must have been the last few tons of weight too much for the foundation, which sagged. Not much, but a foundation doesn't have to sag very much. A fraction of an inch will make it impossible to close the front door.

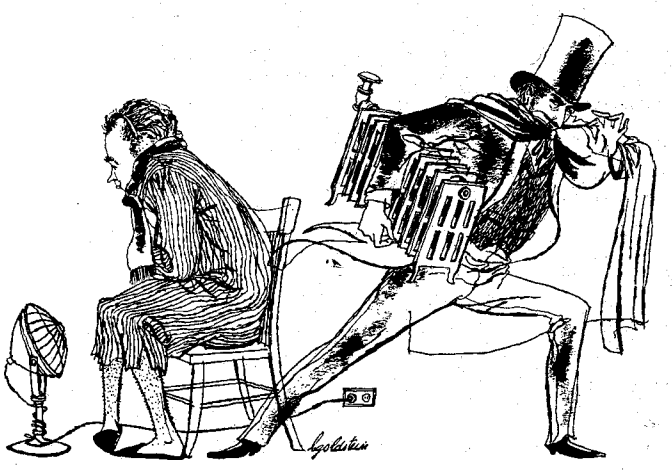
The floor of the bedroom Kitty was occupying developed a lurch it had not had before, and as a result the bed was not properly supported. One by one the legs, screwed to the frame of the box spring, loosened and came off. We would laugh merrily, as if this were all ever so jolly, and prop the bed up on bricks. With every really heavy rain, the waters came through the ceiling and ran in under the windows and blew in through the cracks around the front door, and we built dikes under the windows with bath towels and put our cooking pans around on the floors, upstairs and down. Pong, ping! ting, poing! went our symphony. "Listen to the music!" Kitty cried. "It sounds just like crookets singing!"

When the news of my pregnancy reached Fort Monroe, Mary Buechler had relayed word from Katie Tauer of the Red Cross that if I wanted Longin home, she'd do all she could to help. *If I wanted Longin home!* I'm drowning, would I care to catch a lifeline?

I didn't know how Longin would feel about it. It didn't seem fair to be such a clinging vine I'd choke off his future. But when the pump broke and the roof leaked and the children wept as they weeded the vegetables and the house sagged so I couldn't close the front door, the instinct of self-preservation stifled any qualms and I wrote him that the situation was getting out of control.

Longin phoned at once to say he was applying for a discharge, and on the second Sunday in August, he phoned from Windsor to say there he was, would we mind to come and get him? The children leaped screaming with joy into the car and I drove the ten miles in twenty minutes, which is very good time considering the roads, and all the way in to Windsor all I could feel was relief.

But I knew this was one time I could not ask, "How long can you stay?" Someday—and (*Continued on Page 102*)



You be the Judge

By JAMES O. McDONALD

Arthur protested in vain to his landlord that his apartment was hardly warmer than the inside of his refrigerator. He even cited a city ordinance requiring landlords to provide adequate heat. Ignored, he bought an electric heater. One night while defrosting himself before it, his nightshirt caught fire. Scorched, Arthur sued his landlord for his injuries.

"If the landlord had kept my apartment warm, I never would have bought the electric heater and never would have been burned," Arthur argued. "Therefore it is all his fault."

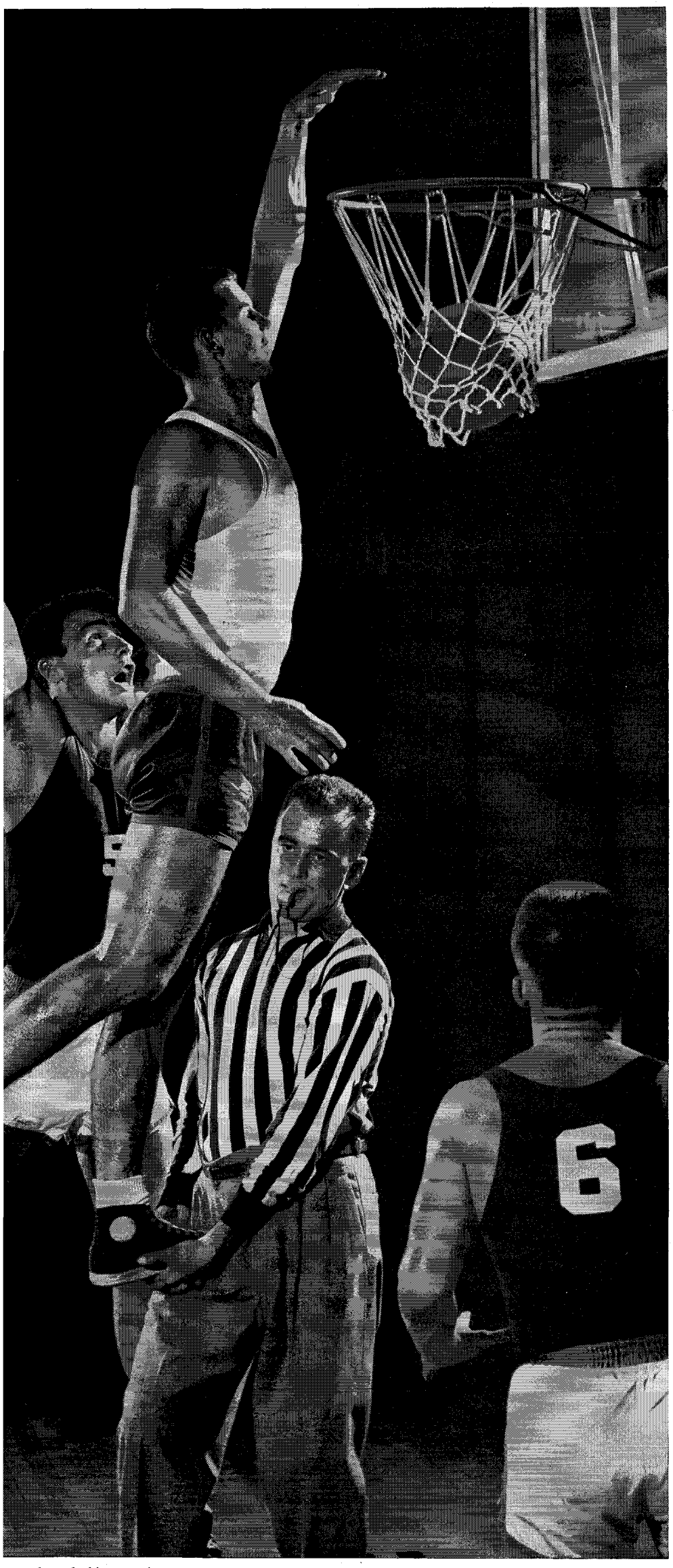
"I may have failed to comply with the ordinance, but that doesn't make me liable for burns sustained by a tenant who gets too close to an electric heater," the landlord replied.

If you were the judge, would you make the landlord pay?

• •

The landlord did not have to pay. The court said that an ordinance intended simply to protect tenants from inadequate heating did not cover burns from an electric heater. *Based upon a 1950 Washington decision.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Would you call <u>this</u> fair play?

Referee gives "Visitors" a boost—"Home" team has to score on its own. What kind of a game would *that* be?

Ridiculous—yet you and most people face that same kind of unfairness all the time with some of your taxes. These are the taxes you pay in your electric bills.

About 23 cents out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But a strange twist in federal law exempts several million American families and businesses from paying all the taxes in their electric bills that you pay in yours. These are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems. You have to help make up the taxes these people don't pay.

Most Americans feel that everyone should pay his fair share of taxes. Don't *you* agree that this special tax favoritism should be made more widely known and given critical study?

uest through this magazine

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SORE THROAT?

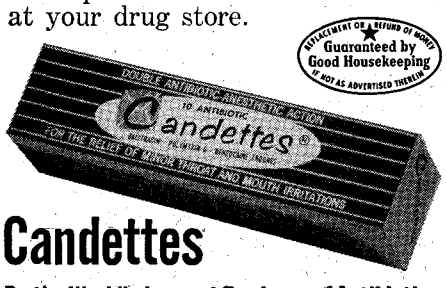
Antibiotic Candettes give immediate soothing relief!

CANDETTES work 2 ways:

1 Double Antibiotic action...fights germs! Not just one—but *two* safe, proven antibiotics kill many irritation-causing throat germs, *on contact!*

2 Anesthetic action...relieves soreness! A safe and effective anesthetic acts instantly to relieve soreness of inflamed membranes.

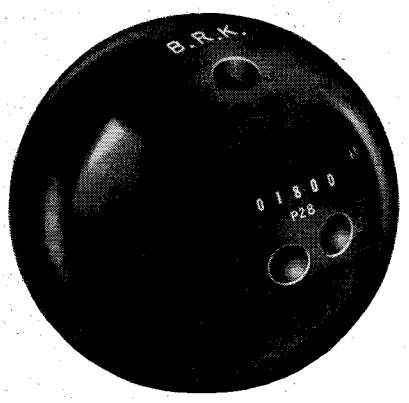
Not an ordinary cough drop—delicious, orange-flavored Candettes are a proven medication! Get them at your drug store.


Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
DOUBLE ANTIBIOTIC-ANESTHETIC ACTION
TO ANTISEPTIC
Candettes
FOR THE RELIEF OF THROAT, VEGIST AND MOUTH IRRITATIONS

Candettes

By the World's Largest Producer of Antibiotics

BOWLING BALL



YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Mineralite Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand, within one week.

Send us six 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or eight 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $8.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your ball. Your initials will be put on the ball without charge.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until May 31, 1958. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
293 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

(*Continued from Page 100*) I didn't know when I'd have the courage—we'd have to talk about it. Longin had a right to his own life. But for now he was here. I needed him, and that's all that mattered.

As soon as we got home, Longin inspected the work on garage and woodshed, now known as my bedroom and the workroom, and on the new garage, strung out beyond my bedroom.

"How do they work, these men?" he said. "You have to keep them until they finish?"

"Oh, no, they're just working by the day," I said. "But I already told them I can't use them any more. Nothing is finished, but it's already cost so much money, I thought we'd just have to finish things ourselves."

"Good," Longin said. He sounded angry. "Look at that. Tell me, please, why did they make such a useless construction?"

I stared up at the boards crossing overhead in the garage. "I don't know what you mean."

"Those boards, there." Longin jabbed savagely with his finger. "The purpose of those boards is to keep the roof from spreading. They are supposed to tie the rafters together. Then why nail them in that fashion? They are toenailed into the girder, see? They should be fastened this way." He slapped his palms together as if they were two boards overlapping at the ends. "How can they hold, toenailed in? What will happen when there is the weight of snow on that roof?"

Even I could see the construction principle involved. With a sinking heart I followed him as he paced about, looking first at the lack of bracing here, then at the inadequate thickness of a board there. By the time he was ready to go down cellar and look at the new furnace, I couldn't bear to go along.

I sat nervously in the kitchen preparing a half bushel of beans for the freezer. When at last he returned from the cellar, I said brightly, "Isn't that a lovely oil burner?"

Silence.

"What's the matter?"

"Melissa," Longin said seriously, "this house is going to fall down."

I wet my lips. "Soon?" I croaked.

"I don't know how soon. Maybe this year, maybe three, four years from now."

I repressed a hysterical impulse to giggle. "Why? What makes you think so?"

"The beams. They will give way."

"Oh, no, Longin," I said, greatly relieved. "You must be mistaken. I tested those beams myself. They are nice and solid."

"How do you mean, you tested them?"

It's his Slavic blood, I thought impatiently. He has to have something to worry about or he isn't happy. "What I could reach," I said. "I rammed them underneath with a penknife, and it didn't go in. No more than half an inch at most."

"Yes," he said patiently. "Out in the center of the cellar, the beams are solid. But the sills are all rotted away. So are tips of beams." He picked up his ax. "I go to cut some poles. I shall prop up the beams, but it is only temporary. Please ask the children not to run or jump."

He went out.

I snipped away at the beans mechanically, feeling very philosophical. I might have known, I thought. Just like my life. Paint the surface, fix it up all pretty to look at, and whoom—the foundation gives way.

My brother Bruce came over faithfully every weekend, and climbed into jeans and an old shirt, and from early Saturday until late Sunday he was carpenter's helper, plumber's apprentice, painter's aide, donning goggles and mask and spraying paint on the shingles of the bedroom wing, crawling in the space dug out beneath the bathroom to measure the give of the floor boards when the tub was filled with water.

Bruce spent Friday and Saturday nights on a collapsible Army cot, canvas type, somewhat too short for his six feet three, and he stood in line to use the bathroom, and he helped wipe the dishes, and he ate at our informally served—there's an understatement for you!—meals, flanked by his nephews, who fought for the privilege of sitting next to him, but whose elbows were like wings, whose glasses of milk toppled.

Although I had hardly dared hope for such luck, we began to have a stream of visitors. Most were old Army friends, and Marjorie Coffey was one. We had first met when her husband and Bob were attending Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, and I had not seen her since she stood beside me at Bob's grave. And now she was here, arriving just a little bit too soon for her own good. Although the leaves were turning russet and gold, the tomatoes, defying the frost, continued to ripen as they rotted, or rot as they ripened, and Marjorie spent the ten days of her visit standing in front of the kitchen sink, carving blackened spots from the tomatoes, hurling the gushy parts into the pail on the floor by her feet, and developing a callus on her thumb.

"Next time I'm going to bring my own paring knife," she said. "Yours doesn't have the right balance."

"Oh, is there going to be a next time?" I felt cheered. "I was afraid maybe something about your visit, some faint nuance of sordid living, might put you off us for years."

"If you are referring to your cats," she said, "I dare say you'll have them housebroken by the time I get here next year. Or strangled. Though I don't see why you have such trouble. Cats are supposed to be easy to housebreak."

"Not these," I said with a snarl. "It runs in their family. The mother was a streetwalker from Phoebus, Virginia. Strictly a pickup."

The screen door slammed and Kitty came in, Tico and Loco darting about her feet.

"It's all this in and out, in and out," Marjorie sighed, putting down her paring knife and cornering the kittens under the black stove. "No wonder you can't keep them out of the house." She went to the door and tossed them gently out into the pale golden sunshine.

One good thing about a kitchen with not enough storage space, it gives you an excuse to get out in the fresh air. We would bring home two or three huge cartons of groceries, as much as the kitchen could hold and still leave room to prepare the meals, and these supplies we would stash away as best we could, and within three days at the most everything would be all eaten up, and back to town we would have to go.

The boys were gone to school in the village, so Kitty, Marjorie and I would pile lightheartedly into our car and swoop up over Best's hill. The line of hills to the north glowed saffron and ocher, blurred and softened by the air between, and nearer, the sumacs smeared alizarin crimson across the deserted pastures and along the edges of the hedgerows. Then we would plunge down over the hill, and no time to look now. There's a curve halfway down that's a memorial to the rock-ledge-hard stubbornness of some road commissioner, so it's touch the brake, not too hard or we'll skid, watch it, hug the inside ditch that's a nasty drop down to Clifford's mowing —— Made it! And isn't it a glorious day?

"Why didn't they leave the road where it was?" Marjorie asked once. "You can see where it was, over there between those rows of maples and the stone walls. It doesn't look so steep over there, and the road would be straighter."

"Don't talk like a consarned furriner," I told her. "They moved the road because there's a ledge near the top that used to give a little trouble. It would have taken maybe half a day's work to get rid of it, plus a touch of blasting powder. So they moved the road instead, and now there's a turn that any time you're tired of living, all you have to do is be in a hurry. Clifford says also they found they were running into precisely the same ledge where they put the road now. So what did they do? Scooped soil from the road beyond, on the top of the hill, and packed this over the ledge. That's what makes the last ha!-you-thought-you-made-it,-didn't-you,-slide-back,-baby,-slide-back-to-Best's-dooryard hump at the top."

"That's quite a name for a hump," Marjorie said.

"That's its winter name," I said. "It has other, more melodic, Indian-sounding names which are used during haying season when you can't haul your haying equipment up—too steep, dad blast it—and you have to take to the fields."

We were across the flat by now and passing through the old pastures of Red Gates' place, where the hemlock in the hedgerows brush their sooty branches at us. And then we were climbing, the road a golden tunnel under the maples, the trees meeting overhead, their branches banks of gold, through which the sunlight filtered warm and golden, and the road was covered with golden leaves.

Then we were at the crest of the hill, and to our right the line of Belisles' sugar maples marched in shouting colors beyond the gray stone wall, and to our left the fields fell away steeply to the valley below. On the near hills the birches and poplars distilled the sunshine, and farther away, beyond the hills of Hartland and the Connecticut River, the mountains of New Hampshire faded into the distance, a descending chord of blue and lavender and violet and gray-purple.

So who cares, I thought, who cares about the consarned road commissioner?

"I could eat it," I said.

"Sometimes you can see what the poets are talking about," Marjorie said. "'Oh world, I cannot hold thee close enough.'"

Editors' Note—This is the second of five articles by Mrs. Ambros. The third will appear next week.

Hal Block's Inventions
FOR A BETTER TOMORROW

Layer Cake With Icing on the Bottom
(for people with upside-down stomachs)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Changing Midwest (Continued from Page 31)

He finished his drink as the train crossed the Wabash River and pulled into Lafayette, Indiana, a college town swollen with new industry and new homes; he walked up to the diner, and, waiting in line, asked the steward if it was always this busy.

"Every trip. It's busier than wartime."

"Why?"

"Eisenhower prosperity," said the steward, and hurriedly led him into the crowded diner.

What's going on in the Midwest? What is changing, what is resisting change, what's on people's minds?

Indiana was going through one of its periodic political scandals, but few people seemed to care. Nor was anybody much interested in national politics. Indiana, Democratic in the 1930's, had swung heavily Republican since the war. It was represented in the United States Senate by Homer Capehart and William Jenner. Jenner won't run again; still, "Eisenhower Republicans" were in decline. President Eisenhower's personal popularity had declined all through 1957. It had started down among Republicans who said, "All we got is a New Deal under a Republican name."

A banker said, "I'm a Republican, but I hear a lot of criticism—people saying the President promised certain things; then turned right around and became a liberal. His budget—those are the things I hear. I do think it's time for labor and industry to consider that things have gone up and up and up; big industry and big labor should realize it's time to call a halt. Labor demands this and that, industry gives it to them, and John Jones pays the freight. There's a limit."

Dallas Sells, state C.I.O. director, said, "The Republican Party in this state is controlled by the Jenner faction, the right-wing Republicans. The legislature is completely under the domination of that group and the Chamber of Commerce. When the legislature is in session, the Chamber of Commerce, not the state government, provides the digest of bills that goes on every legislator's desk. Manufacturers are getting tax preferments all the time and the little guy pays the bill.

"The last session of the legislature passed a right-to-work law, outlawing the union shop. It won't destroy unions, but it will make our job more difficult. Next session they're going to try to pass a law preventing labor unions from engaging in political activity of any kind. It isn't so much a matter of big-business control—it's the small ones. A diffused conservative trend. This is the first Dixiecrat state in the North, the first real reactionary state. Philosophically it compares with Mississippi."

The C.I.O. had 300,000 members in Indiana. Why was it powerless?

"We don't have the finances to combat these groups. The press is on their side. The PAC was better organized in the last election than ever before—and we won two congressional seats and that's all. People become too satisfied when everybody's working."

Over at the Indiana Chamber of Commerce, the executive vice president, Jack E. Reich, said proudly, "We are the only industrial state in the union that has a right-to-work law." He had lobbied for it hard. He thought it would have a good effect on Indiana's industrial growth. Growth, indeed, was the big fact in Indiana in 1957. Reich said, "The U.S. center of population is just across the Illinois line. The U.S. center of manufactures is just east of Indianapolis. We've been getting new plants ever since World War II; not a boom, just a steady flow. Indiana is attracting more new industry per capita than any other state in the union."

All Indiana was growing, from the Ohio River to the steel mills along Lake Michigan and most of the towns between—Kokomo, Lafayette, Marion, Fort Wayne, Terre Haute. True, this winter a few disquieting portents had appeared—unemployment in Evansville, rumors of layoffs in Indianapolis because of canceled defense contracts. But, by and large, things were good.

"Our big job in Indiana today is to build enough roads to get employees from factories to their homes. So now we talk not of farm-to-market roads but of job-to-home roads. Another problem—the family farm is going out, so we have unemployed farm workers. We've got to find plants for these small towns." Reich talked, as do such men all over the Midwest, about the traffic headache and the Federal highway program.

Reich left; he had to meet the governor. His assistant, Maurice Gronendyke, a former newspaperman, went to lunch at the Press Club with John Mellett, who for four years was director of the Indiana Economic Council.

Sitting at a table with a red-and-white-checked cloth, Mellett said, "Indiana people spend almost as much of their retail money for cars, gas stations and garages as they spend on food and drink. It's because we've got fifty thousand industrial workers who may drive one hundred and twenty miles or more round trip a week. A lot commute to Indianapolis from Bloomington, 102 miles, every day. It started about 1941." Most Indiana small towns were scrambling to get new industry. But some didn't want it—Rushville, for example.

Mellett said, "They don't realize that if there are no job opportunities, the young people and the most ambitious will leave." In 1940, Indiana had been a farm state—60–40 farming-industry. Now it was 65 per cent industrial, 35 per cent agricultural. "The war started it. A stove company at Kokomo made steel lifeboats for the Navy. About two thirds of our industry is in metalworking—stamping, heating, twisting, shaping, fabricating metals."

If industry and unions had grown, why couldn't the unions defeat a right-to-work law? Gronendyke said, "Indiana people are pretty conservative."

Mellett said, "Our Indiana boys and girls aren't the kind of people a personnel manager rounds up in Detroit. The personnel manager likes our boys and girls, but the U.A.W. boys and the Steelworkers boys have a little more trouble handling them. The country boys don't like goons."

Gronendyke said, "The Michigan auto industry is not expanding as fast as it might because of tax and labor laws less favorable to industry than those of Indiana and Ohio and Illinois."

Mellett said, "Some states give free sites to new industry, waive taxes for ten years, give bonuses. We don't have to get out and scratch like some other places. We're kind of conservative, we sit here and mind our own business, we don't give any incentives. And a lot of us have got an idea that working for a living is still a pretty good way to make it."

Indianapolis itself was booming. In 1940 its population was 386,972; by 1950 it had grown to 427,173; by now to something over 450,000. Unlike many Northern cities, it had not grown primarily because of Negro immigration. Indeed, Indianapolis' Negro population, 12 per cent of the total population in 1930, had risen only to 15 per cent today. Rather, the new

EX-LAX HELPS your child toward
HIS NORMAL REGULARITY
...gently...overnight!

GIVE EX-LAX AT NIGHT and don't let constipation be a problem. Pleasant-tasting Ex-Lax acts gently, effectively—won't disturb his sleep.

NEXT MORNING, he'll enjoy the closest thing to *natural* action. No embarrassing urgency. No upset with gentle-acting Ex-Lax.

MEDICAL LITERATURE REPORTS PROOF that the laxative ingredient in Ex-Lax acts in two important medical ways to relieve constipation.

1—Ex-Lax acts in the large intestine, not the stomach. Does not rob vital nutrition...does not interfere with normal functions of your system.

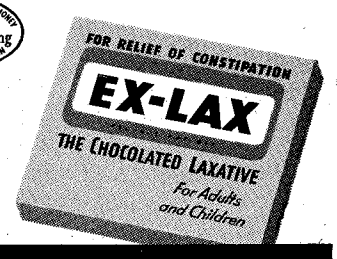
2—Ex-Lax *continues* to help you toward your *normal regularity*—seldom, if ever, is it needed the next day. So, when you need a laxative, use Ex-Lax.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

IMPORTANT WHEN COLDS STRIKE! Gentle Ex-Lax agrees with cold remedies...no weakening after-effect.

15¢, 37¢ and 79¢ economy family size



MORE FAMILIES USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE

Grand Forks Mother can't risk being a "pioneer" when she shops...

She's always satisfied most with a BRAND that's made a NAME for itself!

THE BRANDS YOU SEE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NAMES YOU CAN TRUST!
BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC. • 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

residents were workers and executives drawn to Indianapolis' burgeoning industry from all over America, Southern whites, and native-population growth—the baby boom. Older residential areas were rotting away; a city planner estimated that, at its present rate, slum clearance might be completed in 120 years. Few new city apartments had been built. But the suburbs—the city was exploding outward in all directions. Sycamore Heights, Ridgewood, Eagledale, Meadowwood, Delaware Trails, Devon Woods—cornfields were turned into subdivisions almost overnight. Country lanes had become four-lane highways. Bypass highways had been swallowed up. Country towns had been engulfed.

The new Metropolitan Planning Commission believes that by 1975 the eight counties surrounding Indianapolis will be a solid glob of humanity—"we are now planning on two new cities the size of Indianapolis in this area in the next eighteen years."

Who lived in the suburbs? In the more expensive ones, doctors, lawyers and dentists, retired couples, engineers, junior executives, high-commission salesmen for the big Indianapolis industries. In the less expensive ones, factory workers. In many suburban families both husband and wife worked. White Southern immigrants had helped to fill up the suburbs; they felt more at home in semirural surroundings than in the city.

City people had moved to the suburbs, too, instead of to new apartments, as they did in the 1920's. Financing apartment buildings was difficult, but G.I. and FHA mortgages made home buying easy. The suburbs were developing problems of their own—drainage, sewers and roads were poor; new schools were forcing taxes up. At present the suburbs were asking the city to annex them. The city was reluctant.

A real-estate appraiser said, "The directors of our little building and loan were debating the other day. We could raise the quality on houses we loan on. But we won't do it. Because when our economy gets into a whirl, which it's starting to do—if the junior executive making ten thousand who owes a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month on a house gets laid off, he has so damn many commitments and he's so damn proud, he's not going to take another job for six months; he'll wait till something good enough for him comes along. But the truck driver who owns a modest eight-thousand-dollar home, if he gets laid off, he'll clean streets, he'll do anything to save that home. I know one fella that's been lending only on houses worth twenty thousand up, and he told me the other day they were having trouble collecting payments."

He was greatly concerned about installment debt. "You'd be surprised the number of people come in and when you ask them to list their debts, they find out they owe more payments than they're taking in in a month. The auto's first. The TV's next. Then the freezer. Jewelry, dishwasher—you can't hardly think of anything they don't owe for. It's damn near un-American not to be in debt head over heels and owe everybody."

And look at the suburbs. East of Indianapolis, strung along U. S. 40, the old wagon road leading west, were the landmarks of the new suburban motor-car civilization—motels and tourist camps, ranch houses, drive-ins and filling stations, the sprawling brick-and-glass Eastgate shopping center, truck stops and diners and a swimming pool and a driving range, cloverleaf intersections. Far across Indianapolis to the northwest was Eagledale, a hive of prefabricated houses aboil in the summertime with children and young mothers in shorts and slacks, playpens and station wagons and power lawn mowers and men naked to the waist washing their cars.

Out north in Devon the ranch houses were bigger, more expensive. Atop a steep ridge a young woman in shorts with red paint on her toenails was cutting the grass in front of her ranch house. Her husband was a salesman for a large corporation. They had been transferred here from Cincinnati a year and a half ago. "Very few of our neighbors are Hoosiers. They're from Toledo, Kansas City, Cleveland, Chicago, Springfield. We'd heard that the Hoosiers resent all us strangers moving into their town, so we came out here. It's quiet, the kids have a nice place to run. Except one neighbor poisoned our dog."

The houses here were selling for about $33,000. Most of the men were forty-year-old junior executives earning $12,000 to $15,000.

"We know our neighbors pretty well. We have a cocktail party once a week. We all cook out on our grills. I guess it's a typical neighborhood. It was the way we lived in Cincinnati." Did they expect to stay? "We may be on the verge of a transfer. My husband's company was bought out by another one and they're making changes. I like it here; I sort of hate to leave."

What were the problems of suburban life? "Drainage problems, mostly. Every time it rains the basements are flooded; it's awful. Then sewers—all these houses have septic tanks. We formed a civic club to see if we can't do something. They say this section never should have been built because of the drainage problems."

It took her husband twenty-five minutes to drive downtown to work. "Weekends we go to Cincinnati to see our friends and relatives there. This weekend we're going to Louisville to see some people we knew in Cincinnati." What would they do? "Have cocktails and cook out on a grill."

In late fall the suburbs looked buttoned up. The lawns and streets were deserted, the children off to school or at play indoors. Trees were bare; only a few oaks still held their leaves. In front of a handsome wood-and-stone house on a quiet street in Devon, a man and his little boy were burning leaves. Andrew J. Uvanni was a good-looking man in his early forties, well-spoken, friendly, originally from upstate New York, now a sales counselor for an appliance firm. He'd lived here five years and liked it very much. "We used to live on 38th Street, but it's quieter here, there's a friendlier atmosphere, safer for children."

He had three children, four, nine, and ten years; this was the four-year-old, red-snow-suited, poking at the burning leaves with a stick.

Houses here were worth from $35,000 to $50,000; incomes ranged up through $20,000. The neighbors—most of them originally from other states—were friendly: professional men, salesmen, a factory superintendent, an owner of oil wells. "Most of our social life is neighborhood entertaining back and forth—dinner parties and cocktail parties, wienie roasts for the children on weekends."

What was discussed when the neighbors gathered? "Oh, the usual thing. In the line of sports, everybody believes Indiana will have a better football team next year. But basketball is the major subject. Then, Ike's health—people are divided about equally, some feel he should resign and another segment says, health permitting, he should go on. Then, there is more interest in hi-fi than ever before—several neighbors have built their own. As for current events, there has been very little happening."

Was there any talk of the Russian satellite?

"Very little. The people here are mostly concerned with their families, children, and what their accomplishments are, what they're doing at school." Weren't national affairs discussed? "To a degree. But it's mostly local." International affairs? "The satellite." Was there any talk of war? "No." He laughed: "Oh, there was one couple from the East who visited here and they honestly feel that World War Three is close at hand. But no one here agreed. They were from the East and people there have a different feeling than we here in the Midwest."

How happy were people these days? And what were they talking about? "The weather," said a knowledgeable Indianapolis man in his fifties. He had spent most of his life here, touching civic affairs, politics, business. "The weather, the five-hundred-mile race—the same old things." Few were complaining about the high cost of living. Almost nobody was talking about foreign affairs. "They talk about something pleasant. People are just sick to death of reading about strife and war and death and the threat of annihilation."

He was sitting in a bar with a friend, though he wasn't drinking himself; he'd given it up. "It's getting more and more that way because of the tension under which we live. People want a tranquilizer without pills; they want to get as much peace and quiet as they can." Did he know many people who were taking tranquilizing pills? "Lots of them." What was the reason for the tension? "For one thing, we live farther and farther from work. It started in World War Two when they built the big plants. People work on the east side and live on the west side. Getting through traffic, meeting deadlines—I have to catch a bus every morning, because if I drive in myself I have to educate a lot of drivers on the way"—smiling—"and I come in all mad at everybody, so it's easier to get on a bus and let the driver fight 'em. It seems like everything is hurry, hurry, hurry now.

"Now tonight"—glancing at his watch—"I'll leave here in precisely five minutes and catch a ride. I live twenty miles out. My wife will meet me in the village. I'll go home, eat dinner, try to get the leaves raked before dark. I'll be a physical wreck before I do it, hurry, hurry, hurry, so I'll get to bed right away, because I have to get up in the morning and get shaved and catch a seven-o'clock bus to the office and start all over, the phone ringing before I sit down."

"If you don't like the onion rings just leave them on your plate!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the 1930's, experts had predicted that the United States population would reach 165,000,000 by the end of the century, and then would decline. But America passed the 170,000,000 mark in 1957. Nobody had anticipated the postwar boom in marriages and babies. Population growth and the mighty postwar industrial boom had overrun Indiana and much more of the Midwest, filling it up and changing it irrevocably. Had change swept to the Midwest's farthest reach?

It was 105 in the shade the day before the Fourth of July in Abilene, Kansas, a hot wind blowing off the plains like a blast from a furnace, and that was just the way the wheat farmers wanted it: After so wet a spring, nothing else would dry the fields enough to let them harvest, and the wheat was ripe. It cooled off a little after dark, and out at the Boy Scout camp on the edge of town a couple of hundred mothers and fathers sat on benches on a little slope, watching their children do Indian dances before a bonfire in the dusk, and sing the songs of boyhood:

The prettiest girl
I ever saw,
Was sipping cider
Through a straw

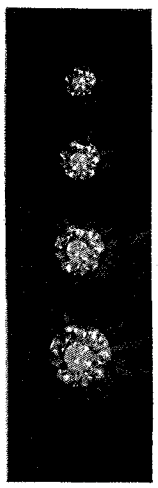
After the crowd departed, the editor of the local newspaper, Henry B. Jameson, took a visitor to his big old home on a shady street near the center of town and discussed the town and what people were talking about: Wheat and weather.

"There's two million dollars' worth of wheat the farmers haven't been able to get to, but with combines and a couple of hot days they'll be O.K. We are on the eastern boundary of the Kansas wheat belt—from here on west it's all wheat. We're about on the border of the Midwest. We laugh at Ohio saying it's Midwest. It's industrial, urban. This is the real Midwest. This is the gateway to the West. Abilene was the end of the Chisholm Trail—this (*Continued on Page 106*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The constellation Columba, the Dove, painted for the De Beers Collection by Leona Wood.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



¼ carat (25 points) $90 to $205
½ carat (50 points) $200 to $475
1 carat (100 points) $550 to $1200
2 carats (200 points) $1400 to $3180

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Divided payments can usually be arranged.

Price ranges above are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in October, 1957, for their top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) in weights indicated. Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Exact weights shown are infrequent. Add tax.

Bright messenger of love

Winging through the heavens, Columba, the starlit dove, has borne for countless centuries a message sweet to lovers, that of gentleness and peace. With a mission as timeless, a message as tender, a diamond long ago was wrought in the earth for you and one you love. Your engagement diamond is your personal starlit courier, brightly telling of the loveliness of love, and of the joy and trust that give your life rich meaning...for you, and generations yet to be.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 104*) was the head of the railroad, and they drove cattle here from Texas.

"Down by the railroad you can see old Texas Street; it was the main street in the heyday, full of saloons. Abilene was laid out for a city of fifty thousand, but the railroad went on west. The first cattle millionaires made Abilene, and they're still here. They didn't want to get a lot of factories; they wanted a nice place to live, and the hell with everyone. And we're a city of seven thousand when we could have been fifty-seven thousand. Just the same, it is a pleasant place to live. The thing I like is—golly, you know—friends everywhere, ten minutes from the country club; you don't have to fight traffic. Modern schools, and your kids can grow up in a nice environment."

Jameson was a bald, husky man with horn-rimmed glasses. The town's economy was steady, he said, built on agriculture, with a cushion of executive payrolls. The town hadn't changed much. "But it's going to change. I think the Midwest in the next twenty years is going to be the most important spot in the world. It's always been the breadbasket. Now industry is moving from the East. We're not sure whether we like it. But there's a tremendous industrial future in the Midwest," and he spoke of the aircraft industry at Wichita, the growth of Topeka.

What were people here talking about? "First they're self-centered. Their first problems are their own. Then, people are very concerned about the Federal budget. They're getting pretty damn critical of spending all this money for whatever it's for. There is a growing fear of a socialistic trend. The very farmer in this county who's accepting a Government wheat check will say he'd rather not do it." Nobody was concerned about civil rights or the H-bomb. "We haven't paid nearly enough attention to international affairs." An important issue in Kansas was the right-to-work law, vetoed once.

Was Eisenhower losing popularity here in his home town? "Personally, no. It'd be very hard to find anyone around here that'd criticize him personally. But there's a lack of confidence in his advisers. Benson. A growing suspicion of Dulles. Stassen is not popular here. There's a tremendous personal confidence in him." (Meaning Eisenhower; in Abilene, many people speak of Eisenhower as "he," vocally capitalizing it.) "I was chairman of the first Kansas Eisenhower-for-President Club." He reminisced about the opening of Eisenhower's campaign here: "We had a big whoop-de-do. I handled the press. It went beautifully. This was where he first sold the people. We tried to keep the country atmosphere, but it was pretty carefully planned. Everybody thought the first Eisenhower campaign just bubbled up from the grass roots. Well, it didn't just happen; there was some mighty fine strategy behind it. In Abilene in 1952 I believe Eisenhower got all but about 360 votes. This last time the Democratic vote for Stevenson was up to around 450. In four years you're bound to lose that many."

Did people feel prosperous? "Yes. Right here in this community of seven thousand or seventy-two hundred we have fourteen people drawing unemployment compensation. This has been an extremely prosperous area and era."

And was getting more so. On a warm November day in Indian summer, with the harvest long since done and the countryside green with new winter wheat, Jameson said, "Agriculturally, Kansas is in the best shape in seven, eight years. The farmers are all smiling, the merchants are smiling. Right after you were here last July we had a big wheat harvest. Now we've had a lot of moisture at the right time, so the winter wheat looks very good."

And what were people talking about these days? "Oh, Sputnik. This community has always been very loyal to Ike, but they're beginning to wonder if we've been a little slow on the draw. Of course"—hastily—"you don't hear any criticism of Ike himself. But of those around him. Most everything else is purely local. There's been a lot of building since you were here—houses, street improvements, new fronts on store buildings. And say, since you were here we've got a new industry. A plant is coming here from the West Coast; they were having strike problems, so they came to the Midwest and we got them. They'll start out with sixty or seventy employees, and there's no telling where it might go; it's becoming larger than we'd ever expected. And one industry attracts others."

Were people any more interested in national or international affairs than they had been in July? "No. You'll never find as much concern or alarm in this part of the country as on either coast. I don't want to go back to that old wartime expression of being noninterventionist, but there is more of a complacency out here. But they're just as well informed. All in all, though, the biggest thing in Kansas is always the weather and the crops. In Detroit, if Ford lays off a thousand men, that's a big thing. Out here, if it rains, that's a big thing. And right at the moment, we had a fine crop here this year, the drought's been broken, and it makes a hell of a lot of difference. We're certainly on the uplift now."

Abilene stands on the Kansas plain almost on the thirty-inch-rainfall line. It may be considered to stand on the western boundary of the Midwest. Beyond are the high plains running to the Rockies; behind it the golden fields of Iowa. Abilene, once a hell-roaring cattle town where Wild Bill Hickok was marshal, today was a quiet residential town. Reminders of Hickok and of Dwight Eisenhower were everywhere.

Down the street was the former home of Dwight D. Eisenhower, donated by the President and his brothers to town leaders who formed the Eisenhower Foundation and preserved it as a shrine. It was a small, square, white house surrounded by old elm trees. Beyond it was the new Eisenhower museum, a low structure of brick and stone, slabs of marble rising from a pool on a broad esplanade, on each slab a bronze plaque, one reading: "To this homestead divine Providence brought David Jacob Eisenhower and Ida Stover Eisenhower. They lived in piety and Christian service, brought sons into the world, and taught them the ways of righteousness, of charity to all men and reverence to God." And another: "From the modest home built on these acres came one destined to lead to battle the mightiest array of fighting forces ever to wage war in freedom's cause. The victory secure, as President he led the effort to ensure a continuing peace for all the world."

J. Earl Endacott, museum director, said the museum cost a half million dollars, all raised by private subscription. Opened in April, 1954, it has been visited by about 100,000 people a year. A young businessman said, "The Eisenhower home and museum have made the tourist business boom. The Chamber of Commerce figures that every visitor who stays as long in town as two hours spends two dollars."

The Historical Room contained an Eisenhower genealogical chart, the family Bible, family pictures and trinkets, Eisenhower's uniforms from West Point on, an electric automobile which had belonged to Mamie Eisenhower's parents, Eisenhower's map case and maps of the Normandy invasion coast, the reading copy of his first presidential inaugural address. In the Presidential Room were a painting of Eisenhower for which his friends had paid $10,000, together with a vast assortment of gifts Eisenhower had received as President—a jeweled sword from King Ibn-Saud, a saddle from General Franco of Spain, a carved elephant tusk from the president of South Vietnam.

Out at the town park, Eisenhower Park, on the Fourth of July, a dozen people were sitting at a square pavilion, eating barbecues and drinking pop. The holiday festivities included the barbecue, fireworks and a dance. The Jaycees had organized it, said Ross Biggs, in charge. "For a good many years everybody sat on the front porch and complained about nothing to do. We decided to try to do something." A dozen families were eating picnic lunches at long wooden tables. The swimming pool was half full of kids. Where was the crowd?

"Sittin' at home, mowin' the lawn, ridin' around, visitin' relatives. Playing golf. This day and age everybody has his home air-conditioned and he has television; he'd just as soon sit home instead of setting out in the park and sweltering and fighting mosquitoes. The farmers are working. I started getting calls at six A.M. today, saying they couldn't help out here, they were cuttin' wheat. I don't blame them. When it's time to cut wheat, nobody expects 'em to do anything else."

That evening after dark, cars streamed out to the park and people filled the baseball stadium—the stadium where, five years ago, Eisenhower had opened his campaign for the presidency. A great skyrocket rose in an arc high in the sky and burst in a shower of sparks, and the crowd gasped, "Oh-h-h!" Giant pinwheels whirled and spat, and the loudspeaker announced the names of the donors, and more and more rockets arose, shooting into the Kansas night.

The stadium was jammed, the crowd applauding appreciatively. A girls' drill team, Job's Daughters, performed during intermission, people in the crowd crying out as they recognized one or another of them. An aerial bomb burst on high. Clouds of smoke drifted off to the stars. The Big Dipper hung high overhead. The audience gasped at the beauty and wonder of fiery fountains. Then it was all over, and dust and honking horns and headlight glare filled the parking lot, and for a long time cars streamed bumper to bumper down Main Street, heading home. The Fourth of July in Abilene was over. Except for tourism, air conditioning and television—and the hope or threat of an industrial future—Abilene is an island little changed in many years.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are crossing the Mississippi River at Quincy, Illinois, on your right, flying at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet, the cabin pressurized at three thousand," said the captain's voice over the loud-speaker. "Our route to Chicago will take us over Peoria and Joliet, Illinois. We are estimating Chicago at eleven thirty-five. Thank you."

The plane sailed silver-winged through blue sky over a neat patchwork of tan rectangles and wooden hills; it flew along the Illinois River, bumped and skewed among towering massed clouds, and slanted down through a darkening sky over an endless expanse of railroad tracks and houses into Midway Airport.

Planes were late, long lines stood at ticket counters; the airport, busiest in the world, where a plane lands or takes off every minute, was tied up in knots. Across the street in a jammed barroom a businessman who had moved to Detroit in January was drinking a martini and mopping sweat off his forehead and saying to the man next to him, who had moved to Chicago from New Jersey at the same time, "Every Friday night I get stuck here. Midway is the worst in the world."

Editors' Note—The final article in this series will appear next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's get some facts straight about tire cord and your safety

You've heard a lot of chatter lately about tire cord. You may not have heard the *facts*—facts based on scientific evidence. For example . . .

Over 99% of all land speed records have been set on Rayon Hi-Test Tire Cord!

As a producer of the basic raw material for this cord—low-cost, versatile chemical cellulose—Rayonier has closely watched record after record made by men who can't afford to gamble with safety.

Weight for weight, rayon cord is stronger than steel . . . 50% stronger in the last five years with flex resistance increased 60%!

Rayon hi-test tubeless tires are virtually blow-out proof, possess extra strength, durability and safety. And they're easy to retread too. (Ask the man who knows best—your master retreader.) Rayonier's advanced research—costing over $2,000,000 a year—contributes to this supremacy of rayon tire cord.

Over 99% of all 1958 cars are equipped with rayon hi-test tires at the factory.

Rayon is the only tire cord that actually grows *stronger* at high road speeds! Rayon can't stretch or melt and won't produce thumping "flat spots" like the other tire cord that is premium priced.

Because 90% of all cars on the road ride on rayon, last year alone Rayonier supplied 195,100,000 lbs. of very special cellulose for tire cord.

While just a fraction of our U.S.A. and Canadian cellulose production capacity, this heavy tonnage speaks of the high acceptance of rayon hi-test tire cord.

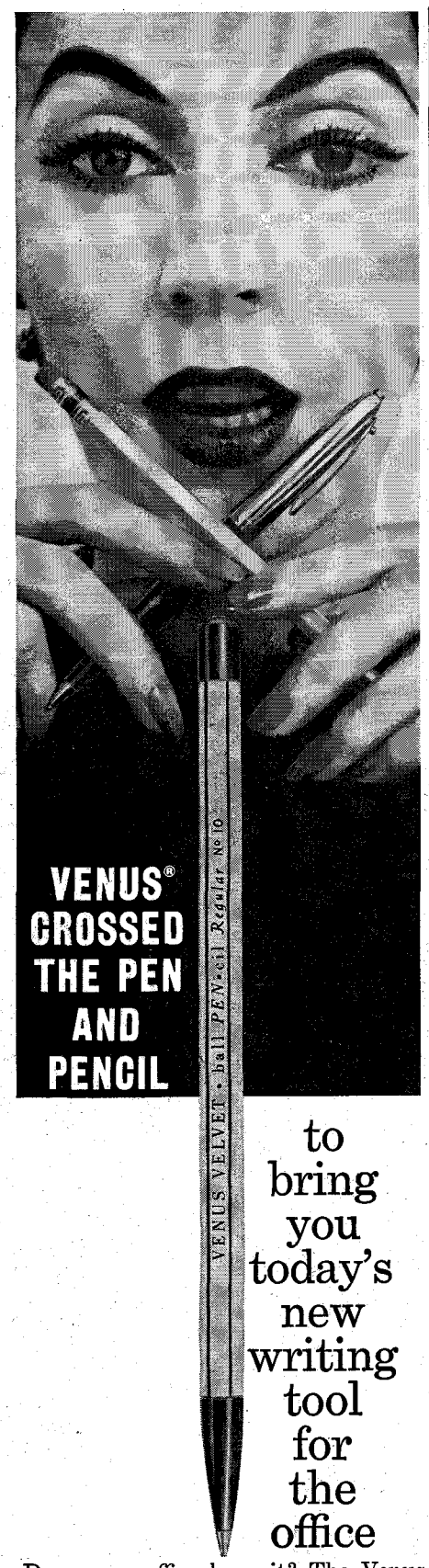
Like celluloses for film, plastics and the new washable rayon textiles, cellulose for tire cord is another area wherein Rayonier fuses its forestry, mill and research resources to help create even better products for you—the ultimate judge and user. *In this way Rayonier grows.*

RAYONIER

NATURAL RESOURCES CHEMISTRY

Rayonier Incorporated, Executive and General Sales Offices:
161 East 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



to bring you today's new writing tool for the office

Does your office have it? The Venus Velvet ball *PEN* • cil combines the best features of a pen and pencil. Result: greater writing ease, lower costs. Wood barrel has light "feel" of a pencil • finest ball mechanism • writes on any normal surface—even glossy photos • nothing to click or turn • ink supply lasts for months. In 5 styles to cover every writing job. Blue, black, red or green ink. Sold through stationers. 29c and 39c each. Less by the dozen. Order today. Prices slightly higher in the West.

©1958, Venus Pen & Pencil Corporation, Hoboken, N. J.

VENUS velvet ball *PEN* • cil®

Keeping Posted

Photographer Dmitri, on a Post assignment, fraternizes with a tern on Bird Island, Dry Tortugas.

The Story of Ivan Dmitri

Levon West, a talented etcher, first gained wide acclaim when The New York Times featured his etching of Lindbergh's Atlantic flight in its issue of May 29, 1927. On a remarkably similar date, May 29, 1937, Ivan Dmitri, a talented photographer, was one of the pioneers of natural-color film photography with the Post cover shown on this page. West and Dmitri are the same man. From Jan. 20 to Feb. 9 he will have a show of his superb color pictures (mostly enlargements of his Post work) in the Kodak Exhibit in the east balcony of New York's Grand Central Terminal.

When West was young (he was born in 1900 in Centerville, S. Dak.) he decided to be an artist; so his father made him study business administration at the University of Minnesota, theorizing that artists starve and Levon needed an ace in the hole. After college, West took off for New York, got a room "in the cupola of the old Waldorf Astoria," and had fun writing friends on Waldorf stationery. He didn't quite starve, partly because waiters who had rooms on his floor used to sneak him into banquets as a guest.

That Lindbergh etching, plus sponsorship by the Kennedy Galleries, projected West into a happy period when major museums and collectors sought his work and he won high awards in America and abroad. Then came the depression—nobody would buy etchings. So West turned to photography. At a cocktail party a Russian friend suggested two first names for a pseudonym, and Ivan Dmitri was born.

A man of inventive mind, Dmitri was always experimenting in the mechanical techniques of his arts. Once, using his entire studio for a dark room, with assistants on stepladders operating a huge oilcloth developing tank, he made a 14-by-9-foot print from a tiny 35-mm. film. When this phenomenon was exhibited in Radio City, other photographers regarded it with awe.

When Dmitri heard that Eastman Kodak had developed a natural-color film, he rushed to Rochester and got two rolls before it went on the market. He photographed a red car, rushed to Philadelphia, and sold the idea of color-film photography to the Post—which wasn't hard to do. When the red cover came out, painters lamented that the art of illustrating was doomed, but the Post reassured them.

Dmitri recalls, "I did the first color-film advertisements, for the Grace Line steamship company." Then he flew with author Richard Thruelsen to Bermuda and photographed the Post's first inside color spread (Five Hours to Bermuda, Aug. 7, 1937). The new films evoked printing problems, but Dmitri had been studying color-plate making, and he and Post engravers, working together, licked the problems.

Through the years, up to his Face of America picture on page 34, Dmitri has done well over 200 Post assignments. One of his loveliest color spreads illustrated George Sessions Perry's The Enchanted Pond in the Jan. 15, '55, Post. People are his favorite subject—"I try to catch not just their features but their personalities." Photography editor Doug Borgstedt says, "He combines picture interest with superb technique."

Dmitri's three-room studio on Park Avenue contains an etching press which he brought from England. The library includes books he has written, and secretary Emily Suesskind notes that much of the gracious furniture was built by the boss, right on the rugs, when he was in a building mood.

One day during World War II when Dmitri got an overseas assignment, he phoned Miss Louise Remington. They were married immediately, with a ten-cent-store ring, which made do until he could get a better ring the next day. The Dmitri-Wests, including son Peter, 9, live on East 49th Street, where papa West grows little trees on the apartment roof. When he flew a kite up there, other roofers followed suit, yelling at each other, "Hey, get your thing out of my sky!"

The Sea's Bounty: a lobster dinner is Dmitri's favorite Face of America photo (June 11, 1955).

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Case of the Footloose Doll"

Bringing you an exciting new serial by the great mystery writer,

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED